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THE VEILÆD PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.

Front.

"Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
E'en reason sunk blighted beneath its touch."—P. 288.

POETICAL WORKS.

BY

THOMAS MOORE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS, CORBOULD, ETC.

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LIFE OF THOMAS MOORE.

(Abridged from W. Howitt's "Homes and Haunts of the English Poets.")

THE author of Lalla Rookh, like most of the race of Genius, was one whom his own genius ennobled. The man who has not to thank his ancestors for what he enjoys of wealth, station, or reputation, has all the more to thank himself for. The heralds, says Savage Landor, will give you a grandfather if you want one, but a genuine poet has no need of a grandfather; he is his own grandfather, his own shield-bearer, and stands forth to the world in the proud attitude of debtor to none but God and himself, the shield-bearer and the grandfather of others. Thomas Moore was born in a humble house in Dublin, the son of humble but respectable parents. He made his own way in the world, and gave to those parents the honour of having produced a distinguished son. That is as it should be. People should honour their parents; it is rarely that parents can honour their children. They cannot bequeath their genius to them;

it is not always that they can succeed in engrafting on them their virtues: and if parents be glorious in reputation and in goodness, if the children do not walk worthy of that glory, the glory itself is only a blaze that exposes them to the world; lights up and aggravates every blemish to the general eye. How truly is honour, true honour, in nine cases out of ten, a self-acquisition. Who cares a button for the ancestors of Byron, of Milton, of Shakspeare, of Goethe, or of Schiller? These men start out to our eyes in the blaze of their own genius, which darkens all around them. They are creations of God, and not of man. They are sent forth into the world, and not born into it. Their ancestors are *not* the ancestors of their genius. They are the progenitors of the earthy caterpillar—the butterfly, the Psyche of genius, is born of itself.

These are great truths that every man of genius should see, acknowledge, and act upon. Nobles can confer no nobility on him: he bears his patent of honour in his own bosom; the escutcheon of genius is his in the broad and exalted brow. He should remember this; and the world will not then forget it. With this idea within him and before him, his work will be done the more nobly; and the public which is made what it is by him,—effeminate through his effeminacy, corrupt through his corruption, wise through his wisdom,—will soon place him in his true rank, above all heaps of metal and spadefuls of earth, and honour him as the only true noble, the only man who has no need of heraldic lies and fictitious grandfathers. These are great truths that the children of men of genius too should bear in mind. They should feel that they cannot inherit genius, but they may possess it in some new shape, an equal gift of Heaven. This will keep alive in them the spirit of honourable action; and they may come to live, not in the moonshine of their ancestral lights, but in a genuine warm sunshine of their own. The honour of a distinguished parent is not our honour but our foil, if we do not seek to establish an alliance with it by our own exertion, and above all by goodness.

Amongst the most fortunate men of genius,—amongst those who by strength of pinion, and by various resources of prose, poetry, and music, have soared above the poet's ordinary path beset with ropes, poison, throat-cutting razors, pistols, and drowning holes,—is the gay and genial Thomas Moore. Moore was born, as I have said, in Dublin. His father kept a shop in Aungier Street, and was a respectable grocer and spirit-dealer. The shop continues exactly as it was to the present day, is employed for the same trade, and

over it is the little drawing-room in which Mr. Moore himself tells us that he used to compose his songs, and with his sister and some young friends acted a masque of his own composing.

Moore was not ashamed of his humble birthplace. "Be sure," he said to me, "when you go to Dublin, to visit the old shop in Aungier Street." I did visit it, and the landlord insisted that I should drink a glass of whisky in honour of Tom Moore's being born there.

Moore declared that he knew very little of his ancestry. On his father's side, his uncle, Garret Moore, was the only one whom he knew. He was a Kerry man. His mother was an Anastatia Codd, the daughter of "my gouty old grandfather, Tom Codd," as Moore familiarly names him, "who lived in the corn-market, Wexford," and who was in the provision trade, and, as Moore believed, from his recollection of machinery, had been a weaver. Moore was born on the 28th of May, 1779. He was first sent to school, at a very early age, to a man of the name of Malone, in the same street; "a wild, odd fellow," he says, "of whose cocked hat I have still a clear remembrance, and who used to pass the greater part of his nights in drinking at public-houses, and was hardly ever able to make his appearance in the school before noon. He would then generally whip the boys all round for disturbing his slumbers." He was then sent to the grammar school of the well-known Samuel Whyte, to whom in his fourteenth year he addressed a sonnet, which was published in a Dublin Magazine, called the "Anthologia." In this periodical he also printed his first amatory effusions, addressed by him under the cognomen of Romeo to a Miss Hannah Byrne, who bore the name of Zelia. This Mr. Whyte was fond of poetry and dramatic representation, and is mentioned by Moore as having superintended private theatricals at different gentlemen's and noblemen's houses, as at the Duke of Leinster's, at Marly, the seat of the Latouches, &c., where he supplied prologues. Sheridan had been a pupil of Whyte's, and it is further stated by Mr. Moore, that many parents were alarmed at the danger of his instilling a love for these things into his scholars. Can there be a doubt that he did so with Sheridan and Moore?

Moore was sent to the university in Dublin, in 1795, where the unfortunate Robert Emmett was at the time. Moore soon formed an acquaintance with him, and became a member of a debating society, at which Emmett and other young patriots assembled to prepare themselves for public life. On the approach of the frightful explosion of 1798,

the university was visited by Lord Fitzgibbon, its vice-chancellor, with a rigorous examination, Government having become aware of the students being deeply engaged in the organization of the Irish union. Amongst those found to be thus implicated were Emmett, John Brown, and others. They became marked men. Moore himself underwent examination, but came clear off. From these connections and early impressions, however, we may date his steady adherence to liberal and patriotic sentiments.

At the university his poetic genius early displayed itself. There he commenced the translation of the Odes of Anacreon. He took his degree as Bachelor of Arts in 1798 or 1799, and left the university. He soon found his way over to England, where his wit, his songs, and his conversational brilliancy, introduced him to the first circles of fashionable life, and to Government patronage. He entered himself of the Middle Temple in 1799; but instead of legal studies, poetical ones wholly engrossed him, so that in 1800, before he had completed his twentieth year, he had published his "Anacreon." At this time he had lodgings at 44, Gower Street, Portman Square, at six shillings a week. This place was a great haunt of poor French emigrants; where he described himself as greatly disturbed by the snoring of an old curé, and much amused by the scheme of a French bishop, who, having too many hungry callers, used to hang up a board on the staircase, chalked in large characters,—"The Bishop 's gone out."

He soon made the acquaintance of several Irishmen; amongst them of Martin Archer Shee; had a sight of Peter Pindar and other lions; but by far the most important introduction was to the Earl Moira. He visited him at his seat, Donnington Park, Leicestershire, a place which afterwards became quite a home to him. By Lord Moira he was introduced to the Prince Regent, and while Moira and that party continued in favour was a frequent guest at Carlton House.

In 1801 he published a volume of poems under the title of the "Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little, Esq."

Through the influence of Lord Moira he was, in 1803, appointed to the office of Registrar to the Admiralty Court at the Bermudas. He described in his letters the scenery of the island as beautiful, but his occupations,—those of swearing skippers, mates, and seamen as witnesses in the causes of captured vessels,—as not very poetical. In going and returning he saw something of the United States and Canada. His whole absence from England was not fourteen months. He published on his return a collection of odes, epistles,

and fugitive poems, illustrative of the scenery and life of Bermuda, and of most caustic and scarifying epistles from the United States. From the hour that he settled down again in England—notwithstanding the time that he devoted to society, into which his peculiar powers of pleasing continually threw him—he displayed an extraordinary industry. Though a very gay man, Moore never was an indolent one.

In 1806 there appeared a very severe article in the "Edinburgh Review" on Moore's Odes and Epistles, which so roused his Irish blood, that, hearing that Jeffrey was in London, he sent him a challenge; and the poet and reviewer met at Chalk Farm, where, when about to fire, out stepped some police from behind the trees, and arrested the belligerents. On examining the pistols, that of Moore was found to have a bullet in it, that of Jeffrey none. This was soon converted in the newspapers into Moore's pistol being only loaded with a paper pellet, and Jeffrey's one without the pellet,—as though he had already fired his pellet in the "Edinburgh." The whole made much merriment; and Lord Byron did not let the story lose anything in his version of it in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

On the 25th of March, 1811—was it because it was Lady-day?—Moore was married to a Miss Dyke, at St. Martin's church, in London, being two-and-thirty years of age. It was a most fortunate marriage. Though Miss Dyke had little or no property, as it is commonly called, she seems to have been possessed of every other good property. She was very handsome and very domestic. Though of a peculiarly retiring disposition, and, therefore, not accompanying her husband much into his gay and general society, she was most amiable, intelligent, and accomplished. She showed herself on all occasions a woman of much energy of character, of tact and judgment. Nothing was more striking than the manner in which the poet relied upon her in all matters of daily life. Lord John Russell says, "From 1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness which he enjoyed was sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned to his home with a fresh feeling of delight."

But perhaps there never was a man who spent almost the whole of his life in a constant round of visiting amongst the great and fashionable, who retained so warmly and un-

corruptedly the full strength of his domestic affections. There never was a more kind and devoted son. Twice a week, except when in Bermuda and America, he wrote to his mother, with a never-varying love. He settled a hundred pounds a-year on his parents as soon as he began to realize a tolerable income, and always paid it while they lived, even when sorely pressed himself.

Soon after his marriage he made the acquaintance of Lord Byron, but for some time he was almost constantly the guest of Lord Moira, at Donnington Park. To be near him, and yet not quite dependent on him for a home, he took a cottage at Kegworth in the spring of 1812, about a year after his marriage. They did not long remain there, for in the summer of the next year they removed to Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne. This was, no doubt, occasioned by the appointment of Lord Moira to the government of India, and by the expectation of Moore and his friends that he would take him with him in some profitable post, which was wholly disappointed. Lord Moira, though he had raised such expectations, had too many hungry expectants of his own kith and kin; and Moore, justly chagrined, removed to a distance. They had now two daughters, one having been born in London, before settling at Kegworth, and a second at that place.

But Moore had now prospects of no inconsiderable emolument at home. He had already engaged with Power for 500*l.* a-year for seven years, for his "Irish Melodies," and he had now made the engagement with Longmans for "Lalla Rookh," for 3000*l.* Here then he went to work in joyous alacrity. The rent of his cottage was only 20*l.* a-year, and the taxes three or four more, not altogether 30*l.* This poem was ready for the press in 1816, so that it would seem to have cost him between two and three years. Once more, therefore, they removed. This time it was to the foot of Muswell Hill, near Hornsey. It is a small brick cottage standing in very secluded grounds. There they spent the summer of 1817, while Moore was putting "Lalla Rookh" through the press; and his wife stayed there while he made a trip to Paris; where he collected the materials for that humorous production, "The Fudge Family in Paris." From Paris he was hastily recalled by the illness of his eldest daughter, who died soon after he reached Hornsey. In the autumn they went down to Bowood to see some houses there which Lord Lansdowne, who wished to have them near him, thought would suit them, where they took Sloperton Cottage, furnished, for 40*l.* a-year!

But scarcely were they got into this new house than care

in a very wholesale and disagreeable shape followed them. Moore's deputy, whom he had left in Bermuda, after having long embezzled the proceeds of the post, absconded, leaving the poet responsible for 6000*l.* The man was of a rich and respectable mercantile family of the name of Sheddon. He had been recommended to Moore by the uncle, a wealthy old fellow, and, poet-like, Moore had taken no guarantee from him for this dishonest nephew. Till these affairs could be settled, Moore was advised to get away to the Continent, and accordingly he set out, in company with Lord John Russell, on the 4th of September, 1819. In this journey he went with Lord John to Paris, thence into Switzerland and as far as Milan, where they parted; and Moore went on to visit Lord Byron at his country house, La Mira, near Fusina, and went from thence with him to Venice. He found Byron grown fat, and living with the Countess Guiccioli, whom he did not think at all handsome. Her husband was perfectly agreeable to this arrangement, on condition that Byron should let him have 1000*l.* Moore returned by the south of France to Paris, where, in January, 1820, his wife and children joined him. There he lived till the latter end of November, 1822, when, the Bermuda affair being settled, he returned to England, and to his cottage at Sloperton, which he now secured on a term for 25*l.* a-year.

During the nearly three years that he lived in Paris, Moore's life was precisely the same as when in England—one continual round of visiting amongst the English aristocracy and travellers who came there. At the same time he was busy on the "Life of Sheridan," "The Epicurean," "The Loves of the Angels," &c. During this period he made one visit to England, and to his parents in Ireland, in 1821, of course *incog.*, wearing artificial moustaches as a disguise, and taking his wife's name, Dyke.

The places in which Moore lived in and near Paris were, first, apartments in the Rue Chantereine, where they lived only six weeks, when they removed to a cottage in the Champs Elysées; after that they occupied for some time a cottage of their friends the Villamils, at La Butte Coaslin, near Sèvres. Moore says that the cottage of La Butte conjured up an apparition of Sloperton, and he defines it by a happy quotation from Pope—

> "A little cot with trees a row,
> And, like its master, very low."

Here he used to wander in the noble park of St. Cloud, with his pocket-book and pencil, composing verses, and pondering on the "Epicurean;" and closing the evening by

practising duets with the lady of his Spanish friend, or listening to her guitar. Kenney, the dramatic writer, lived near them, and Washington Irving visited him there.

Thence they went back to the Allée des Veuves, Champs Élysées, and then back to Sèvres. After that they had lodgings at 17, Rue d'Anjou, Paris; and finally at Passy. It is curious that it was in Paris and its vicinity that Moore says he first began to feel the influence of *Nature*. In his journal of September, 1819, we find him saying, "Few things set my imagination on the wing so much as those spectacles at the Opera," which appears very characteristic; but in October, 1820, a year after, when he had been walking in the park at St. Cloud, and the Bois de Boulogne, he discovers that "It is only within these few years I have begun to delight in the charms of *in*-animate nature, the safest as well as the purest passion."

At length his Bermuda affair was settled, by the claimants reducing their demands to 1000*l.* or 1200*l.*, of which the old Sheddon, the delinquent's uncle, agreed to pay 300*l.*, Lord John Russell 200*l.*, and Lord Lansdowne the remainder.

One of the secrets of Mr. Moore's successful industry, perhaps, may be found in the fact that, spite of his social disposition, and of all the fascinations of society for a man of his fame, wit, and accomplishments, he lived the greater part of his life after his marriage in the country. What is also highly commendable is, that his habits of life with the wealthy aristocracy never seduced him into living in expensive houses. All his residences were of the humblest description, and of a rent seldom passing 40*l.* a-year, and for the greater part of his life, as we have seen, only 25*l.* Yet we have a suspicion that this prudence originated with his wife, for we always find that whenever Moore came into possession of money, or had a prospect of it, he began to live expensively.—Borrowed a large house of Lord Lansdowne, at Richmond, one summer; borrowed his friends' carriages; gave great dinners and fêtes champêtres; and, therefore, at the time of his death, though he confesses to have made 30,000*l.* by his writings, he had nothing to leave to his wife, his sole survivor, but his Diary in MS. Amongst the various places of abode, two only were residences of much duration. These were Mayfield cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, and Sloperton cottage, near Devizes, in Wiltshire.

Mayfield is not a particularly picturesque village, nor is the immediate neighbourhood striking; but it lies in a fine country, and within a short distance of it are Dovedale and other beautiful scenes in Derbyshire and Staffordshire.

The recommendations of Mayfield have been thus enumerated by a contemporary writer in a periodical:—"Moore's cottage is in a secluded part of Mayfield, a village on the Staffordshire side of the river Dove, about two miles from Ashbourne. It is a spot not often alluded to in literature, though the neighbourhood has been peculiarly honoured by the presence of literary men. Three miles from Mayfield is Wotton Hall, where Rousseau lived several years; where he botanized, and where he wrote his 'Confessions.' One mile from Mayfield, on the other side of the Dove, lived a great, and perhaps a much better man than Rousseau, but who will not attain an equal renown—Michael Thomas Sadler. At Oakover, one mile from Mayfield, is the residence of the late Mr. Ward, author of 'Tremaine.' Two miles further up the river, in the loveliest of all villages, a grotto is still preserved in which Congreve wrote his first drama. A ten minutes' walk affords a view of the grand entrance to Dovedale, immortalized by old Izaak Walton. At Tissington, another most exquisite village, like the former, without workhouse or alehouse, lived Greaves, the author of the 'Spiritual Quixote.' Dr. Taylor, one of Dr. Johnson's most esteemed friends, was an inhabitant of Ashbourne. The great lexicographer was a visitor of this neighbourhood, and some of his most amusing conversations and peculiarities are recorded by Boswell while staying in this quiet town. Mayfield cottage bears now some claim to the notice of the lovers of literature, from its being the residence of Mr. Alfred Butler, the clever author of the novels 'Elphinstone' and the 'Herberts.'"

It was not, however, the attractions enumerated in the above passage which determined the settlement of Moore there. His wife and himself were travelling along from a scene of great aristocratic splendour, of which they had become so weary, that they sighed for the utmost simplicity, retirement, and repose, and vowed that they would take the very first place of such a character that they found vacant. Mayfield cottage was the one. "It was a poor place," said Moore to myself, "little better than a barn, but we at once took it, and set about making it habitable."

It is no doubt from some such remark on the part of the poet that a paragraph originated which I have lately seen going the round of the newspapers, that he wrote "Lalla Rookh" in a barn. That barn was, in fact, Mayfield cottage, though he describes their cottage at Kegworth also as a barn-like abode. The right-hand front window at Mayfield is pointed out as belonging to Moore's little parlour;

the window at the side belonged to his not very extensive library; and the trees visible above the roof are part of the orchard, his favourite study, in which some of his choicest lyrics were composed.

The warm-hearted poet, though it was many years since he quitted Mayfield, spoke with pleasure of the enjoyment he experienced there. The country around, both in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, has many charms for a poetic eye. It was within a walk of Dovedale; and he speaks of his rambling in that enchanting glen with "his Bessy," his wife. There are, too, many persons of taste and intelligence living thereabout, from whom he and his family received every cordial attention. He was zealously engaged in working out what he deemed was to be the crowning work of his fame, "Lalla Rookh," and he regarded the cottage at Mayfield, and the scene immediately surrounding it, peculiarly favourable for this purpose. "It was indeed," he observes, in the preface to his eighth volume, "to the secluded life I led during the years 1813–1816, in a lone cottage in the fields in Derbyshire, that I owed the inspiration, whatever may have been its value, of some of the best and most popular portions of 'Lalla Rookh.' It was amid the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters that I found myself enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around me some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself as almost native to its clime." It is, he says, a peculiarity of his imagination that it is easily broken in upon and diverted by striking external objects. "I am," he observed to me, "at once very imaginative, and very matter-of-fact. The matter-of-fact can at any moment put to flight all the operations of the imagination. It was, therefore, necessary for me to exclude matter-of-fact, and all very striking or attractive objects, and to concentrate all my imagination on the objects I wished to portray. My story lay in the East, and I must imbue and saturate my imagination entirely with Eastern ideas and Eastern imagery. I must create, and place, and keep before me a peculiar world, with all its people and characteristics. No place could be more favourable for this than Mayfield, because it had nothing prominent or seducing enough to rush through and force itself into the world which I had evoked, created, and was walking and working in. The result was most complete. Although I never have been in the East myself, yet every one who *has* been there declares that nothing can be more perfect than my representations of it, its people, and life, in 'Lalla Rookh.'"

But though living in the country, Moore was always in the pretty regular habit of visiting town during the season. Here he was the charm of the circles of the Whig nobility, especially at Lansdowne and Holland houses. At these places, and especially the latter, he met all the distinguished men of the time—Byron, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Campbell, Brougham, and the like. Even in the country he lived much in the houses of his great friends. His visits at Chatsworth, and at Donnington Park, the seat of Lord Moira, where he describes himself as passing whole weeks in the library, even when the family was absent, "indulging in all the freest airy castle-building of authorship," were rather sojourns than visits. Here he met, oddly enough, with the rival princes of France, poor Charles X. and his brother, the Duc de Montpensier, and the Comte Beaujolais, at the same time with the Duke of Orleans, the late Louis Philippe, who in the library at the same house would be deep in a volume of Clarendon, "unconsciously preparing himself by such studies for the high and arduous destiny which not only the good genius of France, but his own sagacious and intrepid spirit, had early marked out for him." Rogers and Moore were for many years very intimate friends, and of course Moore was during those years much at home in the classic abode of the latter poet.

But Lord Lansdowne was anxious to get the wit and poet down into his own neighbourhood, and pressed him to come and live near Bowood. "Tommy, who dearly loves a lord," according to the designation given to Moore by his *dear* friend Lord Byron, was willing to oblige Lord Lansdowne by living near him, as he obliged the relatives of Byron by burning the horror-creating Memoirs. His Lordship sent him word that there was a house just the thing for him, at Bromham, not far from Bowood. Moore went down to see it, but found it far too large and expensive for a poet's income. It was a huge, stately house, with extensive stabling, offices, rookeries, gardens, and land; "in fact," he said, "it might have done for Lord Lansdowne, but did not suit the finances of a poet." He, however, told Mrs. Moore on his return that he had seen a cottage on the road that was everything that *he* desired, with a most delicious garden, and in a sweet situation. With her usual energy, Mrs. Moore took coach, hastened to the cottage, liked it as well as her husband did, and took it at once. This was Sloperton cottage, and here they resided more than thirty years.

It is Sloperton cottage which hereafter will be regarded with the chief interest as the residence of the poet. It

stands in the midst of a delightful country, and though itself buried, as it were, in an ordinary thickly-wooded lane, branching off to the left from the high road, about two miles from Devizes, on the way to Chippenham, yet from its upper windows, as well as from its garden, it enjoys peeps through the trees into lovely scenes. Down southward from the far end of the house opens the broad and noble vale towards Trowbridge; in front to the right, across a little valley, stands on a fine mount, amid nobly grown trees, the village of Bromham, with the great house proposed to Moore by Lord Lansdowne as a suitable residence for him, standing boldly backed and flanked by the masses of wood, and the church spire peering above it. More to the left, in front, you look across some miles of country, and see the historical foreland of Roundaway hill, the termination of the chalk-hills of the White-horse vale, proudly overlooking Devizes. This hill, my driver gravely assured me, was Roundaway hill, *where King John signed the charter!* Behind the cottage, across some rich fields, are the wooded slopes of Spy Park, once the property of Sir Andrew Baynton.

At a few hundred yards' distance, on the left-hand side of the lane as you advance from the Devizes road, there stands the old manor house of Nonsuch, which has gone through many hands, and had, when I was there, recently been sold, and was refitting for a modern mansion. A narrow foot-lane descends past its grounds down through the valley, between tall hedges and embowering alders to the village of Bromham, which gives you a view of the ancient knolls of the park-like environs of Nonsuch. Old sturdy oaks stand here and there on these knolls, and everything presents an air of great antiquity. A footpath runs through these grounds, by which you are admitted to loiter at your leisure amid the retired slopes and woodland hollows of this old English scenery. The footway which, I have said, leads also down past it, to Bromham, is peculiarly rural. It is paved, as the bottom abounds in water, where a beautiful spring gushes up from the foot of the ascent towards the village; and in passing along it, you feel yourself to be shrouded amid a luxuriant growth of water-loving trees, and surrounded by the quietness of woodland banks and rustic farm lands. The village is purely agricultural, and has a fine church, with a singularly richly ornamented battlement.

Such is the immediate situation of Moore's cottage. Views of it every one has seen; but it is only when you stand actually before it, see it covered with clematis, its two porches hung with roses, and the lawn and garden which

surround it kept in the most exquisite order, and fragrant with every flower of the season, that you are fully sensible of what a genuine poet's nest it is.

And yet the house was originally merely a common labourer's cottage. This part forms still the end next to the Devizes road, which road, however, is three-quarters of a mile distant; but fresh erections have been added, so that now it is not a very large, but a very goodly and commodious dwelling. The old entrance has been left, as well as a new one made in the new part, so that no unnecessary interruption may be occasioned to the family by visitors. The old entrance leads to the little drawing-room, the newer one to the family sitting-room. The poet's study is upstairs. In the garden there is a raised walk running its whole length, bounded by a hedge of laurel. This gives you the view over the fields of Spy Park, and its finely-wooded slopes. This was a favourite walk of the poet; and it was, indeed, the fascination of this garden which originally took his fancy, and occasioned him to think of securing it.

One of the most pleasing traits of Moore's character is that, spite of his moving in high aristocratic circles, and having often great need of money, he maintained a most independent and unselfish disposition. Besides his Bermuda appointment, which turned out a loss through the dishonesty of his agent, he never received any other post. He was offered various literary and political editorships, with abundant incomes; but, like Southey, he declined them, because they would interrupt his own poetical pursuits. He had enjoyed for seventeen years a pension of 300*l.* per annum, and that was the extent of his Government patronage.

He has been careful to tell us himself, in his preface to his third volume, the actual amount of *royal* patronage which he had been said to have received, and unworthily repaid by quizzing the modern Heliogabalus. It is this, and is worth reading: "Luckily, the list of benefits showered upon me from that high quarter may be despatched in a few sentences. At the request of the Earl of Moira, one of my earliest and best friends, his royal highness graciously permitted me to dedicate to him my Translation of the Odes of Anacreon. I was twice, I think, admitted to the honour of dining at Carlton House; and when the Prince, on his being made regent in 1811, gave his memorable fête, I was one of the envied—about 1500, I believe, in number—who enjoyed the privilege of being his guests on the occasion." The obligation was certainly not over-

powering, especially when the country had to pay for it. Moore added, that history has now pretty well settled the character of this royal patron.

Moore was very unfortunate in regard to his children. He had three daughters and two sons, but they all died before him. From some cause they do not appear to have possessed constitutional stamina sufficient to bear them through the wear and tear of existence.

Moore's eldest daughter, Ann Jane Barbara, only about five years old, died at Muswell Hill, in 1817, and was buried in Hornsey churchyard. Her death was hastened by a fall; but the doctors had before said, that if she lived, it could only be as "an invalid, from the bad state of her inward parts." These are Moore's own words. His second daughter, Anastatia Mary, died in 1829. She lived to the age of nearly seventeen, and was buried at Bromham, near Sloperton, where also the poet and his son Russell sleep. A third daughter, Olivia Byron, lived only a few months. John Russell Moore, the second son, was born in May, 1823, and died in November, 1842; consequently, he was just turned nineteen. He had received a cadetship in the East India Company's service, but a residence in India of about eighteen months completely exhausted him. Lord John Russell tells us that "his constitution was too delicate to carry him on to manhood. Perhaps, as Anastatia, with an English home, fell a victim to disease, Russell would not have survived long, even in his native climate." The last surviving of Moore's children was his eldest son, Thomas Lansdowne Parr Moore.

This youth was born October, 1818, and died March, 1846, so that he was in his eight-and-twentieth year. His father had purchased an ensigncy and lieutenancy in succession for him. He went to serve in India, where dissipation and the climate soon made him incapable of discharging his duty. Lord John Russell says he was "not physically strong, and had little restraint over himself." Moore paid 1500*l.* for him, and then the young man sold his commission. He proposed to enter the French service in Algeria, which his father enabled him to do by applying to Louis Philippe. It was the most unfortunate thing he could have done. The climate and duty of Algiers he soon reported far worse than that of India, and consumption ended his days in the hospital of Mostorganem. The wildness of this son, and his melancholy death, told fearfully on the mind and strength of the poet. His memory failed rapidly, and the last time that I saw him, which was soon after this sad event, he had contracted all the appearance

of the old man, stooping considerably, and being continually obliged to apply to Mrs. Moore to aid his recollection. This loss of memory was, in effect, a signal blessing, bestowing a calm on his closing period, which otherwise could not have existed. "His last days," says Lord John Russell, "were peaceful and happy: his domestic sorrows, his literary triumphs, seem to have faded away alike into a calm repose. He retained to his last moments a pious submission to God, and a grateful sense of the kindness of hey whose tender office it was to watch over his decline."

He died at Sloperton cottage on the 26th of February, 1852, aged seventy-two years and nine months; and was buried in the churchyard of Bromham, within view of his own house, and by the side of two of his children.

In reviewing the life of the poet, we cannot help feeling regret that so much of it should have been wasted in the empty glare of mere fashionable society. We do not mean the select and intelligent society of the Russells, Lansdownes, and Hollands, but in the mob of mere titled people, who used him in the same capacity as great people used their clever jesters of old—to amuse them. Yet, so absurdly proud was Moore of his perpetual fluttering, singing, and collecting stale witticisms in these tinsel circles, that he looked with the profoundest contempt on men of the highest talents, whom he never met there. Several entries in his Diary of this kind are absolutely pitiable. At Dr. Bowring's he says he met many first-rate *literati*, not one of whom he knew by name; and was greatly surprised to meet so great a man as Washington Irving there, with whom he made a speedy escape. At Martin's, the painter's, he found himself, also, to his infinite disgust, amongst a host of small *literati*. In such houses as those of Sir John Bowring and John Martin, the vain little poet might, we are satisfied, have found much more taste and intelligence than in far more pretending quarters, had he condescended to put it to the proof. But it is as useless to wish Moore anything but what he was, as to wish a butterfly a bee, or that a moth should not fly into a candle. It was his nature; and the pleasure of being caressed, flattered, and admired by titled people must be purchased at any cost. Neither poverty nor sorrow could restrain him from this dear enjoyment. We find him at one moment overwhelmed by some death or distress amongst his nearest relatives, or in the very bosom of his family. News arrives that a son is ill in a far-off land, or a daughter is dead at home. In the very next entry in his Diary he has rushed away with his grief into some fashionable concert, where he sings, and breaks

down in tears. He goes into the charmed, glittering ring to forget his trouble, and leaves poor, desolate Mrs. Moore solitarily at home to remember it. And yet, this strange little fairy was a most affectionate husband, son, and brother. We find him and his wife at one time staying at Lord Moira's for a week beyond the time that they should have left, because they had not money enough to give to the servants. At another time you find him invited to dine with some great people, but he has not a penny in his pocket; Bessy, however, has scraped together a pound or two out of the housekeeping cash, and lets him have it, and he is off. Thus night after night, season after season, he is the flattered and laughing centre of the most brilliant circles of lords and ladies, while he and his wife in the daytime are at their wits' end to find the means of meeting the demands of their humble *ménage*. He is joking and carolling like a lark, while his thoughts are at every pause running on how that confounded bill is to be taken up. All the time his wife is sitting solitarily at home pondering on the same thing, and cannot call on her friends because it would necessitate the hire of a coach.

What is the motive which induced the great people to have him amongst them? It was what the Duke and Duchess of Bedford candidly confessed when they said—"They wished they had some one like Mr. Moore, to be agreeable when they got to their inn in the evening." And what were the agreeable man's own feelings in this life? "Never did I lead such an unquiet life; Bessy ill, my Jane uncomfortable; anxious to employ myself in the midst of distractions, and full of remorse in the utmost of my gaiety." What a costly price for the gratification of vanity! It is curious, amid these perpetual distractions of gaiety without, and of gloom within, these perpetual sacrifices of his time to the frivolities of fashionable life, to see what an amount of labour he achieved, a great deal of it, indeed, such as he only performed for daily bread, and which added nothing to his real fame.

The best parts of his character were his affection for his parents, his wife and children, and the spirit of liberty which distinguished him for the greater portion of his life, though this became so lamentably deteriorated by his mingling with the aristocracy that he cordially hated the Reform Bill, though it was the favourite object of his best friends, Lord John Russell, Lords Lansdowne and Holland. The best part of his genius is to be found in his "Irish Melodies," and his "Lalla Rookh," the latter of which, though not attractive to a grave and lofty taste, will always

charm those of an Eastern and rather flowery imagination.

The list of his works from first to last, is quite enormous. The Odes of Anacreon translated. A Candid Appeal to Public Confidence, or Considerations on the Dangers of the Present Crisis, 1803. Corruption and Intolerance, two poems. Epistles, Odes, and other Poems, 1806. Little's Poems, 1808. A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin, 1810. M.P., or the Blue Stocking; a comic opera, in three acts, performed at the Lyceum, 1811. Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post Bag, by Thomas Browne the Younger, 1812: this has gone through upwards of fourteen editions. Irish Melodies. Arthur Murphy's Translation of Sallust completed. The Sceptic, a philosophical Satire. Lalla Rookh, 1817. The Fudge Family in Paris, 1818. Ballads, Songs, &c. Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress, in verse. Trifles reprinted in verse. Loves of the Angels. Rhymes on the Road. Miscellaneous Poems by Members of the Pococurante Society. Fables for the Holy Alliance. Ballads, Songs, Miscellaneous Poems, &c. Memoirs of Captain Rock. Life of Sheridan. The Epicurean. Odes on Cash, Corn, Catholics, &c. Evenings in Greece. Life and Letters of Lord Byron, in 17 vols. History of Ireland, &c., &c., &c.

MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE I.

I saw the smiling bard of pleasure.
The minstrel of the Teian measure,
'T was in a vision of the night,
He beam'd upon my wondering sight;
I heard his voice, and warmly press'd
The dear enthusiast to my breast,
His tresses wore a silvery die,
But beauty sparkled in his eye;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.
His lip exhaled, whene'er he sigh'd,
The fragrance of the racy tide;
And, as with weak and reeling feet,
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant, of the Cyprian band,
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue;
I took the braid of wanton twine,
It breathed of him, and blush'd with wine!
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah! I feel its magic now!
I feel that e'en his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much!

ODE II.

Give me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.

Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
I'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I!
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm, enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch th' elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
O Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety!
And flash around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught!
Then give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing!

ODE III.

Listen to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire!
Sketch'd in painting's bold display,
Many a city first portray;
Many a city, revelling free,
Warm with loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain;
Piping as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song.
Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this portray,
All the happy heaven of love,
These elect of Cupid prove.

ODE IV.

Vulcan! hear your glorious task;
I do not from your labours ask
In gorgeous panoply to shine,
For war was ne'er a sport of mine.
No—let me have a silver bowl,
Where I may cradle all my soul:
But let not o'er its simple frame
Your mimic constellations flame;
Nor grave upon the swelling side
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.

I care not for the glitt'ring Wain,
Nor yet the weeping sister train.
But oh! let vines luxuriant roll
Their blushing tendrils round the bowl,
While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid
Is culling clusters in their shade.
Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes;
And flights of loves, in wanton ringlets,
Flit around on golden winglets;
While Venus, to her mystic bower,
Beckons the rosy vintage-Power.

ODE V.

GRAVE me a cup with brilliant grace,
Deep as the rich and holy vase,
Which on the shrine of Spring reposes,
When shepherds hail that hour of roses.
Grave it with themes of chaste design,
Form'd for a heavenly bowl like mine.
Display not there the barbarous rites,
In which religious zeal delights;
Nor any tale of tragic fate,
Which history trembles to relate!
No—cull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heaven and themes of love.
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grape in drops of joy,
And while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm-eyed Venus, dancing near,
With spirits of the genial bed,
The dewy herbage deftly tread.
Let Love be there, without his arms,
In timid nakedness of charms;
And all the Graces, link'd with Love,
Blushing through the shadowy grove;
While rosy boys disporting round,
In circlets trip the velvet ground;
But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for my rosy boys!

ODE VI.

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.

I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side;
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.
Oh! then I drank the poison'd bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul!
Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

ODE VII.

The women tell me every day
That all my bloom has pass'd away.
"Behold," the pretty wantons cry,
"Behold this mirror with a sigh;
The locks upon thy brow are few,
And, like the rest, they're withering too!"
Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care;
But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I'd give!

ODE VIII.

I care not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great!
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy braid,
The fervour of my brows to shade;
Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from every bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine!

For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come, when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no more!

ODE IX.

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"
Alcmæon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Orestes too, with naked tread,
Frantic paced the mountain head;
And why? a murder'd mother's shade
Before their conscious fancy play'd.
But I can ne'er a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me;
Yet can I rave in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"
The son of Jove, in days of yore,
Imbrued his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,
The quiver of th' expiring boy:
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no quiver hold,
No weapon but this flask of gold;
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers;
Yet, yet can sing with wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"

ODE X.

TELL me how to punish thee,
For the mischief done to me!
Silly swallow! prating thing,
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?
Or, as Tereus did of old,
(So the fabled tale is told,)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
How unthinking hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,

When I slumber'd in a dream,
Love was the delicious theme!
Just when I was nearly blest,
Ah! thy matin broke my rest!

ODE XI.

"Tell me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
What in purchase shall I pay thee
For this little waxen toy,
Image of the Paphian boy?"
Thus I said the other day,
To a youth who pass'd my way:
"Sir," (he answer'd, and the while
Answer'd all in Doric style,)
"Take it, for a trifle take it;
Think not yet that I could make it;
Pray, believe it was not I;
No—it cost me many a sigh,
And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep!"
"Here, then, here," (I said with joy,)
"Here is silver for the boy:
He shall be my bosom guest,
Idol of my pious breast!"
Little Love! thou now art mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine,
Make me feel as I have felt,
Or thy waxen frame shall melt.
I must burn in warm desire,
Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!

ODE XII.

They tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove;
Cybele's name he howls around,
The gloomy blast returns the sound!
Oft too by Claros' hallow'd spring,
The votaries of the laurell'd king
Quaff the inspiring, magic stream,
And rave in wild, prophetic dream.
But frenzied dreams are not for me,
Great Bacchus is my deity!
Full of mirth, and full of him,
While waves of perfume round me swim;

While flavour'd bowls are full supplied,
And you sit blushing by my side,
I will be mad and raving too—
Mad, my girl! with love for you!

ODE XIII.

I WILL; I will; the conflict's past,
And I'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long, with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart;
And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resign'd;
And I've repell'd the tender lure,
And hoped my heart should sleep secure.
But, slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms;
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summon'd me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too;
Assumed the corselet, shield, and spear,
And, like Pelides, smiled at fear.
Then (hear it, all you powers above!)
I fought with Love! I fought with Love!
And now his arrows all were shed—
And I had just in terrors fled—
When, heaving an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unwounded fly,
And having now no other dart,
He glanced himself into my heart!
My heart! alas, the luckless day!
Received the god, and died away.
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!
Thy lord at length is forced to yield.
Vain, vain is every outward care,
My foe's within, and triumphs there.

ODE XIV.

COUNT me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf that courts the breeze;
Count me, on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep;

Then, when you have number'd these
Billowy tides and leafy trees,
Count me all the flames I prove,
All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maids
Sporting in their olive shades,
You may reckon just a score,
Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more.
In the sweet Corinthian grove,
Where the glowing wantons rove,
Chains of beauties may be found,
Chains, by which my heart is bound;
There indeed are girls divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine!
Many bloom in Lesbos' isle;
Many in Ionia smile;
Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
Caria too contains a host.
Sum these all—of brown and fair
You may count two thousand there!
What, you gaze! I pray you, peace!
More I'll find before I cease.
Have I told you all my flames
'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
Have I number'd every one
Glowing under Egypt's sun?
Or the nymphs who, blushing sweet,
Deck the shrine of Love in Crete;
Where the god, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?
Still in clusters, still remain
Gade's warm, desiring train;
Still there lies a myriad more
On the sable India's shore;
These, and many far removed,
Are all loving—all are loved!

ODE XV.

Tell me, why, my sweetest dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air in showers
Essence of the balmiest flowers?
Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest dove.—
Curious stranger! I belong
To the bard of Teian song;

With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye;
Ah! that eye has madden'd many,
But the poet more than any!
Venus, for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove,
('Twas in sooth a gentle lay,)
Gave me to the Bard away.
See me now his faithful minion,
Thus with softly-gliding pinion,
To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of passion through the air.
Oft he blandly whispers me.
"Soon, my bird, I'll set you free."
But in vain he'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's savage swell;
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from such retreats as these;
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then I dance and wanton round
To the lyre's beguiling sound;
Or with gently-fanning wings
Shade the minstrel while he sings:
On his harp then sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!
This is all—away—away—
You have made me waste the day.
How I've chatter'd! prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.

ODE XVI.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse;
Best of painters! come, portray
The lovely maid that's far away.
Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.

Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;
And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently in a crescent gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.
But hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure ray
With which Minerva's glances play,
And give them all that liquid fire
That Venus' languid eyes respire.
O'er her nose and cheek be shed
Flushing white and mellow'd red:
Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.
Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
Sweet petitioner for kisses!
Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
Ripely suing Love's invasion.
Then beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple shades a love within,
Mould her neck with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While airy charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter on its snow.
Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her limbs, but not conceal;
A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
Enough—'tis she! 'tis all I seek;
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

ODE XVII.

And now with all thy pencil's truth,
Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth!
Let his hair, in lapses bright,
Fall like streaming rays of light;

And there the raven's dye confuse
With the yellow sunbeam's hues.
Let not the braid, with artful twine,
The flowing of his locks confine;
But loosen every golden ring,
To float upon the breeze's wing.
Beneath the front of polish'd glow,
Front, as fair as mountain-snow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn,
Let the majestic brows be drawn,
Of ebon dyes, enrich'd by gold,
Such as the scaly snakes unfold.
Mingle in his jetty glances,
Power that awes, and love that trances;
Steal from Venus bland desire,
Steal from Mars the look of fire,
Blend them in such expression here,
That we by turns may hope and fear!
Now from the sunny apple seek
The velvet down that spreads his cheek;
And there let Beauty's rosy ray
In flying blushes richly play;
Blushes, of that celestial flame
Which lights the cheek of virgin shame,
Then for his lips, that ripely gem—
But let thy mind imagine them!
Paint, where the ruby cell uncloses,
Persuasion sleeping upon roses;
And give his lip that speaking air,
As if a word was hovering there!
His neck of ivory splendour trace,
Moulded with soft but manly grace;
Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
Give him the winged Hermes' hand,
With which he waves his snaky wand;
Let Bacchus then the breast supply,
And Leda's son the sinewy thigh,
But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
With all that glow of young desire,
Which kindles, when the wishful sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.
Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
Is envious of the eye's delight,
Or its enamour'd touch would show
His shoulder, fair as sunless snow,

Which now in veiling shadow lies,
Removed from all but Fancy's eyes.
Now, for his feet—but hold—forbear—
I see a godlike portrait there;
So like Bathyllus!—sure there 's none
So like Bathyllus but the sun!
Oh! let this pictured god be mine,
And keep the boy for Samos' shrine;
Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,
Bathyllus then the deity!

ODE XVIII.

Now the star of day is high,
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
Bring me wine in brimming urns,
Cool my lip,—it burns, it burns!
Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
Panting, languid, I expire!
Give me all those humid flowers,
Drop them o'er my brow in showers.
Scarce a breathing chaplet now
Lives upon my feverish brow;
Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.
But for you, my burning mind!
Oh! what shelter shall I find?
Can the bowl, or flowret's dew,
Cool the flame that scorches you?

ODE XIX.

Here recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this embowering shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze!
Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling bland the mind to sleep:
Hark! they whisper as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul!
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I!

ODE XX.

One day, the Muses twined the hands,
Of baby Love, with flowery bands;
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant as her slave.
His mother comes with many a toy,
To ransom her belovèd boy;
His mother sues, but all in vain!
He ne'er will leave his chains again,
Nay, should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
"Who could wish for liberty!"

ODE XXI.

Observe, when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine!

ODE XXII.

The Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron's form;
And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.
Oh, that a mirror's form were mine,
To sparkle with that smile divine!
And like my heart I then should be,
Reflecting thee, and only thee!
Or were I, love, the robe which flows
O'er every charm that secret glows,
In many a lucid fold to swim,
And cling and grow to every limb!

Oh, could I, as the streamlet's wave,
Thy warmly-mellowing beauties lave!
Or float as perfume on thine hair,
And breathe my soul in fragrance there!
I wish I were the zone, that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs!
Or like those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow.
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh, anything that touches thee!
Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
Thus to be press'd by thee were sweet!

ODE XXIII.

I OFTEN wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame, in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,
And whisper, with dissolving tone,
"Our sighs are given to love alone!"
Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attuned them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell;
In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre!
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
"The tale of love alone is sweet!"
Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
That mad'st me follow glory's theme;
For thou, my lyre, and thou, my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part;
And thou the flame shall feel as well
As thou the flame shall sweetly tell!

ODE XXIV.

To all that breathe the airs of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
When the majestic bull was born,
She fenced his brow with wreathed horn.

She arm'd the courser's foot of air,
And wing'd with speed the panting hare.
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, on the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plumed the warbling world of love.
To man she gave the flame refined,
The spark of heaven—a thinking mind!
And had she no surpassing treasure,
For thee, O woman, child of pleasure?
She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies!
She gave thee beauty—blush of fire
That bids the flames of war retire!
Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

ODE XXV.

Once in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here
When Nature wears her summer-vest,
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;
But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours of verdure smile.
And thus thy wing of freedom roves;
Alas! unlike the plumed loves
That linger in this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!
Still every year, and all the year,
A flight of loves engender here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Cluster a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping.
My bosom, like the vernal groves,
Resounds with little warbling loves;
One urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin-desires they wing together,
And still as they have learn'd to soar,
The wanton babies teem with more.

But is there then no kindly art,
To chase these cupids from my heart?
No, no! I fear, alas! I fear
They will for ever nestle here!

ODE XXVI.

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
'Twas not the crested warrior's dart,
Which drank the current of my heart;
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;
No—from an eye of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd cupids flew;
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath this army of the eyes!

ODE XXVII.

We read the flying courser's name
Upon his side in marks of flame;
And, by their turban'd brows alone,
The warriors of the East are known.
But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies;
Through them we see the small faint mark,
Where Love has dropp'd his burning spark!

ODE XXVIII.

As in the Lemnian caves of fire,
The mate of her who nursed Desire
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;
While Venus every barb imbues
With droppings of her honey'd dews;
And Love (alas the victim-heart!)
Tinges with gall the burning dart;
Once, to this Lemnian cave of flame,
The crested Lord of battles came;
'Twas from the ranks of war he rush'd,
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd!

He saw the mystic darts, and smiled
Derision on the archer-child.
"And dost thou smile?" said little Love;
"Take this dart, and thou mayst prove,
That though they pass the breeze's flight,
My bolts are not so feathery light."
He took the shaft—and oh! thy look,
Sweet Venus! when the shaft he took—
He sigh'd, and felt the urchin's art;
He sigh'd, in agony of heart,—
"It is not light—I die with pain!
Take—take thy arrow back again."
"No," said the child, "it must not be,
That little dart was made for thee!"

ODE XXIX.

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still;
But surely 'tis the worst of pain,
To love, and not be loved again!
Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, light of birth,
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.
Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh! never be that wretch forgiven—
Forgive him not, indignant Heaven!
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled!
War too has sullied Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms!
And oh! the worst of all its art,
I feel it breaks the lover's heart!

ODE XXX.

'Twas in an airy dream of night,
I fancied that I wing'd my flight
On pinions fleeter than the wind,
While little Love, whose feet were twined,

(I know not why) with chains of lead,
Pursued me as I trembling fled;
Pursued—and could I e'er have thought?—
Swift as the moment I was caught!
What does the wanton fancy mean
By such a strange, illusive scene?
I fear she whispers to my breast,
That you, my girl, have stol'n my rest;
That though my fancy, for a while,
Has hung on many a woman's smile,
I soon dissolved the passing vow,
And ne'er was caught by love till now!

ODE XXXI.

Arm'd with hyacinthine rod,
(Arms enough for such a god,)
Cupid bade me wing my pace,
And try with him the rapid race.
O'er the wild torrent, rude and deep,
By tangled brake and pendent steep,
With weary foot I panting flew,
My brow was chill with drops of dew.
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying;
And now I thought the spark had fled,
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,
And fanning light his breezy plume,
Recall'd me from my languid gloom;
Then said, in accents half-reproving,
"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

ODE XXXII.

Strew me a breathing bed of leaves,
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;
And while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!
In this delicious hour of joy,
Young Love shall be my goblet-boy;
Folding his little golden vest,
With cinctures, round his snowy breast,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide!
Swift as the wheels that kindling roll,
Our life is hurrying to the goal:
A scanty dust, to feed the wind,
Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.

Why do we shed the rose's bloom
Upon the cold, insensate tomb?
Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
Affect the slumbering chill of death?
No, no; I ask no balm to steep
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep:
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe the balsam flowing;
Now let the rose, with blush of fire,
Upon my brow its scent expire;
And bring the nymph with floating eye,
Oh! she will teach me how to die!
Yes, Cupid! ere my soul retire,
To join the blest elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and blisses dear,
I'll make my own elysium here!

ODE XXXIII.

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away:
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And waked me with a piteous prayer,
To save him from the midnight air!
"And who art thou," I waking cry,
That bidd'st my blissful visions fly?"
"O gentle sire!" the infant said,
"In pity take me to thy shed;
Nor fear deceit: a lonely child,
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way!"
I hear the baby's tale of woe;
I hear the bitter night-winds blow;
And, sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp and oped the gate.
'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night!
I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart!
I take him in, and fondly raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,

And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.
And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away;
"I pray thee," said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he smiled,)
"I pray thee let me try my bow,
For through the rain I've wander'd so,
That much I fear, the ceaseless shower
Has injured its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew;
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
Oh! swift it flew as glancing flame,
And to my very soul it came!
"Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he wing'd away;
"Fare thee well, for now I know
The rain has not relax'd my bow;
It still can send a maddening dart,
As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"

ODE XXXIV.

O THOU, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect! that delight'st to rest
Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,
That happiest kings may envy thee!
Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear;
For thou art mild as matin dew,
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain;
Thy sweet, prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes, and thee revere!
The Muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own;
'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.
Unworn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.

Melodious insect! child of earth!
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
Exempt from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So blest an age is pass'd by thee,
Thou seem'st—a little deity!

ODE XXXV.

Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee!
The bee awaked—with anger wild
The bee awaked, and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies!
"O mother!—I am wounded through—
I die with pain—in sooth I do!
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing—
A bee it was—for once, I know
I heard a rustic call it so."
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, "My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah Cupid! be,
The hapless heart that 's stung by thee!"

ODE XXXVI.

If hoarded gold possess'd a power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!
And every day should swell my store;
That when the Fates would send their minion,
To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
I might some hours of life obtain,
And bribe him back to hell again.
But, since we ne'er can charm away
The mandate of that awful day,

Why do we vainly weep at fate,
And sigh for life's uncertain date?
The light of gold can ne'er illume
The dreary midnight of the tomb!
And why should I then pant for treasures?
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!
Mine be the nymph, whose form reposes
Seductive on that bed of roses;
And oh! be mine the soul's excess,
Expiring in her warm caress!

ODE XXXVII.

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warm'd my swimming soul,
As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd!
With virgins, blooming as the dawn,
I seem'd to trace the opening lawn;
Light, on tiptoe bathed in dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew!
Some ruddy striplings, young and sleek,
With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
Saw me trip the flowery wild
With dimpled girls, and slily smiled;
Smiled indeed with wanton glee,
But, ah! 'twas plain they envied me.
And still I flew—and now I caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To kiss—when all my dream of joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
All were gone! "Alas!" I said,
Sighing for th' illusions fled,
"Sleep! again my joys restore,
Oh, let me dream them o'er and o'er!"

ODE XXXVIII.

Let us drain the nectar'd bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

Him, who instructs the sons of earth
To thrid the tangled dance of mirth:
Him, who was nursed with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove;
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
Has fondled in her twining arms.
From him that dream of transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows;
With him, the brow forgets to darkle,
And brilliant graces learn to sparkle.
Behold! my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sunny foam bedews the air.
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!
Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Oh! can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we're yet to journey o'er?
No, no! the walk of life is dark;
'Tis wine alone can strike a spark!
Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odours chafed to fragrant death;
Or from the kiss of love inhale
A more voluptuous, richer gale!
To souls that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

ODE XXXIX.

How I love the festive boy,
Tripping wild the dance of joy!
How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!
And whene'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—his heart is young!

ODE XL.

I KNOW that Heaven ordains me here,
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journey'd o'er,
Return no more—alas! no more;
And all the path I've yet to go,
I neither know nor ask to know.
Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine;
No, no! the heart that feels with me
Can never be a slave to thee!
And oh! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!

ODE XLI.

WHEN Spring begems the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the Zephyr's languid sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies!
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to fall in tears of wine;
And with the maid, whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, entranced to lie
Where the embowering branches meet—
Oh! is not this divinely sweet?

ODE XLII.

YES, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine!
Around me, let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre;
And while the red cup circles round,
Mingle in soul as well as sound!
Let the bright nymph, with trembling eye,
Beside me all in blushes lie;
And, while she weaves a frontlet fair
Of hyacinth to deck my hair,
Oh! let me snatch her sidelong kisses,
And that shall be my bliss of blisses!

My soul, to festive feeling true,
One pang of envy never knew;
And little has it learn'd to dread
The gall that envy's tongue can shed.
Away—I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart;
And oh! I hate, with all my soul,
Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,
Where every cordial heart should be
Attuned to peace and harmony.
Come, let us hear the soul of song
Expire the silver harp along;
And through the dance's ringlet move,
With maidens mellowing into love:
Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!

ODE XLIII.

While our rosy fillets shed
Blushes o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from the strings,
Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
Through the dance luxuriant swims,
Waving, in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Shakes its tresses to her sighs!
A youth the while, with loosen'd hair,
Floating on the listless air,
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas! his own;
And then what nectar in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the murmurs die!
Surely never yet has been
So divine, so blest a scene!
Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
To wave his golden tresses here?
Oh yes! and Venus, queen of wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The genius of festivity!

ODE XLIV.

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep!
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild!
E'en the gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When with the blushing, naked Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me, showers of roses bring,
And shed them round me while I sing;
Great Bacchus! in thy hallow'd shade,
With some celestial, glowing maid,
While gales of roses round me rise,
In perfume, sweeten'd by her sighs,
I'll bill and twine in airy dance,
Commingling soul with every glance!

ODE XLV.

Within this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear?
For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be seal'd in sleep;
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way;
Oh, let us quaff the rosy wave,
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep!

ODE XLVI.

See the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her spangled wing;
While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way!
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away;
And cultured field, and winding stream,
Are sweetly tissued by his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury!

ODE XLVII.

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
Yet I can quaff the brimming wine,
As deep as any stripling fair,
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,
Thou shalt behold this vigorous hand,
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!
Let those who pant for Glory's charms,
Embrace her in the field of arms;
While my inglorious, *placid soul*
Breathes not a wish *beyond the bowl.*
Then fill it *high*, my *ruddy slave*,
And bathe me *in its honey'd wave!*
For though my fading years decay,
And though my bloom has pass'd away,

Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrow'd from my wine,
I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies all again!

ODE XLVIII.

When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lull'd to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men:
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king;
Gives me wealthy Crœsus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul dilates with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!
Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight,
Let me, O my budding vine,
Spill no other blood than thine!
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me.
Oh! I think it sweeter far
To fall in banquet than in war!

ODE XLIX.

When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of joy,
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul;
When to my inmost core he glides,
And bathes it with his ruby tides,
A flow of joy, a lively heat,
Fires my brain, and wings my feet;
'Tis surely something sweet, I think,
Nay, something heavenly sweet, to drink!
Sing, sing of love, let music's breath
Softly beguile our rapturous death,
While, my young Venus, thou and I
To the voluptuous cadence die!
Then waking from our languid trance,
Again we'll sport, again we'll dance.

ODE L.

When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!
Warm with the goblet's freshening dews,
My heart invokes the heavenly Muse.
When I drink, my sorrow 's o'er;
I think of doubts and fears no more;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind!
When I drink, the jesting boy
Bacchus himself partakes my joy;
And while we dance through breathing bowers,
Whose every gale is rich with flowers,
In bowls he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of nought but him!
When I drink, I deftly twine
Flowers, begemm'd with tears of wine;
And, while with festive hand I spread
The smiling garland round my head,
Something whispers in my breast,
How sweet it is to live at rest!
When I drink, and perfume stills
Around me all in balmy rills,
Then as some beauty, smiling roses,
In languor on my breast reposes,
Venus! I breathe my vows to thee,
In many a sigh of luxury!
When I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines;
Rises in the genial flow,
That none but social spirits know,
When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
Dilating, mingle soul with soul!
When I drink, the bliss is mine;
There 's bliss in every drop of wine!
All other joys that I have known,
I've scarcely dared to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till death o'ershadows all my joy!

ODE LI.

Fly not thus my brow of snow,
Lovely wanton! fly not so.
Though the wane of age is mine,
Though the brilliant flush is thine,

Still I'm doom'd to sigh for thee,
Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me!
See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,
How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow;
Mark, how sweet their tints agree,
Just, my girl, like thee and me!

ODE LII.

Away, away, you men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?
They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
But would they make me love and drink?
Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
My arms around the nymph divine!
Age begins to blanch my brow,
I've time for nought but pleasure now.
Fly, and cool my goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gelid flow;
I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink!
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You'll deck your master's grassy grave;
And there 's an end—for ah! you know
They drink but little wine below!

ODE LIII.

When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows;
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young as they.

Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Give my lips the brimming bowl;
Oh! you will see this hoary sage
Forget his locks, forget his age.
He still can chant the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
He still can act the mellow raver,
And play the fool as sweet as ever!

ODE LIV.

Methinks, the pictured bull we see
Is amorous Jove—it must be he!
How fondly blest he seems to bear
That fairest of Phœnician fair!
How proud he breasts the foamy tide,
And spurns the billowy surge aside!
Could any beast of vulgar vein,
Undaunted thus defy the main?
No: he descends from climes above,
He looks the god, he breathes of Jove!

ODE LV.

While we invoke the wreathèd spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;
Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;
Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's bloomy season glows,
The Graces love to twine the rose;
The rose is warm Dione's bliss,
And flushes like Dione's kiss!
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid flowret thence,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushes lay!

'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale!
Oh! there is nought in nature bright,
Where roses do not shed their light!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dies;
The nymphs display the rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms;
Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay:
And when at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death!
Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend—for thus the tale is sung.
When, humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclosed the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance!
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprung, with blushing tinctures drest,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth!
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
They sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming vine;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

ODE LVI.

He, who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
And taste, uncloy'd by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses!
He, who inspires the youth to glance
In wingèd circlets through the dance;
Bacchus, the god again is here,
And leads along the blushing year;
The blushing year with rapture teems,
Ready to shed those cordial streams,
Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!
And when the ripe and vermil wine,
Sweet infant of the pregnant vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells,
Oh! when it bursts its rosy cells,
The heavenly stream shall mantling flow,
To balsam every mortal woe!
No youth shall then be wan or weak,
For dimpling health shall light the cheek;
No heart shall then desponding sigh,
For wine shall bid despondence fly!
Thus—till another autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow!

ODE LVII.

And whose immortal hand could shed
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?
And, in a frenzied flight of soul
Sublime as heaven's eternal pole,
Imagine thus, in semblance warm,
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form
Floating along the silvery sea
In beauty's naked majesty?
Oh! he has given the captured sight
A witching banquet of delight;
And all those sacred scenes of love,
Where only hallow'd eyes may rove,
Lie, faintly glowing, half conceal'd,
Within the lucid billows veil'd.
Light as the leaf, that summer's breeze
Has wafted o'er the glassy seas,
She floats upon the ocean's breast,
Which undulates in sleepy rest,

And stealing on, she gently pillows
Her bosom on the amorous billows.
Her bosom, like the humid rose,
Her neck, like dewy-sparkling snows,
Illume the liquid path she traces,
And burn within the stream's embraces!
In languid luxury soft she glides,
Encircled by the azure tides.
Like some fair lily, faint with weeping,
Upon a bed of violets sleeping!
Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
Bearing in triumph young Desire,
And baby Love with smiles of fire!
While, sparkling on the silver waves,
The tenants of the briny caves
Around the pomp in eddies play,
And gleam along the watery way.

ODE LVIII.

When gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion,
And flies me (as he flies me ever),
Do I pursue him? never, never!
No, let the false deserter go,
For who would court his direst foe?
But, when I feel my lighten'd mind
No more by ties of gold confined,
I loosen all my clinging cares,
And cast them to the vagrant airs.
Then, then I feel the Muse's spell,
And wake to life the dulcet shell;
The dulcet shell to beauty sings,
And love dissolves along the strings!
Thus, when my heart is sweetly taught
How little gold deserves a thought,
The winged slave returns once more,
And with him wafts delicious store
Of racy wine, whose balmy art
In slumber seals the anxious heart!
Again he tries my soul to sever
From love and song, perhaps for ever!
Away, deceiver! why pursuing
Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing?
Sweet is the song of amorous fire;
Sweet are the sighs that thrill the lyre;

Oh, sweeter far than all the gold
The waftage of thy wings can hold!
I well remember all thy wiles;
They wither'd Cupid's flowery smiles,
And o'er his harp such garbage shed,
I thought its angel breath was fled!
They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
His bland desires and hallow'd kisses.
Oh, fly to haunts of sordid men,
But rove not near the bard again!
Thy glitter in the Muse's shade,
Scares from her bower the tuneful maid,
And not for worlds would I forego
This moment of poetic glow,
When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,
Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.
Away, away! to worldlings hence,
Who feel not this diviner sense,
And with thy gay, fallacious blaze,
Dazzle their unrefined gaze.

ODE LIX.

Sabled by the solar beam,
Now the fiery clusters teem,
In osier baskets, borne along
By all the festal vintage throng
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Ripe as the melting fruits they bear.
Now, now they press the pregnant grapes,
And now the captive stream escapes,
In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
And for its bondage proudly blushing!
While round the vat's impurpled brim,
The choral song, the vintage hymn
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Steals on the cloy'd and panting air.
Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
The orient tide that sparkling flies;
The infant balm of all their fears,
The infant Bacchus, born in tears!
When he, whose verging years decline
As deep into the vale as mine,
When he inhales the vintage-spring,
His heart is fire, his foot 's a wing;
And as he flies, his hoary hair
Plays truant with the wanton air!

While the warm youth, whose wishing soul
Has kindled o'er the inspiring bowl,
Impassion'd seeks the shadowy grove,
Where, in the tempting guise of love,
Reclining sleeps some witching maid,
Whose sunny charms, but half display'd,
Blush through the bower, that, closely twined,
Excludes the kisses of the wind!
The virgin wakes, the glowing boy
Allures her to the embrace of joy;
Swears that the herbage Heaven had spread,
Was sacred as the nuptial bed;
That laws should never bind desire,
And love was nature's holiest fire!
The virgin weeps, the virgin sighs;
He kiss'd her lips, he kiss'd her eyes;
The sigh was balm, the tear was dew,
They only raised his flame anew.
And oh! he stole the sweetest flower
That ever bloom'd in any bower!
Such is the madness wine imparts,
Whene'er it steals on youthful hearts.

ODE LX.

Awake to life, my dulcet shell,
To Phœbus all thy sighs shall swell;
And though no glorious prize be thine,
No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
Yet every hour is glory's hour
To him who gathers wisdom's flower!
Then wake thee from thy magic slumbers,
Breathe to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
Which, as my trembling lips repeat,
Thy chords shall echo back as sweet.
The cygnet thus, with fading notes,
As down Caÿster's tide he floats,
Plays with his snowy plumage fair
Upon the wanton, murmuring air,
Which amorously lingers round,
And sighs responsive sound for sound!
Muse of the Lyre! illume my dream,
Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme;
And hallow'd is the harp I bear,
And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,
Hallow'd by him, the god of lays,
Who modulates the choral maze!

I sing the love which Daphne twined
Around the godhead's yielding mind;
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
From this æthereal youth of light;
And how the tender, timid maid
Flew panting to the kindly shade,
Resign'd a form, too tempting fair,
And grew a verdant laurel there;
Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,
In terror seem'd to tremble still!
The god pursued, with wing'd desire;
And when his hopes were all on fire,
And when he thought to hear the sigh
With which enamour'd virgins die,
He only heard the pensive air
Whispering amid her leafy hair!
But, O my soul! no more—no more!
Enthusiast, whither do I soar?
This sweetly-maddening dream of soul
Has hurried me beyond the goal.
Why should I sing the mighty darts
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
When sure the lay, with sweeter tone,
Can tell the darts that wound my own?
Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre:
Still let the nectar'd numbers float,
Distilling love in every note!
And when the youth, whose burning soul
Has felt the Paphian star's control,
When he the liquid lays shall hear,
His heart will flutter to his ear,
And drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine!

ODE LXI.

Golden hues of youth are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom!
This awakes my hourly sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying!

Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road:
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!

ODE LXII.

Fill me, boy, as deep a draught,
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;
Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle.
For though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Oh, be it ne'er the birth of madness!
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight!
To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we wreathe,
Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song!

ODE LXIII.

To Love, the soft and blooming child,
I touch the harp in descant wild;
To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
The boy, who breathes and blushes flowers!
To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him!

ODE LXIV.

Haste thee, nymph, whose wingèd spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer!
Dian, Jove's immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild!
Goddess with the sun-bright hair!
Listen to a people's prayer.
Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!
Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
There thy people's peace restore.
Thine their hearts, their altars thine;
Dian! must they—must they pine?

ODE LXV.

Like some wanton filly sporting,
Maid of Thrace! thou fly'st my courting.
Wanton filly! tell me why
Thou tripp'st away, with scornful eye,
And seem'st to think my doting heart
Is novice in the bridling art?
Believe me, girl, it is not so;
Thou'lt find this skilful hand can throw
The reins upon that tender form,
However wild, however warm!
Thou'lt own that I can tame thy force,
And turn and wind thee in the course.
Though wasting now thy careless hours,
Thou sport amid the herbs and flowers,
Thou soon shalt feel the rein's control,
And tremble at the wished-for goal!

ODE LXVI.

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
Fairest of all that fairest shine;
To thee, thou blushing young Desire,
Who rul'st the world with darts of fire!
And O thou nuptial Power! to thee
Who bear'st of life the guardian key;
Breathing my soul in fragrant praise,
And weaving wild my votive lays,
For thee, O Queen! I wake the lyre,
For thee, thou blushing young Desire!
And oh! for thee, thou nuptial Power,
Come, and illume this genial hour.
Look on thy bride, luxuriant boy!
And while thy lambent glance of joy
Plays over all her blushing charms,
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
Before the lovely, trembling prey,
Like a young birdling, wing away!
O, Stratocles, impassion'd youth!
Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,
And dear to her, whose yielding zone
Will soon resign her all thine own;
Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh!
To those bewitching beauties turn;
For thee they mantle, flush, and burn!

Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outblushes all the glow of bowers,
Than she unrivall'd bloom discloses,
The sweetest rose, where all are roses!
Oh, may the sun, benignant, shed
His blandest influence o'er thy bed;
And foster there an infant tree,
To blush like her, and bloom like thee!

ODE LXVII.

Gentle youth! whose looks assume
Such a soft and girlish bloom,
Why, repulsive, why refuse
The friendship which my heart pursues?
Thou little know'st the fond control
With which thy virtue reins my soul!
Then smile not on my locks of grey;
Believe me, oft with converse gay,
I've chain'd the ears of tender age,
And boys have loved the prattling sage!
For mine is many a soothing pleasure,
And mine is many a soothing measure;
And much I hate the beamless mind,
Whose earthly vision, unrefined,
Nature has never form'd to see
The beauties of simplicity!
Simplicity, the flower of heaven,
To souls elect, by nature given!

ODE LXVIII.

Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn
The stream of Amalthea's horn!
Nor should I ask to call the throne
Of the Tartessian prince my own;
To totter through his train of years,
The victim of declining fears.
One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity!

ODE LXIX.

Now Neptune's sullen month appears,
The angry night-cloud swells with tears;
And savage storms, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven!

Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illume:
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
We'll hymn the almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

ODE LXX.

THEY wove the lotus band to deck,
And fan with pensile wreath their neck;
And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little breathing chaplets spread;
And one was of Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief!
While from a golden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A goblet-nymph, of heavenly shape,
Pour'd the rich weepings of the grape!

ODE LXXI.

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat:
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire!
In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

ODE LXXII.

WITH twenty chords my lyre is hung,
And while I wake them all for thee,
Thou, O virgin, wild and young,
Disport'st in airy levity.

The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind,
Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind!

ODE LXXIII.

FARE thee well, perfidious maid!
My soul, too long on earth delay'd,
Delay'd, perfidious girl! by thee,
Is now on wing for liberty.
I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,
Since thou hast ceased to love me here!

ODE LXXIV.

I BLOOM'D awhile, a happy flower,
Till love approach'd one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.
Then, then I feel, like some poor willow
That tosses on the wintry billow!

ODE LXXV.

MONARCH Love! resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, that glance ethereal blue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew;
Propitious, oh, receive my sighs!
Which, burning with entreaty, rise,
That thou wilt whisper to the breast
Of her I love thy soft behest;
And counsel her to learn from thee
The lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thou'lt own I've learn'd that lesson well!

ODE LXXVI.

SPIRIT of Love, whose tresses shine
Along the breeze, in golden twine;
Come, within a fragrant cloud,
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud;
And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh, waft me hence away!
Love! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.
But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The pretty Lesbian, mocks my woe;

Smiles at the hoar and silver'd hues
Which Time upon my forehead strews.
Alas! I fear she keeps her charms,
In store for younger, happier arms!

ODE LXXVII.

Hither, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old
Many a golden hymn divine,
For the nymph with vest of gold.

Pretty nymph, of tender age,
Fair thy silky locks unfold;
Listen to a hoary sage,
Sweetest maid with vest of gold!

ODE LXXVIII.

Would that I were a tuneful lyre,
Of burnish'd ivory fair;
Which, in the Dionysian choir,
Some blooming boy should bear!

Would that I were a golden vase,
And then some nymph should hold
My spotless frame, with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold!

ODE LXXIX.

When Cupid sees my beard of snow,
Which blanching Time has taught to flow,
Upon his wing of golden light
He passes with an eaglet's flight,
And flitting on he seems to say,
"Fare thee well, thou'st had thy day!"

Cupid, whose lamp has lent the ray,
Which lightens our meandering way;
Cupid, within my bosom stealing,
Excites a strange and mingled feeling,
Which pleases, though severely teasing,
And teases, though divinely pleasing!

LET me resign a wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death
To soothe my misery!

I KNOW thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure,
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

I FEAR that love disturbs my rest,
Yet feel not love's impassion'd care;
I think there 's madness in my breast,
Yet cannot find that madness there!

FROM dread Leucadia's frowning steep,
I'll plunge into the whitening deep:
And there I'll float to waves resign'd,
For Love intoxicates my mind!

MIX me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine:
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing.
Mix the brimmer—Love and I
Shall no more the gauntlet try.
Here—upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul!

AMONG the Epigrams of the Anthologia, there are some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated, and originally intended as a kind of Coronis to the work; but I found, upon consideration, that they wanted variety—as frequent recurrence of the same thought within the limits of an epitaph, to which they are confined, would render a collection of them rather uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those elegant tributes to the reputation of Anacreon. The four epigrams which I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps, with too much freedom; but designing a translation of all that are on the subject, I imagined it was necessary to enliven their uniformity by sometimes indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.

AROUND the tomb, O Bard divine!
Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And summer pour her waste of roses!

And many a fount shall there distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers;
But wine shall gush in every rill,
And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him, whom Nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure!

Thus, after death, if spirits feel,
Thou mayst, from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming!

HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade;
Here mute in death the Teian swan is laid.
Cold, cold the heart, which lived but to respire
All the voluptuous frenzy of desire!

And yet, O Bard! thou art not mute in death;
Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious breath
And still thy songs of soft Bathylla bloom,
Green as the ivy round the mouldering tomb!

Nor yet has death obscured thy fire of love,
Still, still it lights thee through th' Elysian grove;
And dreams are thine, that bless th' elect alone,
And Venus calls thee even in death her own!

O STRANGER! if Anacreon's shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell
With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,
And drop thy goblet's richest tear
In exquisite libation here!
So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
With visions of enjoyment still.
I cannot even in death resign
The festal joys that once were mine,
When Harmony pursued my ways,
And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays.
Oh! if delight could charm no more,
If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,
When fate had once our doom decreed,
Then dying would be death indeed!
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
Divinity itself divine!

AT length thy golden hours have wing'd their flight,
And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth;
Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night,
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth!
She too, for whom that harp profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers,
She, the young spring of thy desires, has fled,
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers!
Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart
That Love could scatter from his quiver;
And every woman found in thee a heart,
Which thou, with all thy soul, didst give her!

REMARKS ON ANACREON.

THERE is very little known with certainty of the life of Anacreon. Chamæleon Heracleotes, who wrote upon the subject, has been lost in the general wreck of ancient literature. The editors of the poet have collected the few trifling anecdotes which are scattered through the extant authors of antiquity, and supplying the deficiency of materials by fictions of their own imagination, they have arranged, what they call, a life of Anacreon. These specious fabrications are intended to indulge that interest which we naturally feel in the biography of illustrious men; but it is rather a dangerous kind of illusion, as it confounds the limits of history and romance, and is too often supported by unfaithful citation.

Our poet was born in the city of Téos, in the delicious region of Ionia, where everything respired voluptuousness. The time of his birth appears to have been in the sixth century before Christ, and he flourished at that remarkable period, when, under the polished tyrants Hipparchus and Polycrates, Athens and Samos were the rival asylums of genius. The name of his father is doubtful, and therefore cannot be very interesting. His family was perhaps illustrious; but those who discover in Plato that he was a descendant of the monarch Codrus, exhibit, as usual, more zeal than accuracy.

The disposition and talents of Anacreon recommended him to the monarch of Samos, and he was formed to be the friend of such a prince as Polycrates. Susceptible only to the pleasures, he felt not the corruptions of the court; and while Pythagoras fled from the tyrant, Anacreon was celebrating his praises on the lyre. We are told too by Maximus Tyrius, that by the influence of his amatory songs he softened the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence towards his subjects.

Hipparchus, who now maintained at Athens the power which his father Pisistratus had usurped, was one of those elegant princes who have polished the fetters of their sub-

jects. He was the first, according to Plato, who edited the poems of Homer, and commanded them to be sung by the rhapsodists at the celebration of the Panathenæa. As his court was the galaxy of genius, Anacreon should not be absent. Hipparchus sent a barge for him; the poet embraced the invitation, and the muses and the loves were wafted with him to Athens.

The manner of Anacreon's death was singular. We are told that in the eighty-fifth year of his age he was choked by a grape-stone; and however we may smile at their enthusiastic partiality, who pretend that it was a peculiar indulgence of Heaven which stole him from the world by this easy and characteristic death, we cannot help admiring that his fate should be so emblematic of his disposition. Cælius Calcagninus alludes to this catastrophe in the following epitaph on our poet:—

Then, hallow'd Sage, those lips which pour'd along
The sweetest lapses of the cygnet's song,
A grape has closed for ever!
Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,
Here let the rose he loved with laurels bloom,
In bands that ne'er shall sever!
But far be thou, oh! far, unholy vine,
By whom the favourite minstrel of the Nine
Expired his rosy breath;
Thy god himself now blushes to confess,
Unholy vine! he feels he loves thee less,
Since poor Anacreon's death!

After the very enthusiastic eulogiums bestowed by the ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon, we need not be diffident in expressing our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of antiquity. They are all beauty, all enchantment. He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathize even in his excesses. In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was rather an unrefined emotion; and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than sentiment. They knew not those little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection; their expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of love deprived of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this gallantry; and the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement, prevented him from yielding to the freedom of language, which has sullied the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is

sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions, which so many have endeavoured to imitate, because all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence, while they fascinate by their beauty; they are, indeed, the infants of the Muses, and may be said to lisp in numbers.

I shall not be accused of enthusiastic partiality by those who have read and felt the original; but to others I am conscious that this should not be the language of a translator, whose faint reflection of these beauties can but little justify his admiration of them.

In the age of Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. These kindred talents were for a long time associated, and the poet always sung his own compositions to the lyre. It is probable that they were not set to any regular air, but rather a kind of musical recitation, which was varied according to the fancy and feelings of the moment. The poems of Anacreon were sung at banquets as late as the time of Aulus Gellius, who tells us that he heard one of the odes performed at a birthday entertainment.

The singular beauty of our poet's style, and perhaps the careless facility with which he appears to have trifled, have induced, as I remarked, a number of imitations. Some have succeeded with wonderful felicity, as may be discerned in the few odes which are attributed to writers of a later period. But none of his emulators have been so dangerous to his fame as those Greek ecclesiastics of the early ages, who, conscious of inferiority to their prototypes, determined on removing the possibility of comparison, and, under a semblance of moral zeal, destroyed the most exquisite treasures of antiquity. The zeal by which these bishops professed to be actuated, gave birth more innocently, indeed, to an absurd species of parody, as repugnant to piety as it is to taste, where the poet of voluptuousness was made a preacher of the gospel, and his muse, like the Venus in armour at Lacedæmon, was arrayed in all the severities of priestly instruction. Such was the "Anacreon Recantatus," by Carolus de Aquino, a Jesuit, published 1701, which consisted of a series of palinodes to the several songs of our poet. Such too was the Christian Anacreon of Patrignanus, another Jesuit, who preposterously transferred to a most sacred subject all that Anacreon had sung to festivity.

We come now to a retrospect of the editions of Anacreon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted for having first recovered his remains from the obscurity in which they had

reposed for so many ages. He found the 7th ode, as we are told, on the cover of an old book, and communicated it to Victorius, who mentions the circumstance in his "Various Readings." Stephen was then very young; and this discovery was considered by some critics of that day as a literary imposition. In 1554, however, he gave Anacreon to the world, accompanied with annotations and a Latin version of the greater part of the odes. The learned still hesitated to receive them as the relics of the Teian bard, and suspected them to be the fabrication of some monks of the sixteenth century. This was an idea from which the classic muse recoiled; and the Vatican manuscript, consulted by Scaliger and Salmasius, confirmed the antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccurate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius, and this is the authority which Barnes has followed in his collation; accordingly he misrepresents almost as often as he quotes; and the subsequent editors, relying upon him, have spoken of the manuscript with not less confidence than ignorance. The literary world has at length been gratified with this curious memorial of the poet, by the industry of the Abbé Spaletti, who, in 1781, published at Rome a facsimile of the pages of the Vatican manuscript, which contained the odes of Anacreon.

Monsieur Gail has given a catalogue of all the editions and translations of Anacreon. I find their number to be much greater than I could possibly have had an opportunity of consulting. I shall therefore content myself with enumerating those editions only which I have been able to collect; they are very few, but I believe they are the most important.

The edition by Henry Stephen, 1554, at Paris—the Latin version is by Colomesius attributed to John Dorat.

The old French translations, by Ronsard and Belleau—the former published in 1555, the latter in 1556. It appears that Henry Stephen communicated his manuscript of Anacreon to Ronsard before he published it, by a note of Muretus upon one of the sonnets of that poet.

The edition by Le Fevre, 1660.

The edition by Madame Dacier, 1681, with a prose translation.

The edition by Longepierre, 1684, with a translation in verse.

The edition by Baxter, London, 1695.

A French translation by La Fosse, 1704.

"L'Histoire des Odes d'Anacreon," by Monsieur Gaçon; Rotterdam, 1712.

A translation in English verse, by several hands, 1713, in which the odes by Cowley are inserted.

The edition by Barnes, London, 1721.

The edition by Dr. Trapp, 1733, with a Latin version in elegiac metre.

A translation in English verse, by John Addison, 1735.

A collection of Italian translations of Anacreon, published at Venice, 1736, consisting of those by Corsini, Regnier, Salvini, Marchetti, and one by several anonymous authors.

A translation in English verse, by Fawkes and Doctor Broome, 1760.

Another, anonymous, 1768.

The edition by Spaletti, at Rome, 1781; with the facsimile of the Vatican MS.

The edition by Degen, 1786, who published also a German translation of Anacreon, esteemed the best.

A translation in English verse, by Urquhart, 1787.

The edition by Citoyen Gail, at Paris, 7th year, 1799, with a prose translation.

JUVENILE POEMS

TO JULIA.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS.

Why, let the stingless critic chide
With all that fume of vacant pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!
Oh! if the song, to feeling true,
Can please the elect, the sacred few,
Whose souls, by Taste and Nature taught,
Thrill with the genuine pulse of thought—
If some fond feeling maid like thee,
The warm-eyed child of Sympathy,
Shall say, while o'er my simple theme
She languishes in Passion's dream,
"He was, indeed, a tender soul—
No critic law, no chill control,
Should ever freeze, by timid art,
The flowings of so fond a heart!"
Yes, soul of Nature! soul of Love!
That, hovering like a snow-wing'd dove,
Breathed o'er my cradle warblings wild,
And hail'd me Passion's warmest child!
Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,
From Feeling's breast the votive sigh;
Oh! let my song, my memory, find
A shrine within the tender mind;
And I will scorn the critic's chide,
And I will scorn the fume of pride,
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!

TO A LADY, WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

When, casting many a look behind,
I leave the friends I cherish here—
Perchance some other friends to find,
But surely finding none so dear—
Haply the little simple page,
Which votive thus I've traced for thee,
May now and then a look engage,
And steal a moment's thought for me.
But, oh! in pity let not those
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye that seldom flows
With feeling tear, my song behold.
For, trust me, they who never melt
With pity, never melt with love;
And they will frown at all I've felt,
And all my loving lays reprove.
But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my page an interest find,
And linger kindly on my name;
Tell him,—or, oh! if, gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest:
Ah! where do all affections thrill
So sweetly as in woman's breast?—
Tell her, that he whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar;
That Glory oft would claim the lay,
And Friendship oft his numbers move;
But whisper then, that, "sooth to say,
His sweetest song was given to Love!"

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL MISS ——.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOTTERY SHARE.

IMPROMPTU.

——Ego pars.—*Virg.*

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
But how comes it that you, such a *capital prize*,
Should so long have *remain'd in the wheel?*

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll,
A *sixteenth*, Heaven knows! were sufficient for *me;*
For what could I do with the *whole?*

INCONSTANCY.

And do I then wonder that Julia deceives me,
When surely there's nothing in nature more common?
She vows to be true, and while vowing she leaves me—
But could I expect any more from a woman?

O woman! your heart is a pitiful treasure;
And Mahomet's doctrine was not too severe,
When he thought you were only materials of pleasure,
And reason and thinking were out of your sphere.

By your heart, when the fond sighing lover can win it,
He thinks that an age of anxiety 's paid;
But, oh! while he 's blest, let him die on the minute—
If he live but a *day*, he'll be surely betray'd.

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.[1]

TO HIMSELF.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, &c.

Cease the sighing fool to play;
Cease to trifle life away;
Nor vainly think those joys thine own,
Which all, alas! have falsely flown!
What hours, Catullus, once were thine!
How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,
When lightly thou didst fly to meet
The girl, who smiled so rosy sweet—
The girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain
Than e'er thy heart can feel again!
You met—your souls seem'd all in one—
Sweet little sports were said and done—
Thy heart was warm enough for both,
And hers, indeed, was nothing loath.
Such were the hours that once were thine;
But, ah! those hours no longer shine!

[1] Few poets knew better than Catullus what a French writer calls—

la delicatesse
D'un voluptueux sentiment;

but his passions too often obscured his imagination.—Ed.

For now the nymph delights no more
In what she loved so dear before;
And all Catullus now can do,
Is to be proud and frigid too;
Nor follow where the wanton flies,
Nor sue the bliss that she denies.
False maid! he bids farewell to thee,
To love, and all love's misery.
The hey-day of his heart is o'er,
Nor will he court one favour more;
But soon he'll see thee droop thy head,
Doom'd to a lone and loveless bed,
When none will seek the happy night,
Or come to traffic in delight!
Fly, perjured girl!—but whither fly?
Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?
Who now will drink the syren tone,
Which tells him thou art all his own?
Who now will court thy wild delights,
Thy honey kiss, and turtle bites?
Oh! none.—And he who loved before
Can never, never love thee more!

TO JULIA.

Though Fate, my girl, may bid us part,
Our souls it cannot, shall not sever;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed?
Is all our dream of rapture over?
And does not Julia's bosom bleed
To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

Does *she* too mourn?—Perhaps she may;
Perhaps she weeps our blisses fleeting:
But why is Julia's eye so gay,
If Julia's heart like mine is beating?

I oft have loved the brilliant glow
Of rapture in her blue eye streaming—
But can the bosom bleed with woe,
While joy is in the glances beaming?

No, no!—Yet, love, I will not chide,
Although your heart *were* fond of roving:
Nor that, nor all the world beside,
Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye,
And, with you, all that 's worth possessing.
Oh! then it will be sweet to die,
When life has lost its only blessing!

NATURE'S LABELS.

A FRAGMENT.

In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagirite:
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull!
Since then, though art do all it can,
We ne'er can reach the inward man,
Nor inward woman, from without,
(Though, ma'am, you *smile*, as if in doubt,)
I think 'twere well if Nature could
(And Nature could, if Nature would)
Some pretty short descriptions write,
In tablets large, in black and white,
Which she might hang about our throttles,
Like labels upon physic-bottles.
There we might read of all—But stay—
As learned dialectics say,
The argument most apt and ample
For common use, is the example.
For instance, then, if Nature's care
Had not arranged those traits so fair,
Which speak the soul of Lucy L-nd-n,
This is the label she'd have pinn'd on.

LABEL FIRST.

Within this vase there lies enshrined
The purest, brightest gem of mind!
Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw
Upon its charms the shade of woe,
The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you're able,
That Nature wrote a second label,
They're her own words—at least suppose so—
And boldly pin it on Pomposo.

LABEL SECOND.

When I composed the fustian brain
Of this redoubted Captain Vain,
I had at hand but few ingredients.
And so was forced to use expedients.
I put therein some small discerning,
A grain of sense, a grain of learning;
And when I saw the void behind,
I fill'd it up with—froth and wind!

* * * * *

TO MRS. M———.

SWEET lady! look not thus again:
Those little pouting smiles recall
A maid remember'd now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all!

Oh! while this heart delirious took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she pout, and lisp, and look,
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!

Yes, I did love her—madly love—
She was the sweetest, best deceiver!
And oft she swore she'd never rove!
And I was destined to believe her!

Then, lady, do not wear the smile
Of her whose smile could thus betray.
Alas! I think the lovely wile
Again might steal my heart away.

And when the spell that stole my mind
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resign'd
Will err again, and fly to thee!

TO JULIA.

MOCK me no more with Love's beguiling dream,
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet:
One smile of friendship, nay, of cold esteem,
Is dearer far than passion's bland deceit!

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare;
Your heart was only mine, I once believed.
Ah! shall I say that all your vows were air!
And must I say, my hopes were all deceived?

Vow, then, no longer that our souls are twined,
That all our joys are felt with mutual zeal:
Julia! 'tis pity, pity makes you kind;
You know I love, and you would seem to feel.

But shall I still go revel in those arms
On bliss in which affection takes no part?
No, no! farewell! you give me but your charms,
When I had fondly thought you gave your heart!

TO ROSA.

Does the harp of Rosa slumber?
Once it breathed the sweetest number!
Never does a wilder song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odours dying,
Wooes it with enamour'd sighing.

Does the harp of Rosa cease?
Once it told a tale of peace
To her lover's throbbing breast—
Then he was divinely blest!
Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er;
And her harp neglected lies;
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent harp—forgotten lover—
Rosa's love and song are over!

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

—— sine me sit nulla Venus.—*Sulpicia.*

Our hearts, my love, were doom'd to be
The genuine twins of Sympathy:
They live with one sensation:
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Our heart-strings musically move,
And thrill with like vibration.

How often have I heard thee say,
Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
When mine no more is moving!
Since, now, to feel a joy *alone*
Were worse to thee than feeling none:
Such sympathy in loving!

And, oh! how often in those eyes,
Which melting beam'd, like azure skies
In dewy vernal weather—
How often have I raptured read
The burning glance, that silent said,
"Now, love, *we feel together!*"

TO JULIA.

I SAW the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever;
They seem'd in very being twined;
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever.

Not so the widow'd ivy shines:
Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its blooms away!

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
Till Fate disturb'd their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine, deserted, droops and dies!

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

SWEET spirit! if thy airy sleep
Nor sees my tears, nor hears my sighs,
Oh! I will weep, in luxury weep,
Till the last heart's-drop fills mine eyes.

But if thy sainted soul can feel,
And mingles in our misery;
Then, then, my breaking heart I'll seal—
Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me!

The beam of morn was on the stream,
But sullen clouds the day deform:
Thou wert, indeed, that morning beam,
And death, alas! that sullen storm.

Thou wert not form'd for living here,
For thou wert kindred with the sky;
Yet, yet we held thee all so dear,
We thought thou wert not form'd to die!

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF

OF A LADY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

HERE is one leaf reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh! it should be my sweetest care
To *write my name* for ever *there!*

TO ROSA.

LIKE who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, lured by smiling eyes,
Consigns his simple heart to thee.

For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be tost;
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost!

TO ROSA.

OH! why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the glooms of the past and the sorrow of years
Have been paid by a moment of bliss?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet?
Do they flow, like the dews of the amorous night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set?

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile, which is loveliest then;
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again!

RONDEAU.

"Good night! good night!"—And is it so?
And must I from my Rosa go?
O Rosa! say "Good night!" once more,
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying, still, "Good night!"

And still "Good night," my Rosa say—
But whisper still, "A minute stay;"
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of rapture in it.
We'll kiss and kiss in quick delight,
And murmur, while we kiss, "Good night!"

"Good night!" you'll murmur with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly:
And I will vow to kiss no more,
Yet kiss you closer than before;
Till slumber seal our weary sight—
And then, my love! my soul! "Good night!"

TO ROSA.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

The wisest soul, by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;
And when the shrining casket's worn
The gem within will tarnish too.

But love's an essence of the soul,
Which sinks not with this chain of clay;
Which throbs beyond the chill control
Of withering pain or pale decay.

And surely, when the touch of Death
Dissolves the spirit's mortal ties,
Love still attends the soaring breath,
And makes it purer for the skies!

O Rosa! when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love it found so blissful here
Shall be its best of blisses then!

And, as in fabled dreams of old,
Some airy genius, child of time,
Presided o'er each star that roll'd,
And track'd it through its path sublime;

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray;
Thy lover's shade, divinely wed,
Shall linger round thy wandering way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
And brighten in the solar gem;
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye,
Nor envy worlds of suns to them!

And, oh! if airy shapes may steal
To mingle with a mortal frame,
Then, then, my love!—but drop the veil;
Hide, hide from Heaven the unholy flame

No! when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free;
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,
And mingle to eternity!

ANACREONTIQUE.

—— in *lachrymas* verterat omne merum.—*Tib.* lib. i. eleg. 5.

Press the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower;
And while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think—in *woe* the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heaven grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the *luxury of woe!*

ANACREONTIQUE.

Friend of my soul! this goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away thy mind:
But, like Affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind!

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade;
These flow'rs were cull'd at noon;—
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon!

For though the flower 's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love 's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more!

CHARITY.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!"
St. John, chap. viii.

O WOMAN! if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray'd from honour's track,
'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay;
As clouds that sully morning skies
May all be wept in showers away.

Go, go—be innocent, and live—
The tongues of men may wound thee sore;
But Heaven in pity can forgive,
And bids thee "go, and sin no more!"

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Eque brevi verbo ferre perenne malum.
Secundus, eleg. vii.

STILL the question I must parry,
Still a wayward truant prove:
Where I love, I must not marry;
Where I marry, cannot love.

Were she fairest of creation,
With the least presuming mind:
Learned without affectation;
Not deceitful, yet refined;

Wise enough, but never rigid;
Gay, but not too lightly free;
Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid;
Warm, yet satisfied with me:

Were she all this ten times over,
All that Heaven to earth allows,
I should be too much her lover
Ever to become her spouse.

Love will never bear enslaving;
Summer garments suit him best;
Bliss itself is not worth having,
If we're by compulsion blest.

TO MISS ———.

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY SHE HAD SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

I'll ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breath his pinion dips,
Who suns him in thy lucent eyes,
And faints upon thy sighing lips:

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
That used to shade thy looks of light;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other suns are sunk in night.

And I will say—her angel breast
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest
Where Slumber could repose his wing!

And I will say—her cheeks of flame,
Which glow like roses in the sun,
Have never felt a blush of shame,
Except for what her eyes have done!

Then tell me, why, thou child of air!
Does slumber from her eyelids rove?
What is her heart's impassion'd care?—
Perhaps, O sylph! perhaps 'tis *love!*

NONSENSE.

Good reader! if you e'er have seen,
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow:
If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore:
If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green:—
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me! what a deal you've seen!"

TO JULIA.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

When Time was entwining the garland of years,
Which to crown my beloved was given,
Though some of the leaves might be sullied with tears,
Yet the flowers were all gather'd in heaven!

And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
May its verdure for ever be new!
Young Love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
And Pity shall nurse it with dew!

TO ROSA.

A far conserva, o cumulo d'amanti.—*Past. Fid.*

And are you then a thing of art,
Seducing all, and loving none;
And have I strove to gain a heart
Which every coxcomb thinks his own?

And do you, like the dotard's fire,
Which, powerless of enjoying any,
Feeds its abortive sick desire,
By trifling impotent with many?

Do you thus seek to flirt a number,
And through a round of danglers run,
Because your heart's insipid slumber
Could never wake to *feel* for *one?*

Tell me at once if this be true,
And I shall calm my jealous breast;
Shall learn to join the dangling crew,
And share your simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be not so free,—
Oh! if another share that heart,
Tell not the damning tale to me,
But mingle mercy with your art.

I'd rather think you black as hell,
Than find you to be all divine,
And know that heart could love so well,
Yet know that heart would *not* be mine!

THE SURPRISE.

CHLORIS, I swear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee more.—
"What! love no more? Oh! why this alter'd vow?"
Because I *cannot* love thee *more*—than *now!*

TO MRS. ———.

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF VOITURE'S KISS.

Mon ame sur mon lèvre étoit lors tout entière,
Pour savourer le miel qui sur la votre étoit;
Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
Tante de ce doux plaisir l'amorce l'arrestoit.—*Voit.*

How heavenly was the poet's doom
To breathe his spirit through a kiss;
And lose within so sweet a tomb
The trembling messenger of bliss!

And, ah! his soul return'd to feel
That it *again* could ravish'd be;
For in the kiss that thou didst steal,
His life and soul have fled to thee!

TO A LADY, ON HER SINGING.

THY song has taught my heart to feel
Those soothing thoughts of heavenly love
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal
When listening to the spheres above!

When, tired of life and misery,
I wish to sigh my latest breath,
O Emma! I will fly to thee,
And thou shalt sing me into death!

And if along thy lip and cheek
That smile of heavenly softness play,
Which,—ah! forgive a mind that 's weak,—
So oft has stolen my mind away;

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss:
I'll gaze and die—Who would not die,
If death were half so sweet as this?

A DREAM.

I THOUGHT this heart consuming lay
On Cupid's burning shrine:
I thought he stole thy heart away,
And placed it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun;
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one!

WRITTEN IN A COMMON-PLACE BOOK,

CALLED "THE BOOK OF FOLLIES;"

In which every one that opened it should contribute something.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

THIS tribute 's from a wretched elf,
Who hails thee, emblem of himself!
The book of life, which I have traced,
Has been, like thee, a motley waste
Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,
One folly bringing hundreds more.
Some have indeed been writ so neat,
In characters so fair, so sweet,
That those who judge not too severely,
Have said they loved such follies dearly!
Yet still, O book! the allusion stands;
For these were penn'd by *female* hands:
The rest,—alas! I own the truth,—
Have all been scribbled so uncouth,
That Prudence, with a withering look,
Disdainful flings away the book.
Like thine, its pages here and there
Have oft been stain'd with blots of care;
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
Upon some fairer leaves have shown,
White as the snowings of that heaven
By which those hours of peace were given.
But now no longer—such, oh! such
The blast of Disappointment's touch!—
No longer now those hours appear;
Each leaf is sullied by a tear:
Blank, blank, is every page with care,
Not e'en a folly brightens there.
Will they yet brighten?—Never, never!
Then *shut the book*, O God! for ever!

THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept—
Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb!

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray!

An angel, wandering from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem!

TO JULIA, WEEPING.

Oh! if your tears are given to care,
If real woe disturbs your peace,
Come to my bosom, weeping fair!
And I will bid your weeping cease.

But if with Fancy's vision'd fears,
With dreams of woe your bosom thrill,
You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you drop them still!

SONG.

Have you not seen the timid tear
Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmur'd sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move
Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
If still my truth you'll try;
Alas! I know but *one* proof more,—
I'll bless your name, and die!

THE SHIELD.

Oh! did you not hear a voice of death?
And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,
And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
Which shrieks on the house of woe all night?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
To howl and to feed till the glance of light?

'Twas *not* the death-bird's cry from the wood,
Nor shivering fiend that hung in the blast;
'Twas the shade of Helderic—man of blood—
It screams for the guilt of days that are past!

See! how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath!
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of death!

That shield is blushing with murderous stains;
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,
But neither can take the blood away!

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's light;
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night!

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA, ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

Though sorrow long has worn my heart;
Though every day I've counted o'er
Has brought a new and quickening smart
To wounds that rankled fresh before;

Though in my earliest life bereft
Of many a link by nature tied;
Though hope deceived, and pleasure left;
Though friends betray'd, and foes belied;

I still had hopes—for hope will stay
After the sunset of delight;
So like the star which ushers day,
We scarce can think it heralds night!

I hoped that, after all its strife,
My weary heart at length should rest,
And, fainting from the waves of life,
Find harbour in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with truth,
Was bright with honour's purest ray;
He was the dearest, gentlest youth—
Oh! why then was he torn away?

He should have stay'd, have linger'd here,
To calm his Julia's every woe;
He should have chased each bitter tear,
And not have caused those tears to flow.

We saw his youthful soul expand
In blooms of genius, nursed by taste;
While Science, with a fostering hand,
Upon his brow her chaplet placed.

We saw his gradual opening mind
Enrich'd by all the graces dear;
Enlighten'd, social, and refined,
In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we loved so well;
Such were the hopes that fate denied—
We loved, but, ah! we could not tell
How deep, how dearly, till he died!

Close as the fondest links could strain,
Twined with my very heart he grew;
And by that fate which breaks the chain,
The heart is almost broken too!

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Sic juvat perire.

When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie!
How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep and long to die!

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flow'rets deck the green earth's breast?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest!

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given!
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but the whispering winds of heaven!

THE KISS.

Grow to my lip, thou sacred kiss,
On which my soul's beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss,
When she would mock my hopes no more;
And fancy shall thy glow renew,
In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
And none shall steal thy holy dew
Till thou'rt absolved by rapture's rite.
Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
Oh! fly, like breezes, to the goal,
And let my love, my more than soul,
Come panting to this fever'd breast;
And while in every glance I drink
The rich o'erflowings of her mind,
Oh! let her all impassion'd sink,
In sweet abandonment resign'd,
Blushing for all our struggles past,
And murmuring, "I am thine at last!"

TO ———.

With all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.

We've had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing;
And spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring.

'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that she's a new one.

Thus let us leave the bower of love,
Where we have loiter'd long in bliss;
And you may down *that* pathway rove,
While I shall take my way through *this*.

Our hearts have suffer'd little harm
In this short fever of desire;
You have not lost a single charm,
Nor I one spark of feeling fire.

My kisses have not stain'd the rose
Which Nature hung upon your lip;
And still your sigh with nectar flows
For many a raptured soul to sip.

Farewell! and when some other fair
Shall call your wanderer to her arms,
'Twill be my luxury to compare
Her spells with your remember'd charms.

"This cheek," I'll say, "is not so bright
As one that used to meet my kiss;
This eye has not such liquid light
As one that used to talk of bliss!"

Farewell! and when some future lover
Shall claim the heart which I resign,
And in exulting joys discover
All the charms that once were mine;

I think I should be sweetly blest,
If, in a soft imperfect sigh,
You'd say, while to his bosom prest,
He loves not half so well as I!

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity!

A CHALLENGE.

Come, tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh! tell me where 's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessèd sigh,
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam
To catch one sparkle of her eye!

And if her cheek be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
Till my heart leave me through my eyes!

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh! 'tis the utmost Heaven can do!

SONG.

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow
Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now,
The very next glance would undo!

Those babies that nestle so sly,
Such different arrows have got,
That an oath on the glance of an eye
Such as yours, may be off in a shot!

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath when I choose!

Or a sigh may disperse from that flower
The dew and the oath that are there!
And I'd make a new vow every hour,
To lose them so sweetly in air!

But clear up that heaven of your brow,
Nor fancy my faith is a feather;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
And they both must be broken together!

TO ———.

Remember him thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,
Close as the tenderest links can bind
A heart as warm as heart can be.

Oh! I had long in freedom roved,
Though many seem'd my soul to share;
'Twas passion when I thought I loved,
'Twas fancy when I thought them fair.

E'en she, my muse's early theme,
Beguiled me only while she warm'd;
'Twas young Desire that fed the dream,
And reason broke what passion form'd.

But thou—ah! better had it been
If I had still in freedom roved,
If I had ne'er thy beauties seen,
For then I never should have loved!

Then all the pain which lovers feel
Had never to my heart been known;
But, ah! the joys which lovers steal,
Should they have ever been my own?

Oh! trust me, when I swear thee this,
Dearest! the pain of loving thee,
The very pain, is sweeter bliss
Than passion's wildest ecstasy!

That little cage I would not part,
In which my soul is prison'd now,
For the most light and winged heart
That wantons on the passing vow.

Still, my beloved! still keep in mind,
However far removed from me,
That there is one thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart respires for only thee!

And though ungenial ties have bound
Thy fate unto another's care;
That arm, which clasps thy bosom round,
Cannot confine the heart that's there.

No, no! that heart is only mine
By ties all other ties above,
For I have wed it at a shrine
Where we have had no priest but Love!

SONG.

Fly from the world, O Bessy! to me,
Thou'lt never find any sincerer;
I'll give up the world, O Bessy! for thee,
I can never meet any that's dearer!
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
That our loves will be censured by many;
All, all have their follies, and who will deny
That ours is the sweetest of any?

When your lip has met mine, in abandonment sweet,
Have we felt as if virtue forbid it?—
Have we felt as if Heaven denied them to meet?—
No, rather 'twas Heaven that did it!
So innocent, love, is the pleasure we sip,
So little of guilt is there in it,
That I wish all my errors were lodged on your lip,
And I'd kiss them away in a minute!

Then come to your lover, oh! fly to his shed,
From a world which I know thou despisest;
And slumber will hover as light on our bed,
As e'er on the couch of the wisest!
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,
And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,
I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of Heaven,
'Tis only our lullaby, dearest!

And, oh! when we lie on our death-bed, my love,
Looking back on the scene of our errors,
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above,
And Death be disarm'd of his terrors!
And each to the other embracing will say,
"Farewell! let us hope we're forgiven!"
Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
And a kiss be our passport to heaven!

SONG.

Think on that look of humid ray,
Which for a moment mix'd with mine,
And for that moment seem'd to say,
"I dare not, or I would be thine!"

Think, think on every smile and glance,
On all thou hast to charm and move,
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
And tell me 'tis not sin to love!

Oh! *not* to love thee were the sin;
For sure, if Heaven's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destined still to win,
As I was destined to be won!

THE CATALOGUE.

"Come, tell me," says Rosa, as, kissing and kiss'd,
One day she reclined on my breast;
"Come, tell me the number, repeat me the list
Of the nymphs you have loved and caress'd."
O Rosa! 'twas only my fancy that roved,
My heart at the moment was free;
But I'll tell thee, my girl, how many I've loved,
And the number shall finish with thee!

My tutor was Kitty; in infancy wild
She taught me the way to be blest;
She taught me to love her, I loved like a child,
But Kitty could fancy the rest.
This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore,
I have never forgot, I allow;
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* until now!

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all flame,
But my head was so full of romance,
That I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
And I was her knight of the lance!
But Martha was not of this fanciful school,
And she laugh'd at her poor little knight;
While I thought her a goddess, she thought me a fool,
And I'll swear *she* was most in the right.

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's looks,
Again I was tempted to rove;
But Cloris, I found, was so learned in books,
That she gave me more logic than love!
So I left this young Sappho, and hasten'd to fly
To those sweeter logicians in bliss,
Who argue the point with a soul-telling eye,
And convince us at once with a kiss!

Oh! Susan was then all the world unto me,
But Susan was piously given;
And the worst of it was, we could never agree
On the road that was shortest to heaven!
"O Susan!" I've said, in the moments of mirth,
"What's devotion to thee or to me?
I devoutly believe there 's a heaven on earth,
And believe that *that* heaven 's in *thee!*"
* * * * *

SONG.

WHERE is the nymph, whose azure eye
Can shine through rapture's tear!
The sun has sunk, the moon is high,
And yet she comes not here!

Was that her footstep on the hill—
Her voice upon the gale?—
No, 'twas the wind, and all is still,
O maid of Marlivale!

Come to me, love, I've wander'd far,
'Tis past the promised hour;
Come to me, love, the twilight star
Shall guide thee to my bower.

SONG.

WHEN Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the hour
When thou alone wert fair!

Then talk no more of future *gloom;*
Our joys shall always *last;*
For hope shall brighten *days to come,*
And memory gild the *past!*

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to Love and thee:
Thou never canst decay *in soul,*
Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

But mark, at thought of future years
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For hope will brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

THE SHRINE.

TO ———.

My fates had destined me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of love;
And many an altar on my way
Has lured my pious steps to stay;
For, if the saint was young and fair,
I turn'd and sung my vespers there.
This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require:
To pass, nor tell a single bead,
With them would be *profane indeed!*
But trust me, all this young devotion
Was but to keep my zeal in motion;
And, every *humbler altar* past,
I now have reach'd THE SHRINE at last!

REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE darkness which hung upon Willumberg's walls
Has long been remember'd with awe and dismay!
For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day;

Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of the castle illume;
And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

"Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse?"
Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of the cave;—
"It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,
"Till the bright star of chivalry 's sunk in the wave!"

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
Who could be but Reuben, the flower of the age?
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though Youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his bosom had beat,
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
It walks o'er the flowers of the mountain and lawn!

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
Sad, sad were the words of the man in the cave,
That darkness should cover the castle for ever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

She flew to the wizard—"And tell me, oh tell!
Shall my Reuben no more be restored to my eyes?"—
"Yes, yes,—when a spirit shall toll the great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben shall rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated, "Your Reuben shall rise!"
And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;
She wiped, while she listen'd, the tears from her eyes,
And she hoped she might yet see her hero again!

Her hero could smile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose;
To the Oder he flew, and there plunging beneath,
In the lapse of the billows soon found his repose.—

How strangely the order of destiny falls!—
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the ray!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And she heard but the breathings of night in the air;
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And she saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
And she look'd at the light of the moon in the stream,
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky,
Poor Rose on the cold dewy margent reclined,
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When,—hark!—'twas the bell that came deep in the wind!

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was decay'd,
And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

Was this what the seer of the cave had foretold?—
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam;
'Twas Reuben, but ah! he was deathly and cold,
And fleeted away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
From the bank to embrace him, but never, ah! never!
Then springing beneath, at a billow she caught,
And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!

THE RING.[1]

A TALE.

Annulus ille viri.—*Ovid. Amor.* lib. ii. eleg. 15.

The happy day at length arrived
When Rupert was to wed
The fairest maid in Saxony,
And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
The feast and sports began;
The men admired the happy maid,
The maids the happy man.

[1] I should be sorry to think that Mr. Moore had any serious intentions of frightening the nursery by this story: I rather hope—though the manner of it leads me to doubt—that his design was to ridicule that distempered taste, which prefers those monsters of the fancy to the "speciosa miracula" of true poetic imagination.

I find, by a note in the manuscript, that he met with this story in a German author—Fromman upon Fascination, Book iii. part. vi. chap. 18. On consulting the work, I perceive that Fromman quotes it from Beluacensis, among many other stories equally diabolical and interesting.—Ed.

THE RING.

"Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit."—P. 81.

In many a sweet device of mirth
The day was pass'd along;
And some the featly dance amused,
And some the dulcet song.

The younger maids with Isabel
Disported through the bowers,
And deck'd her robe, and crown'd her head
With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
Within the castle walls,
Sat listening to the choral strains
That echo'd through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friends repair'd
Unto a spacious court,
To strike the bounding tennis-ball
In feat and manly sport.

The bridegroom on his finger had
The wedding-ring so bright,
Which was to grace the lily hand
Of Isabel that night.

And fearing he might break the gem,
Or lose it in the play,
He look'd around the court, to see
Where he the ring might lay.

Now in the court a statue stood,
Which there full long had been;
It was a Heathen goddess, or
Perhaps a Heathen queen.

Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit;
And, thinking it was safest there,
Thereon he fasten'd it.

And now the tennis sports went on,
Till they were wearied all,
And messengers announced to them
Their dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
Unto the statue went;
But, oh! how was he shock'd to find
The marble finger bent!

The hand was closed upon the ring
With firm and mighty clasp;
In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
He could not loose the grasp!

How sore surprised was Rupert's mind,—
As well his mind might be;
"I'll come," quoth he, "at night again,
When none are here to see."

He went unto the feast, and much
He thought upon his ring;
And much he wonder'd what could mean
So very strange a thing!

The feast was o'er, and to the court
He went without delay,
Resolved to break the marble hand,
And force the ring away!

But mark a stranger wonder still—
The ring was there no more;
Yet was the marble hand ungrasp'd,
And open as before!

He search'd the base, and all the court,
And nothing could he find,
But to the castle did return
With sore bewilder'd mind.

Within he found them all in mirth,
The night in dancing flew;
The youth another ring procured,
And none the adventure knew.

And now the priest has join'd their hands,
The hours of love advance!
Rupert almost forgets to think
Upon the morn's mischance.

Within the bed fair Isabel
In blushing sweetness lay,
Like flowers, half-open'd by the dawn,
And waiting for the day.

And Rupert, by her lovely side,
In youthful beauty glows,
Like Phœbus, when he bends to cast
His beams upon a rose!

And here my song should leave them both,
Nor let the rest be told,
But for the horrid, horrid tale
It yet has to unfold!

Soon Rupert, 'twixt his bride and him,
A death-cold carcass found;
He saw it not, but thought he felt
Its arms embrace him round.

He started up, and then return'd,
But found the phantom still;
In vain he shrunk, it clipp'd him round,
With damp and deadly chill!

And when he bent, the earthy lips
A kiss of horror gave;
'Twas like the smell from charnel vaults,
Or from the mouldering grave!

Ill-fated Rupert, wild and loud
Thou criedst to thy wife,
"Oh! save me from this horrid fiend,
My Isabel! my life!"

But Isabel had nothing seen,
She look'd around in vain;
And much she mourn'd the mad conceit
That rack'd her Rupert's brain.

At length from this invisible
These words to Rupert came;
(O God! while he did hear the words,
What terrors shook his frame!)

"Husband! husband! I've the ring
Thou gav'st to-day to me;
And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
As I am wed to thee!"

And all the night the demon lay
Cold-chilling by his side,
And strain'd him with such deadly grasp,
He thought he should have died!

But when the dawn of day was near,
The horrid phantom fled,
And left the affrighted youth to weep
By Isabel in bed.

All, all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brows;
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
But strove to cheer her spouse.

And, as the day advanced, he thought
Of coming night with fear:
Ah! that he must with terror view
The bed that should be dear!

At length the second night arrived,
Again their couch they press'd;
Poor Rupert hoped that all was o'er,
And look'd for love and rest.

But, oh! when midnight came, again
The fiend was at his side,
And, as it strain'd him in its grasp,
With howl exulting cried,—

"Husband! husband! I've the ring,
The ring thou gav'st to me;
And thou'rt to me for ever wed
As I am wed to thee!"

In agony of wild despair,
He started from the bed;
And thus to his bewilder'd wife
The trembling Rupert said;

"O Isabel! dost thou not see
A shape of horrors here,
That strains me to the deadly kiss
And keeps me from my dear?'

"No, no, my love! my Rupert, I
No shape of horrors see;
And much I mourn the phantasy
That keeps my dear from me!"

This night, just like the night before,
In terrors pass'd away,
Nor did the demon vanish thence
Before the dawn of day.

Says Rupert then, "My Isabel,
Dear partner of my woe,
To Father Austin's holy cave
This instant will I go."

Now Austin was a reverend man,
Who acted wonders maint,
Whom all the country round believed
A devil or a saint!

To Father Austin's holy cave
Then Rupert went full straight,
And told him all, and ask'd him how
To remedy his fate.

The father heard the youth, and then
Retired awhile to pray;
And having pray'd for half an hour,
Return'd, and thus did say:

"There is a place where four roads meet,
Which I will tell to thee;
Be there this eve, at fall of night,
And list what thou shalt see.

Thou'lt see a group of figures pass
In strange disorder'd crowd,
Travelling by torchlight through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And one that's high above the rest,
Terrific towering o'er,
Will make thee know him at a glance,
So I need say no more.

To him from me these tablets give,
They'll soon be understood;
Thou need'st not fear, but give them straight,
I've scrawl'd them with my blood!"

The night-fall came, and Rupert all
In pale amazement went
To where the cross-roads met, and he
Was by the father sent.

And lo! a group of figures came
In strange disorder'd crowd,
Travelling by torch-light through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And, as the gloomy train advanced,
Rupert beheld from far
A female form of wanton mien
Seated upon a car.

And Rupert, as he gazed upon
The loosely-vested dame,
Thought of the marble statue's look,
For hers was just the same.

Behind her walk'd a hideous form,
With eyeballs flashing death;
Whene'er he breathed, a sulphur'd smoke
Came burning in his breath!

He seem'd the first of all the crowd,
Terrific towering o'er;
"Yes, yes," said Rupert, "this is he,
And I need ask no more."

Then slow he went, and to this fiend
The tablets trembling gave,
Who look'd and read them with a yell
That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-scrawl'd name,
His eyes with fury shine;
"I thought," cries he, "his time was out,
But he must soon be mine!"

Then darting at the youth a look,
Which rent his soul with fear,
He went unto the female fiend,
And whisper'd in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard
Than, with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost,
She from her finger took.

And, giving it unto the youth,
With eyes that breathed of hell,
She said, in that tremendous voice,
Which he remember'd well:

"In Austin's name take back the ring,
The ring thou gav'st to me;
And thou'rt to me no longer wed,
Nor longer I to thee."

He took the ring, the rabble pass'd,
He home return'd again;
His wife was then the happiest fair,
The happiest he of men.

SONG.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MRS. ———.

Written in Ireland.

Of all my happiest hours of joy,
And even I have had my measure,
When hearts were full, and every eye
Has kindled with the beams of pleasure!

Such hours as this I ne'er was given,
So dear to friendship, dear to blisses;
Young Love himself looks down from heaven,
To smile on such a day as this is!

Then oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

Oh! banish every thought to-night,
Which could disturb our soul's communion!
Abandon'd thus to dear delight,
We'll e'en for once forget the Union!

On that let statesmen try their powers,
And tremble o'er the rights they'd die for;
The union of the soul be ours,
And every union else we sigh for!

Then oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

In every eye around I mark
The feelings of the heart o'erflowing;
From every soul I catch the spark
Of sympathy, in friendship glowing!

Oh! could such moments ever fly;
Oh! that we ne'er were doom'd to lose 'em;
And all as bright as Charlotte's eye,
And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom.

But oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

For me, whate'er my span of years,
Whatever sun may light my roving;
Whether I waste my life in tears,
Or live, as now, for mirth and loving!

This day shall come with aspect kind,
Wherever fate may cast your rover;
He'll think of those he left behind,
And drink a health to bliss that 's over!

Then oh! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

TO A BOY, WITH A WATCH.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,
To rove through Erudition's bowers,
And cull the golden fruits of truth,
And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers?

And is it not more sweet than this,
To feel thy parents' hearts approving,
And pay them back in sums of bliss
The dear, the endless debt of loving?

It must be so to thee, my youth;
With this idea toil is lighter;
This sweetens all the fruits of truth,
And makes the flowers of Fancy brighter!

The little gift we send thee, boy,
May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,
If indolence or syren joy
Should ever tempt that soul to wander;

'Twill tell thee that the wingèd day
Can ne'er be chain'd by man's endeavour;
That life and time shall fade away,
While heaven and virtue bloom for ever!

FRAGMENTS OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.—*Juv.*

Mark those proud boasters of a splendid line,
Like gilded ruins, mouldering while they shine,
How heavy sits that weight of alien show,
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow;
Those borrow'd splendours, whose contrasting light
Throws back the native shades in deeper night.

Ask the proud train who glory's shade pursue,
Where are the arts by which that glory grew?
The genuine virtues that with eagle gaze
Sought young Renown in all her orient blaze!
Where is the heart by chymic truth refined,
The exploring soul, whose eye had read mankind?
Where are the links that twined, with heavenly art,
His country's interest round the patriot's heart?
Where is the tongue that scatter'd words of fire?
The spirit breathing through the poet's lyre?
Do these descend with all that tide of fame
Which vainly waters an unfruitful name?

* * * * *

Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur spes.—*Livy.*

* * * * *

Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approved by Heaven, ordain'd by Nature's laws,
Where justice flies the herald of our way,
And truth's pure beams upon the banners play?

Yes, there's a call sweet as an angel's breath
To slumbering babes, or innocence in death;
And urgent as the tongue of heaven within,
When the mind's balance trembles upon sin.

Oh! 'tis our country's voice, whose claim should meet
An echo in the soul's most deep retreat;
Along the heart's responding string should run,
Nor let a tone there vibrate—but the one!

SONG.[1]

Mary, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving!

Few have ever loved like me,—
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceived like thee,—
Alas! deceived me too severely!

Fare thee well! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee!

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token,
For see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken!—
Fare thee well!

SONG.

Why does azure deck the sky?
'Tis to be like thy looks of blue;
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that 's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair?
Why are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair!
All that 's bright, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why are Nature's beauties felt?
Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
Why has music power to melt?
Oh! because it speaks like thee.
All that 's sweet, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

[1] I believe these words were adapted to the pathetic Scotch air "Galla Water."—Ed.

MORALITY, A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO J. AT—NS—N, ESQ., M.R.I.A.[1]

Though long at school and college dozing,
On books of rhyme and books of prosing,
And copying from their moral pages,
Fine recipes for forming sages;
Though long with those divines at school,
Who think to make us good by rule;
Who, in methodic forms advancing,
Teaching morality like dancing,
Tell us, for Heaven or money's sake,
What *steps* we are through life to take:
Though thus, my friend, so long employ'd,
And so much midnight oil destroy'd,
I must confess, my searches past,
I only learn'd *to doubt* at last.

I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality!
'Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone,
And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the Porch advise,
As modes of being great and wise,
That we should cease to own or know
The luxuries that from feeling flow.

"Reason alone must claim direction,
And Apathy 's the soul's perfection.
Like a dull lake the heart must lie,
Nor passion's gale nor pleasure's sigh,
Though heaven the breeze, the breath supplied,
Must curl the wave or swell the tide!"

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind;
They tore away *some weeds*, 'tis true,
But all the *flowers* were ravish'd too!

[1] The gentleman to whom this poem is addressed is the author of some esteemed works, and was Mr. Moore's most particular friend. Mr. Moore has been very frequently heard to speak of him as one in whom "the elements were so mixed," that neither in his head nor heart had nature left any deficiency.—ED.

Now listen to the wily strains,
Which, on Cyrené's sandy plains,
When Pleasure, nymph with loosen'd zone,
Usurp'd the philosophic throne;
Hear what the courtly sage's[1] tongue
To his surrounding pupils sung:

"Pleasure 's the only noble end
To which all human powers should tend,
And Virtue gives her heavenly lore,
But to make Pleasure please us more!
Wisdom and she were both design'd
To make the senses more refined,
That man might revel, free from cloying,
Then most a sage, when most enjoying!"

Is this morality?—Oh, no!
E'en I a wiser path could show.
The flower within this vase confined,
The pure, the unfading flower of mind,
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay;
No, no! its richest breath should rise
In virtue's incense to the skies!

But thus it is, all sects we see
Have watch-words of morality!
Some cry out Venus, others Jove;
Here 'tis religion, there 'tis love!
But while they thus so widely wander,
While mystics dream, and doctors ponder;
And some, in dialectics firm,
Seek virtue in a middle term;
While thus they strive, in Heaven's defiance,
To chain morality with science;
The plain good man, whose actions teach
More virtue than a sect can preach,
Pursues his course, unsagely blest,
His tutor whispering in his breast:
Nor could he act a purer part,
Though he had Tully all by heart;
And when he drops the tear on woe,
He little knows or cares to know
That Epictetus blamed that tear,
By Heaven approved, to virtue dear!

[1] Aristippus.

Oh! when I've seen the morning beam
Floating within the dimpled stream;
While Nature, wakening from the night,
Has just put on her robes of light,
Have I, with cold optician's gaze,
Explored the *doctrine* of those rays?
No, pedants, I have left to you
Nicely to separate hue from hue:
Go, give that moment up to art,
When Heaven and Nature claim the heart;
And, dull to all their best attraction,
Go—measure *angles* of *refraction!*
While I, in feeling's sweet romance,
Look on each day-beam as a glance
From the great eye of Him above,
Wakening his world with looks of love!

THE NATAL GENIUS, A DREAM.

TO ———, THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH-DAY.

In witching slumbers of the night,
I dream'd I was the airy sprite
That on thy natal moment smiled;
And thought I wafted on my wing
Those flowers which in Elysium spring,
To crown my lovely mortal child.

With olive-branch I bound thy head,
Heart's-ease along thy path I shed,
Which was to bloom through all thy years;
Nor yet did I forget to bind
Love's roses, with his myrtle twined,
And dew'd by sympathetic tears.

Such was the wild but precious boon,
Which Fancy, at her magic noon,
Bade me to Nona's image pay—
Oh! were I, love, thus doom'd to be
Thy little guardian deity,
How blest around thy steps I'd play!

Thy life should softly steal along,
Calm as some lonely shepherd's song
That 's heard at distance in the grove;
No cloud should ever shade thy sky,
No thorns along thy pathway lie,
But all be sunshine, peace, and love!

The wing of time should never brush
Thy dewy lip's luxuriant flush,
To bid its roses withering die;
Nor age itself, though dim and dark,
Should ever quench a single spark
That flashes from my Nona's eye!

EPISTLES, ODES,

ETC.

PREFACE.

THE principal poems in the following collection were written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe. Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Finding myself in the country of a new people, whose infancy had promised so much, and whose progress to maturity has been an object of such interesting speculation, I determined to employ the short period of time, which my plan of return to Europe afforded me, in travelling through a few of the States, and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants.

The impression which my mind received from the character and manners of these republicans, suggested the Epistles which are written from the City of Washington and Lake Erie. How far I was right, in thus assuming the tone of a satirist against a people whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visitor, is a doubt which my feelings did not allow me time to investigate. All I presume to answer for is, the fidelity of the picture which I have given; and though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

I went to America, with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas, with respect to the purity of the Government and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where, unfortunately, discontent at home enhances every distant temptation, and the western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression; as the Elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. I was completely disappointed in every flattering expecta-

tion which I had formed, and was inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, "intentata nites." Brissot, in the preface to his travels, observes, that "freedom in that country is carried to so high a degree as to border upon a state of nature;" and there certainly is a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and of private animosity which results from it. This illiberal zeal embitters all social intercourse; and, though I scarcely could hesitate in selecting the party, whose views appeared the more pure and rational, yet I was sorry to observe that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of intolerance; the Democrats, consistently with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of rancour, which the Federalists too often are so forgetful of their cause as to imitate.

The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and indeed the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement, which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices, and all the pride, of civilization, while they are still so remote from its elegant characteristics, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, represses every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America.

I am conscious that, in venturing these few remarks, I have said just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince; for the limits of a preface will not allow me to enter into a justification of my opinions, and I am committed on the subject as effectually as if I had written volumes in their defence. My reader, however, is apprised of the very cursory observation upon which these opinions are founded, and can easily decide for himself upon the degree of attention or confidence which they merit.

With respect to the poems in general, which occupy the following pages, I know not in what manner to apologize to the public for intruding upon their notice such a mass of unconnected trifles, such a world of epicurean atoms, as I have here brought in conflict together. To say that I have been tempted by the liberal offers of my bookseller is an excuse which can hope for but little indulgence from the critic; yet I own that, without this seasonable inducement, these poems very possibly would never have been submitted to the world. The glare of publication is too strong

for such imperfect productions: they should be shown but to the eye of friendship in that dim light of privacy which is as favourable to poetical as to female beauty, and serves as a veil for faults, while it enhances every charm which it displays. Besides, this is not a period for the idle occupations of poetry, and times like the present require talents more active and more useful. Few have now the leisure to read such trifles, and I sincerely regret that I have had the leisure to write them.

TO LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE AZORES,
By Moonlight.

Sweet Moon! if like Crotona's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-loved, distant friend!

O Strangford! when we parted last,
I little thought the times were past,
For ever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ:
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too few,
Our only use for knowledge then
To turn to rapture all we knew!
Delicious days of whim and soul!
When, mingling lore and laugh together,
We lean'd the book on pleasure's bowl,
And turn'd the leaf with folly's feather!
I little thought that all were fled,
That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
That wafts me to the western world!

And yet 'twas time—in youthful days,
To cool the season's burning rays,
The heart may let its wanton wing
Repose awhile in pleasure's spring,
But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
The spring will dry, the heart will freeze!
And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,
Oh! she awaked such happy dreams,
And gave my soul such tempting scope
For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
That not Verona's child of song,
When flying from the Phrygian shore,
With lighter hopes could bound along,
Or pant to be a wanderer more!

Even now delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing, as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep!
Oh! such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a silvery lake,
And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
The slumber of the silent tides!
The only envious cloud that lowers,
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,[1]
Where dimly, mid the dusk, he towers,
And scowling at this heaven of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
Invisible, at this soft hour,
And see the looks, the melting smiles,
That brighten many an orange bower;
And could I lift each pious veil,
And see the blushing cheek it shades,
Oh! I should have full many a tale
To tell of young Azorian maids.

[1] Pico is a very high mountain on one of the Azores, from which the island derives its name. It is said by some to be as high as the Peak of Teneriffe.

Dear Strangford! at this hour, perhaps,
Some faithful lover (not so blest
As they, who in their ladies' laps
May cradle every wish to rest)
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Those madrigals, of breath divine,
Which Camoens' harp from rapture stole
And gave, all glowing warm, to thine!
Oh! could the lover learn from thee,
And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
Such dear, beguiling minstrelsy
Would make the coldest nymph his own!

But, hark!—the boatswain's pipings tell
'Tis time to bid my dream farewell:
Eight bells:—the middle watch is set;
Good night, my Strangford!—ne'er forget
That, far beyond the western sea[1]
Is one, whose heart remembers thee!

STANZAS.

Θυμος δε ποτ' εμος . . . . . .
. . . . . με προσφωνει ταδε'
Γινωσκε ταυθρωπεια μη σεβειν αγαν.
Æschyl. Fragment.

A BEAM of tranquillity smiled in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,
And the wave, while it welcomed the moment of rest,
Still heaved, as remembering ills that were o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled!

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known,
Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

[1] From Captain Cockburn, who commanded the Phaeton, I received such kind attentions as I must ever remember with gratitude. As some of the journalists have gravely asserted that I went to America to speculate in lands, it may not be impertinent to state, that the object of this voyage across the Atlantic was my appointment to the office of Registrar of the Vice-Admiralty Court of Bermuda.

I felt how the pure, intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away!

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity dim;
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from Him!

The thought was ecstatic! I felt as if Heaven
Had already the wreath of eternity shown;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
My heart had begun to be purely its own!

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more:
"Oh! thus," I exclaim'd, "can a heavenly eye
Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before!"

THE TELL-TALE LYRE.

I've heard, there was in ancient days
A Lyre of most melodious spell;
'Twas heaven to hear its fairy lays,
If half be true that legends tell.

'Twas play'd on by the gentlest sighs,
And to their breath it breathed again
In such entrancing melodies
As ear had never drunk till then!

Not harmony's serenest touch
So stilly could the notes prolong;
They were not heavenly song so much
As they were dreams of heavenly song!

If sad the heart, whose murmuring air
Along the chords in languor stole,
The soothings it awaken'd there
Were eloquence from pity's soul!

Or if the sigh, serene and light,
Was but the breath of fancied woes,
The string, that felt its airy flight,
Soon whisper'd it to kind repose!

And oh! when lovers talk'd alone,
If, mid their bliss the Lyre was near,
It made their murmurs all its own,
And echoed notes that heaven might hear!

There was a nymph, who long had loved,
But dared not tell the world how well;
The shades, where she at evening roved,
Alone could know, alone could tell.

'Twas there, at twilight time, she stole
So oft, to make the dear one blest,
Whom love had given her virgin soul,
And nature soon gave all the rest!

It chanced that, in the fairy bower
Where they had found their sweetest shed,
This Lyre, of strange and magic power,
Hung gently whispering o'er their head.

And while, with eyes of mingling fire,
They listen'd to each other's vow,
The youth full oft would make the Lyre
A pillow for his angel's brow!

And while the melting words she breathed
On all its echoes wanton'd round,
Her hair, amid the strings enwreathed,
Through golden mazes charm'd the sound!

Alas! their hearts but little thought,
While thus entranced they listening lay,
That every sound the Lyre was taught
Should linger long, and long betray!

So mingled with its tuneful soul
Were all their tender murmurs grown,
That other sighs unanswer'd stole,
Nor changed the sweet, the treasured tone.

Unhappy nymph! thy name was sung
To every passing lip that sigh'd;
The secrets of thy gentle tongue
On every ear in murmurs died!

The fatal Lyre, by envy's hand
Hung high amid the breezy groves,
To every wanton gale that fann'd
Betray'd the mystery of your loves!

Yet, oh!—not many a suffering hour,
Thy cup of shame on earth was given;
Benignly came some pitying Power,
And took the Lyre and thee to heaven!

There as thy lover dries the tear
Yet warm from life's malignant wrongs,
Within his arms, thou lov'st to hear
The luckless Lyre's remember'd songs!

Still do your happy souls attune
The notes it learn'd, on earth, to move;
Still breathing o'er the chords, commune
In sympathies of angel love!

TO THE FLYING-FISH.

When I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
And give those scales, of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

But, when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again, the soul may sink!

O Virtue! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak:
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below;
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there!

TO MISS M——E.

FROM NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER, 1803.

In days, my Kate, when life was new,
When, lull'd with innocence and you,
I heard, in home's beloved shade,
The din the world at distance made;
When, every night my weary head
Sunk on its own unthorned bed,
And, mild as evening's matron hour
Looks on the faintly shutting flower,
A mother saw our eyelids close,
And bless'd them into pure repose!
Then, haply if a week, a day,
I linger'd from your arms away,
How long the little absence seem'd!
How bright the look of welcome beam'd,
As mute you heard, with eager smile,
My tales of all that pass'd the while!
Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
Rolls wide between that home and me;
The moon may thrice be born and die,
Ere e'en your seal can reach mine eye;
And oh! e'en then, that darling seal
(Upon whose print, I used to feel
The breath of home, the cordial air
Of loved lips, still freshly there!)
Must come, alas! through every fate
Of time and distance, cold and late,
When the dear hand, whose touches fill'd
The leaf with sweetness may be chill'd!
But hence, that gloomy thought! at last,
Beloved Kate! the waves are past:
I tread on earth securely now,
And the green cedar's living bough
Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
Than could a Claude's divinest dyes!
At length I touch the happy sphere
To liberty and virtue dear,
Where man looks up, and, proud to claim
His rank within the social frame,
Sees a grand system round him roll,
Himself its centre, sun and soul!
Far from the shocks of Europe; far
From every wild, elliptic star

That, shooting with a devious fire,
Kindled by Heaven's avenging ire,
So oft hath into chaos hurl'd
The systems of the ancient world!

The warrior here, in arms no more,
Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
And glorying in the rights they won
For hearth and altar, sire and son,
Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride!
While peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
Walks o'er the free, unlorded soil,
Effacing with her splendid share
The drops that war had sprinkled there!
Thrice happy land! where he who flies
From the dark ills of other skies,
From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,
May shelter him in proud repose!
Hope sings along the yellow sand
His welcome to a patriot land;
The mighty wood, with pomp, receives
The stranger, in its world of leaves,
Which soon their barren glory yield
To the warm shed and cultured field;
And he, who came, of all bereft,
To whom malignant fate had left
Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
Finds home and friends and country here!

Such is the picture, warmly such,
That long the spell of fancy's touch
Hath painted to my sanguine eye
Of man's new world of liberty!
Oh! ask me not, if truth will seal
The reveries of fancy's zeal,
If yet my charmèd eyes behold
These features of an age of gold—
No—yet, alas! no gleaming trace!
Never did youth, who loved a face
From portrait's rosy, flattering art,
Recoil with more regret of heart,
To find an owlet eye of grey,
Where painting pour'd the sapphire's ray,
Than I have felt, indignant felt,
To think the glorious dreams should melt,
Which oft, in boyhood's witching time,
Have rapt me to this wondrous clime!

But, courage! yet, my wavering heart!
Blame not the temple's meanest part,[1]
Till you have traced the fabric o'er:—
As yet, we have beheld no more
Than just the porch to freedom's fane,
And, though a sable drop may stain
The vestibule, 'tis impious sin
To doubt there 's holiness within!
So here I pause—and now, my Kate,
To you (whose simplest ringlet's fate
Can claim more interest in my soul
Than all the Powers from pole to pole)
One word at parting; in the tone
Most sweet to you, and most my own.
The simple notes I send you here,[2]
Though rude and wild, would still be dear,
If you but knew the trance of thought
In which my mind their murmurs caught.
'Twas one of those enchanting dreams
That lull me oft, when music seems
To pour the soul in sound along,
And turn its every sigh to song!
I thought of home, th' according lays
Respired the breath of happier days;
Warmly in every rising note
I felt some dear remembrance float,
Till, led by music's fairy chain,
I wander'd back to home again!
Oh! love the song, and let it oft
Live on your lip, in warble soft!
Say that it tells you, simply well,
All I have bid its murmurs tell,
Of memory's glow, of dreams that shed
The tinge of joy when joy is fled,
And all the heart's illusive hoard
Of love renew'd and friends restored!
Now, sweet, adieu!—this artless air,
And a few rhymes, in transcript fair,[3]
Are all the gifts I yet can boast
To send you from Columbia's coast;

[1] Norfolk, it must be owned, is an unfavourable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time when we arrived the yellow fever had not yet disappeared, and every odour that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation.

[2] A trifling attempt at musical composition accompanied this epistle.

[3] The poems which immediately follow.

But when the sun, with warmer smile,
Shall light me to my destined isle,[1]
You shall have many a cowslip-bell
Where Ariel slept, and many a shell
In which the gentle spirit drew
From honey flowers the morning dew!

TO CARA,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE.

Conceal'd within the shady wood
A mother left her sleeping child,
And flew to cull her rustic food,
The fruitage of the forest wild.

But storms upon her pathway rise,
The mother roams, astray and weeping;
Far from the weak appealing cries
Of him she left so sweetly sleeping.

She hopes, she fears; a light is seen,
And gentler blows the night wind's breath;
Yet no—'tis gone—the storms are keen,
The baby may be chill'd to death!

Perhaps his little eyes are shaded
Dim by death's eternal chill—
And yet, perhaps, they are not faded;
Life and love may light them still.

Thus, when my soul, with parting sigh,
Hung on thy hand's bewildering touch,
And, timid, ask'd that speaking eye,
If parting pain'd thee half so much:

I thought, and, oh, forgive the thought!
For who, by eyes like thine inspired,
Could e'er resist the flattering fault
Of fancying what his soul desired?

Yes—I *did* think, in Cara's mind,
Though yet to Cara's mind unknown,
I left one infant wish behind,
One feeling, which I call'd my own!

Oh, blest! though but in fancy blest,
How did I ask of pity's care,
To shield and strengthen, in thy breast,
The nursling I had cradled there.

[1] Bermuda.

And many an hour beguiled by pleasure,
And many an hour of sorrow numbering,
I ne'er forgot the new-born treasure
I left within thy bosom slumbering.

Perhaps, indifference has not chill'd it,
Haply, it yet a throb may give—
Yet no—perhaps a doubt has kill'd it!
O Cara!—*does* the infant live?

TO CARA,

ON THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

When midnight came to close the year,
We sigh'd to think it thus should take
The hours it gave us—hours as dear
As sympathy and love could make
Their blessèd moments! every sun
Saw us, my love, more closely one!

But, Cara, when the dawn was nigh
Which came another year to shed,
The smile we caught from eye to eye
Told us, those moments were not fled;
Oh, no!—we felt, some future sun
Should see us still more closely one!

Thus may we ever, side by side,
From happy years to happier glide;
And still, my Cara, may the sigh
We give to hours, that vanish o'er us,
Be follow'd by the smiling eye
That Hope shall shed on scenes before us!

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

They try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
That you are not a daughter of ether and light,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms
That dance upon rainbows and ride upon storms;
That, in short, you're a woman; your lip and your breast
As mortal as ever were tasted or press'd!
But I will not believe them—no, science! to you
I have long bid a last and a careless adieu:

Still flying from Nature to study her laws,
And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
You forget how superior, for mortals below,
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.
Oh! who, that has ever had rapture complete,
Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet;
How rays are confused, or how particles fly
Through the medium refined of a glance or a sigh?
Is there one, who but once would not rather have known it,
Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it?
No, no—but for you, my invisible love,
I will swear, you are one of those spirits that rove
By the bank where, at twilight, the poet reclines,
When the star of the west on his solitude shines,
And the magical fingers of fancy have hung
Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue!
Oh! whisper him then, 'tis retirement alone
Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone;
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter unseen,
And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears!
Sweet spirit of mystery! how I should love,
In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
To have you for ever invisibly nigh,
Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh!
'Mid the crowds of the world and the murmurs of care,
I might sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,
And turn with disgust from the clamorous crew,
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

Oh! come and be near me, for ever be mine,
We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
As sweet as, of old, was imagined to dwell
In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell.
And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
When the heart is weigh'd down and the eyelid is light,
You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
Such as angel to angel might whisper above!
O spirit!—and then, could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,
The voice of the one upon earth who has twined
With her essence for ever my heart and my mind!
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
An exile and weary and hopeless the while,
Could you shed for a moment that voice on my ear,
I will think at that moment my Cara is near,

That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,
And kisses my eyelid and sighs on my cheek,
And tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,
For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven, is nigh!

Sweet spirit! if such be your magical power,
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour;
And let fortune's realities frown as they will,
Hope, fancy, and Cara may smile for me still!

PEACE AND GLORY.

Where is now the smile that lighten'd
Every hero's couch of rest?
Where is now the hope that brighten'd
Honour's eye and pity's breast?
Have we lost the wreath we braided
For our weary warrior men?
Is the faithless olive faded?
Must the bay be pluck'd again?

Passing hour of sunny weather
Lovely, in your light awhile,
Peace and Glory, wed together,
Wander'd through the blessed isle.
And the eyes of peace would glisten,
Dewy as a morning sun,
When the timid maid would listen
To the deeds her chief had done.

Is the hour of dalliance over?
Must the maiden's trembling feet
Waft her from her warlike lover
To the desert's still retreat?
Fare you well! with sighs we banish
Nymph so fair and guest so bright;
Yet the smile, with which you vanish,
Leaves behind a soothing light!

Soothing light! that long shall sparkle
O'er your warrior's sanguine way,
Through the field where horrors darkle,
Shedding hope's consoling ray!
Long the smile his heart will cherish,
To its absent idol true,
While around him myriads perish,
Glory still will sigh for you!

TO —— ——, 1801.

To be the theme of every hour
The heart devotes to fancy's power,
When her soft magic fills the mind
With friends and joys we've left behind,
And joys return and friends are near,
And all are welcomed with a tear!
In the mind's purest seat to dwell,
To be remember'd oft and well
By one whose heart, though vain and wild,
By passion led, by youth beguiled,
Can proudly still aspire to know
The feeling soul's divinest glow!
If thus to live in every part
Of a lone weary wanderer's heart;
If thus to be its sole employ
Can give thee one faint gleam of joy,
Believe it, Mary! oh, believe
A tongue that never can deceive,
When passion doth not first betray
And tinge the thought upon its way!
In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,
In crowded hall or lonely bower,
The business of my life shall be,
For ever to remember thee!
And though that heart be dead to mine,
Since love is life and wakes not thine,
I'll take thy image, as the form
Of something I should long to warm,
Which, though it yield no answering thrill,
Is not less dear, is lovely still!
I'll take it, wheresoe'er I stray,
The bright, cold burthen of my way!
To keep this semblance fresh in bloom,
My heart shall be its glowing tomb,
And Love shall lend his sweetest care,
With memory to embalm it there!

SONG.

Take back the sigh, thy lips of art
In passion's moment breathed to me;
Yet, no—it must not, will not part,
'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,
And has become too pure for thee!

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh
With all the warmth of truth impress'd:
Yet, no—the fatal kiss may lie,
Upon *thy* lip its sweets would die,
Or bloom to make a rival blest!

Take back the vows that, night and day,
My heart received, I thought, from thine;
Yet, no—allow them still to stay,
They might some other heart betray,
As sweetly as they've ruin'd mine!

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

Written at Norfolk, in Virginia.

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."—*Anon.*

La Poésie a ses monstres comme la Nature.—*D'Alembert.*

"They made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she 's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,[1]
Where, all *night* long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of Death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before!

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

[1] The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

TO THE

MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF D——LL.

From Bermuda, January, 1804.

Lady! where'er you roam, whatever beam
Of bright creation warms your mimic dream;
Whether you trace the valley's golden meads,
Where mazy Linth his lingering current leads;[1]
Enamour'd catch the mellow hues that sleep,
At eve, on Meillerie's immortal steep;
Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,
Mark the last shadow on the holy shrine,[2]
Where, many a night, the soul of Tell complains
Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's chains;
Oh! lay the pencil for a moment by,
Turn from the tablet that creative eye,
And let its splendour, like the morning ray
Upon a shepherd's harp, illume my lay!

1 Lady D., I supposed, was at this time still in Switzerland, where the power of her pencil must have been frequently awakened.
2 The chapel of William Tell on the Lake of Lucerne.

Yet, Lady, no!—for song so rude as mine,
Chase not the wonders of your dream divine;
Still, radiant eye! upon the tablet dwell;
Still, rosy finger! weave your pictured spell;
And, while I sing the animated smiles
Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,
Oh! might the song awake some bright design,
Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy line,
Proud were my soul, to see its humble thought
On painting's mirror so divinely caught,
And wondering Genius, as he lean'd to trace
The faint conception kindling into grace,
Might love my numbers for the spark they threw,
And bless the lay that lent a charm to you!

Have you not oft, in nightly vision, stray'd
To the pure isles of ever-blooming shade,
Which bards of old, with kindly magic, placed
For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste?
There as eternal gales, with fragrance warm,
Breathed from elysium through each shadowy form
In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,
They charm'd their lapse of nightless hours along!
Nor yet in song that mortal ear may suit,
For every spirit was itself a lute,
Where virtue waken'd, with elysian breeze,
Pure tones of thought and mental harmonies!
Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
Floated our bark to this enchanted land,
These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone;
Not all the charm, that ethnic fancy gave
To blessed arbours o'er the western wave,
Could wake a dream, more soothing or sublime,
Of bowers ethereal and the spirit's clime!

The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of a cedar-hill
Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling charms,
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.[1]
Gently we stole, before the languid wind,
Through plaintain shades, that like an awning twined
And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales;

[1] Nothing can be more romantic than the little harbour of St. George's. The number of beautiful islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats, gliding for ever between the islands, and seeming to sail from one cedar-grove into another, form all together the sweetest miniature of nature that can be imagined.

While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
Each wooded island shed so soft a green,
That the enamour'd keel, with whispering play,
Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way!
Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide!
Along the margin, many a brilliant dome,
White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
Brighten'd the wave; in every myrtle grove
Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,
Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade;
And, while the foliage interposing play'd,
Wreathing the structure into various grace,
Fancy would love, in many a form, to trace
The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,[1]
And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
Lighted me back to all the glorious days
Of Attic genius; and I seemed to gaze
On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,
Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount.

Sweet airy being![2] who, in brighter hours,
Lived on the perfume of these honey'd bowers,
In velvet buds, at evening, loved to lie,
And win with music every rose's sigh!
Though weak the magic of my humble strain,
To charm your spirit from its orb again,
Yet, oh! for her, beneath whose smile I sing,
For her, (whose pencil, if your rainbow wing
Were dimm'd or ruffled by a wintry sky,
Could smooth its feather and relume its dye,)
A moment wander from your starry sphere,
And if the lime-tree grove that once was dear,
The sunny wave, the bower, the breezy hill,
The sparkling grotto can delight you still,

[1] This is an allusion which, to the few who are fanciful enough to indulge in it, renders the scenery of Bermuda particularly interesting. In the short but beautiful twilight of their spring evenings, the white cottages scattered over the islands, and but partially seen through the trees that surround them, assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples, and fancy may embellish the poor fisherman's hut with columns which the pencil of Claude might imitate. I had one favourite object of this kind in my walks, which the hospitality of its owner robbed me of by asking me to visit him. He was a plain good man, and received me well and warmly; but I never could turn his house into a Grecian temple again.

[2] Ariel. Among the many charms which Bermuda has for a poetic eye, we cannot for an instant forget that it is the scene of Shakspeare's "Tempest," and that here he conjured up the "delicate Ariel," who alone is worth the whole heaven of ancient mythology.

Oh! take their fairest tint, their softest light,
Weave all their beauty into dreams of night,
And, while the lovely artist slumbering lies,
Shed the warm picture o'er her mental eyes;
Borrow for sleep her own creative spells,
And brightly show what song but faintly tells!

THE GENIUS OF HARMONY.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Ad harmoniam canere mundum.
Cicero. de Nat. Deor. lib. iii.

There lies a shell beneath the waves,
In many a hollow winding wreathed,
Such as of old,
Echo'd the breath that warbling sea-maids breathed;
This magic shell
From the white bosom of a Syren fell,
As once she wander'd by the tide that laves
Sicilia's sands of gold.
It bears,
Upon its shining side, the mystic notes
Of those entrancing airs
The genii of the deep were wont to swell,
When heaven's eternal orbs their midnight music roll'd!

Oh! seek it, wheresoe'er it floats;
And, if the power
Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be dear,
Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,
And I will fold thee in such downy dreams,
As lap the spirit of the seventh sphere,
When Luna's distant tone falls faintly on his ear!
And thou shalt own,
That, through the circle of creation's zone,
Where matter darkles or where spirit beams;
From the pellucid tides, that whirl
The planets through their maze of song,
To the small rill, that weeps along
Murmuring o'er beds of pearl;
From the rich sigh
Of the sun's arrow through an evening sky,
To the faint breath the tuneful osier yields
On Afric's burning fields;

Oh! thou shalt own this universe divine
Is mine!
That I respire in all and all in me,
One mighty mingled soul of boundless harmony!

Welcome, welcome, mystic shell!
Many a star has ceased to burn,
Many a tear has Satan's urn
O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept,
Since thy aërial spell
Hath in the waters slept!
I fly,
With the bright treasure, to my choral sky,
Where she, who waked its early swell,
The Syren, with a foot of fire,
Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre,
Or guides around the burning pole
The winged chariot of some blissful soul!
While thou,
O son of earth! what dreams shall rise for thee!
Beneath Hispania's sun,
Thou'lt see a streamlet run,
Which I have warm'd with dews of melody;
Listen!—when the night-wind dies
Down the still current, like a harp it sighs!
A liquid chord is every wave that flows,
An airy plectrum every breeze that blows!

There, by that wondrous stream,
Go, lay thy languid brow,
And I will send thee such a godlike dream,
Such—mortal! mortal! hast thou heard of him,
Who, many a night, with his primordial lyre,
Sat on the chill Pangæan mount,
And, looking to the orient dim,
Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,
From which his soul had drunk its fire!
Oh! think what visions, in that lonely hour,
Stole o'er his musing breast!
What pious ecstacy
Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,
Whose seal upon this world impress'd
The various forms of bright divinity!

Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,
'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower,
Where the rapt Samian slept his holy slumber?

When, free
From every earthly chain,
From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of pain,
His spirit flew through fields above,
Drank at the source of Nature's fontal number,
And saw, in mystic choir, around him move
The stars of song, Heaven's burning minstrelsy!
Such dreams, so heavenly bright,
I swear
By the great diadem that twines my hair,
And by the seven gems that sparkle there,
Mingling their beams
In a soft iris of harmonious light,
O mortal! such shall be thy radiant dreams!

TO GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.,

OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.[1]

From Bermuda, January, 1804.

Κεινη δ'ηρεμοεσσα και ατροπος, οια θ' αλιπλης
Αιθυης και μαλλον επιδρομος ηπερ ἱπποις,
Ποιτω ερεσσηρυσται.

Callimach. Hymn. in Del. v. 11.

Oh, what a tempest whirl'd us hither![2]
Winds, whose savage breath could wither
All the light and languid flowers
That bloom in Epicurus' bowers!
Yet think not, George, that faney's charm
Forsook me in this rude alarm.

[1] This gentleman is attached to the British consulate at Norfolk. His talents are worthy of a much higher sphere; but the excellent dispositions of the family with whom he resides, and the cordial repose he enjoys amongst some of the kindest hearts in the world, should be almost enough to atone to him for the worst caprices of fortune. The consul himself, Colonel Hamilton, is one among the very few instances of a man ardently loyal to his king, and yet beloved by the Americans. His house is the very temple of hospitality; and I sincerely pity the heart of that stranger who, warm from the welcome of such a board, and with the taste of such Madeira still upon his lips, "col dolce in bocca," could sit down to write a libel on his host in the true spirit of a modern philosophist.—See the Travels of the Duc de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, vol. ii.

[2] We were seven days on our passage from Norfolk to Bermuda, during three of which we were forced to lay-to in a gale of wind. The Driver sloop of war, in which I went, was built at Bermuda of cedar, and is accounted an excellent sea-boat. She was then commanded by my very much regretted friend Captain Compton, who, in July last, was killed aboard the Lilly in an action with a French privateer. Poor Compton! he fell a victim to the strange impolicy of allowing such a miserable thing as the Lilly to remain in the service; so small, crank, and unmanageable, that a well-manned merchantman was at any time a match for her.

When close they reef'd the timid sail,
When, every plank complaining loud,
We labour'd in the midnight gale,
And e'en our haughty main-mast bow'd!
The muse, in that unlovely hour,
Benignly brought her soothing power,
And, midst the war of waves and wind,
In songs elysian lapp'd my mind!
She open'd, with her golden key,
The casket where my memory lays
Those little gems of poesy,
Which time has saved from ancient days!
Take one of these, to Lais sung;
I wrote it while my hammock swung,
As one might write a dissertation
Upon "suspended animation!"

Sweetly you kiss, my Lais dear!
But, while you kiss, I feel a tear
Bitter, as those when lovers part,
In mystery from your eyelid start!
Sadly you lean your head to mine,
And round my neck in silence twine,
Your hair along my bosom spread,
All humid with the tears you shed!
Have I not kiss'd those lids of snow?
Yet still, my love, like founts they flow,
Bathing our cheeks, whene'er they meet—
Why is it thus? do tell me, sweet!
Ah, Lais! are my bodings right?
Am I to lose you? is to-night
Our last——go, false to heaven and me!
Your very tears are treachery.

Such, while in air I floating hung,
Such was the strain, Morgante mio!
The muse and I together sung,
With Boreas to make out the trio.

But, bless the little fairy isle!
How sweetly, after all our ills,
We saw the dewy morning smile
Serenely o'er its fragrant hills!

And felt the pure, elastic flow
Of airs, that round this Eden blow,
With honey freshness, caught by stealth,
Warm from the very lips of health!

Oh! could you view the scenery dear,
That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think, that Nature lavish'd here
Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in!
Close to my wooded bank below,
In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sun-beam proudly show
The coral rocks they love to steep!

The fainting breeze of morning fails,
The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
And I can almost touch its sails
That languish idly round the mast.
The sun has now profusely given
The flashes of a noontide heaven,
And, as the wave reflects his beams,
Another heaven its surface seems!
Blue light and clouds of silvery tears
So pictured o'er the waters lie,
That every languid bark appears
To float along a burning sky!

Oh! for the boat the angel gave
To him who, in his heavenward flight,
Sail'd, o'er the sun's ethereal wave,
To planet-isles of odorous light!
Sweet Venus, what a clime he found
Within thy orb's ambrosial round!
There spring the breezes, rich and warm,
That pant around thy twilight car;
There angels dwell, so pure of form,
That each appears a living star!

These are the sprites, O radiant queen!
Thou send'st so often to the bed
Of her I love, with spell unseen,
Thy planet's brightening balm to shed
To make the eye's enchantment clearer,
To give the cheek one rosebud more,
And bid that flushing lip be dearer,
Which had been, oh! too dear before!

But, whither means the muse to roam?
'Tis time to call the wanderer home.
Who could have ever thought to search her
Up in the clouds with Father Kircher?
So, health and love to all your mansion!
Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,
The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
Mirth and song your board illumine!
Fare you well—remember too,
When cups are flowing to the brim,
That here is one who drinks to you,
And, oh!—as warmly drink to him.

THE RING.

TO ——— ———. 1801.

No—Lady! Lady! keep the ring;
Oh! think, how many a future year,
Of placid smile and downy wing,
May sleep within its holy sphere!

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
Though love hath ne'er the mystery warm'd,
Yet Heaven will shed a soothing beam,
To bless the bond itself hath form'd.

But then, that eye, that burning eye!
Oh! it doth ask, with magic power,
If Heaven can ever bless the tie,
Where love inwreathes no genial flower!

Away, away, bewildering look!
Or all the boast of virtue 's o'er;
Go—hie thee to the sage's book,
And learn from him to feel no more!

I cannot warn thee; every touch,
That brings my pulses close to thine,
Tells me I want thy aid as much,
Oh! quite as much, as thou dost mine!

Yet stay, dear love—one effort yet—
A moment turn those eyes away,
And let me, if I can, forget
The light that leads my soul astray!

Thou say'st, that we were born to meet,
That our hearts bear one common seal:
O Lady! think, how man's deceit
Can seem to sigh and feign to feel!

When o'er thy face some gleam of thought,
Like daybeams through the morning air,
Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
The feeling ere it kindled there:

The sympathy I then betray'd
Perhaps was but the child of art;
The guile of one, who long hath play'd
With all these wily nets of heart.

Oh! thou hast not my virgin vow;
Though few the years I yet have told,
Canst thou believe I live till now,
With loveless heart or senses cold?

No—many a throb of bliss and pain,
For many a maid my soul hath proved;
With some I wanton'd wild and vain,
While some I truly, dearly loved!

The cheek to thine I fondly lay,
To theirs hath been as fondly laid;
The words to thee I warmly say,
To them have been as warmly said.

Then, scorn at once a languid heart,
Which long hath lost its early spring;
Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
And—keep the ring, oh! keep the ring.

Enough—now, turn thine eyes again;
What, still that look and still that sigh!
Dost thou not feel my counsel then?
Oh! no, beloved!—nor do I.

While thus to mine thy bosom lies,
While thus our breaths commingling glow,
'Twere more than woman, to be wise,
'Twere more than man, to wish thee so!

Did we not love so true, so dear,
This lapse could never be forgiven;
But hearts so fond and lips so near—
Give me the ring, and now—O heaven!

TO ——— ———.

ON SEEING HER WITH A WHITE VEIL AND A RICH GIRDLE.

Μαργαριται δηλουσι δακρυων ῥοον.
Ap. Nicephor. in Oneirocritico.

Put off the vestal veil, nor, oh!
Let weeping angels view it;
Your cheeks belie its virgin snow,
And blush repenting through it.

Put off the fatal zone you wear;
The lucid pearls around it
Are tears, that fell from Virtue there,
The hour that Love unbound it.

THE RESEMBLANCE.

——————— vo cercand' io
Donna, quant' e possibile, in altrui
La deziata vostra forma vera.
Petrarch, Sonett. 14.

Yes, if 'twere any common love,
That led my pliant heart astray,
I grant, there 's not a power above
Could wipe the faithless crime away!

But, 'twas my doom to err with one
In every look so like to thee,
That, oh, beneath the blessed sun,
So fair there are but thou and she!

Whate'er may be her angel birth,
She was thy lovely, perfect twin,
And were the only shape on earth,
That could have charm'd my soul to sin!

Your eyes!—the eyes of languid doves
Were never half so like each other!
The glances of the baby loves
Resemble less their warm-eyed mother!

Her lip!—oh, call me not false-hearted,
When such a lip I fondly press'd;
'Twas Love some melting cherry parted,
Gave thee half and her the rest!

And when, with all thy murmuring tone,
They sued half-open to be kiss'd,
I could as soon resist thine own,
And them, Heaven knows, I ne'er resist.

Then, scorn me not, though false I be,
'Twas love that waked the dear excess;
My heart had been more true to thee,
Had mine eye prized thy beauty less!

TO ——.

When I loved you, I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it!

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you is pleasant enough,
And, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Fill high the cup with liquid flame,
And speak my Heliodora's name!
Repeat his magic o'er and o'er,
And let the sound my lips adore,
Sweeten the breeze, and mingling swim
On every bowl's voluptuous brim!

Give me the wreath that withers there,
It was but last delicious night,
It hung upon her wavy hair,
And caught her eyes' reflected light!
Oh! haste, and twine it round my brow;
It breathes of Heliodora now!

The loving rosebud drops a tear,
To see the nymph no longer here,
No longer, where she used to lie,
Close to my heart's devoted sigh!

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

That sky of clouds is not the sky
To light a lover to the pillow
Of her he loves—
The swell of yonder foaming billow
Resembles not the happy sigh
That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil far
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
In this dark hour,
Than when, in transport's young emotion,
I've stolen, beneath the evening star,
To Julia's bower.

Oh! there 's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
To rapture's thrill;
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still!

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep!

Well!—there are some, thou stormy bed,
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure;
Oh! most to him
Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of pleasure,
Nor left one honey drop to shed
Round misery's brim.

Yes—*he* can smile serene at death:
Kind Heaven! do Thou but chase the weeping
Of friends who love him;
Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
No more shall move him.

ODES TO NEA.

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

Νεα τυραννε.—Eurip. Medea, v. 967.

Nay, tempt me not to love again,
There was a time when love was sweet;
Dear Nea! had I known thee then,
Our souls had not been slow to meet!
But, oh! this weary heart hath run,
So many a time, the rounds of pain,
Not even for thee, thou lovely one!
Would I endure such pangs again.

If there be climes, where never yet
The print of beauty's foot was set,
Where man may pass his loveless nights,
Unfever'd by her false delights,
Thither my wounded soul would fly;
Where rosy cheek or radiant eye
Should bring no more their bliss, their pain,
Or fetter me to earth again!

Dear absent girl! whose eyes of light,
Though little prized when all my own,
Now float before me, soft and bright
As when they first enamouring shone!
How many hours of idle waste,
Within those witching arms embraced,
Unmindful of the fleeting day,
Have I dissolved life's dream away!
O bloom of time profusely shed!
O moments! simply, vainly fled,
Yet sweetly too—for Love perfumed
The flame which thus my life consumed;
And brilliant was the chain of flowers,
In which he led my victim-hours!

Say, Nea dear! could'st thou, like her,
When warm to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fond, of roving fonder,
My thoughtless soul might wish to wander,—
Could'st thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
Endearing still, reproaching never,
Till all my heart should burn with shame,
And be thy own more fix'd than ever?
No, no—on earth there's only one
Could bind such faithless folly fast:
And sure on earth 'tis I alone
Could make such virtue false at last!

Nea! the heart which she forsook,
For thee were but a worthless shrine—
Go, lovely girl, that angel look
Must thrill a soul more pure than mine.
Oh! thou shalt be all else to me,
That heart can feel or tongue can feign;
I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
But must not, dare not love again.

ODES TO NEA.

Tale iter omne cave.—*Propert.* lib. iv. eleg. 8.

I PRAY you, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
  Where late we thoughtless stray'd;
'Twas not for us, whom Heaven intends
To be no more than simple friends,
  Such lonely walks were made.

That little Bay, where, winding in
From ocean's rude and angry din,
  (As lovers steal to bliss)
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow calmly to the deep again,
  As though they did not kiss!

Remember, o'er its circling flood
In what a dangerous dream we stood—
  The silent sea before us,
Around us, all the gloom of grove,
That e'er was spread for guilt or love,
  No eye but Nature's o'er us!

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
  All that we wish'd and thought;
'Twas more than tongue could dare reveal,
'Twas more than virtue ought to feel,
  But all that passion ought!

I stoop'd to cull, with faltering hand,
A shell that, on the golden sand,
  Before us faintly gleam'd;
I raised it to your lips of dew,
You kiss'd the shell, I kiss'd it too—
  Good heaven! how sweet it seem'd!

Oh! trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er temptation's power
  Could tangle me or you in!
Sweet Nea! let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
  Such walks will be our ruin!

You read it in my languid eyes,
  And there alone should love be read;
You hear me say it all in sighs,
  And thus alone should love be said.

Then dread no more; I will not speak;
Although my heart to anguish thrill,
I'll spare the burning of your cheek,
And look it all in silence still!

Heard you the wish I dared to name,
To murmur on that luckless night,
When passion broke the bonds of shame,
And love grew madness in your sight?

Divinely through the graceful dance,
You seem'd to float in silent song,
Bending to earth that beamy glance,
As if to light your steps along!

Oh! how could others dare to touch
That hallow'd form with hand so free,
When but to look was bliss too much,
Too rare for all but heaven and me!

With smiling eyes, that little thought
How fatal were the beams they threw,
My trembling hands you lightly caught,
And round me, like a spirit, flew.

Heedless of all, I wildly turn'd,
My soul forgot—nor, oh! condemn,
That when such eyes before me burn'd,
My soul forgot all eyes but them!

I dared to speak in sobs of bliss,
Rapture of every thought bereft me,
I would have clasp'd you—oh, even this!—
But, with a bound, you blushing left me.

Forget, forget that night's offence,
Forgive it, if, alas! you can;
'Twas love, 'twas passion—soul and sense—
'Twas all the best and worst of man!

That moment, did the mingled eyes
Of heaven and earth my madness view,
I should have seen, through earth and skies,
But you alone, but only you!

Did not a frown from you reprove,
Myriads of eyes to me were none;
I should have—oh, my only love!
My life! what should I *not* have done?

A DREAM OF ANTIQUITY.

I JUST had turn'd the classic page,
And traced that happy period over,
When love could warm the proudest sage,
And wisdom grace the tenderest lover!
Before I laid me down to sleep,
Upon the bank awhile I stood,
And saw the vestal planet weep
Her tears of light on Ariel's flood.

My heart was full of fancy's dream,
And, as I watch'd the playful stream,
Entangling in its net of smiles
So fair a group of elfin isles,
I felt as if the scenery there
Were lighted by a Grecian sky—
As if I breathed the blissful air
That yet was warm with Sappho's sigh!

And now, the downy hand of rest
Her signet on my eyes impress'd,
And still the bright and balmy spell,
Like star-dew, o'er my fancy fell!
I thought that, all enrapt, I stray'd
Through that serene, luxurious shade,
Where Epicurus taught the Loves
To polish virtue's native brightness,
Just as the beak of playful doves
Can give to pearls a smoother whiteness![1]

'Twas one of those delicious nights
So common in the climes of Greece,
When day withdraws but half its lights,
And all is moonshine, balm, and peace!
And thou wert there, my own beloved!
And dearly by thy side I roved
Through many a temple's reverend gloom,
And many a bower's seductive bloom,
Where beauty blush'd and wisdom taught,
Where lovers sigh'd and sages thought,
Where hearts might feel or heads discern,
And all was form'd to soothe or move,
To make the dullest love to learn,
To make the coldest learn to love!

[1] This method of polishing pearls, by leaving them awhile to be played with by doves, is mentioned by the fanciful Cardanus, de Rerum Varietat. lib. vii. cap. 34.

And now the fairy pathway seem'd
To lead us through enchanted ground,
Where all that bard has ever dream'd
Of love or luxury bloom'd around!
Oh! 'twas a bright, bewildering scene—
Along the alley's deepening green
Soft lamps, that hung like burning flowers,
And scented and illumed the bowers,
Seem'd as to him who darkling roves
Amid the lone Hercynian groves
Appear the countless birds of light,
That sparkle in the leaves at night,
And from their wings diffuse a ray
Along the traveller's weary way!
'Twas light of that mysterious kind,
Through which the soul is doom'd to roam,
When it has left this world behind,
And gone to seek its heavenly home!
And, Nea, thou didst look and move,
Like any blooming soul of bliss,
That wanders to its home above
Through mild and shadowy light like this!

But now, methought, we stole along
Through halls of more voluptuous glory
Than ever lived in Teian song,
Or wanton'd in Milesian story!
And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
Seem'd almost to exhale in sighs;
Whose every little ringlet thrill'd,
As if with soul and passion fill'd!
Some flew, with amber cups, around,
Shedding the flowery wines of Crete,
And, as they pass'd with youthful bound,
The onyx shone beneath their feet!
While others, waving arms of snow
Entwined by snakes of burnish'd gold,
And showing limbs, as loath to show,
Through many a thin Tarentian fold,
Glided along the festal ring,
With vases, all respiring spring,
Where roses lay, in languor breathing,
And the young bee-grape, round them wreathing,
Hung on their blushes warm and meek,
Like curls upon a rosy cheek!

O Nea! why did morning break
The spell that so divinely bound me?
Why did I wake? how *could* I wake,
With thee my own and heaven around me!

Well—peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me!
To-morrow, I sail for those cinnamon groves
Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee roves,
And, far from thine eye, oh! perhaps, I may yet
Its seduction forgive and its splendour forget!
Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume;
May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has stray'd!
And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to roam
Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads to thy home
Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
I have led thee along, and have told by the way
What my heart all the night had been burning to say—
Oh! think of the past—give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of limes!

If I were yonder wave, my dear,
And thou the isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
My land of bliss, my fairy ground!

If I were yonder conch of gold,
And thou the pearl within it placed,
I would not let an eye behold
The sacred gem my arms embraced!

If I were yonder orange-tree,
And thou the blossom blooming there,
I would not yield a breath of thee,
To scent the most imploring air!

Oh! bend not o'er the water's brink,
Give not the wave that rosy sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
The soft reflection of thine eye.

That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
Upon the billows pour their beam
So warmly, that my soul could seek
Its Nea in the painted stream.

The painted stream my chilly grave
And nuptial bed at once may be,
I'll wed thee in that mimic wave,
And die upon the shade of thee!

Behold the leafy mangrove, bending
O'er the waters blue and bright,
Like Nea's silky lashes, lending
Shadow to her eyes of light!

O my beloved! where'er I turn,
Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes,
In every star thy glances burn,
Thy blush on every flow'ret lies.

But then thy breath!—not all the fire,
That lights the lone Semenda's death,
In eastern climes, could e'er respire
An odour like thy dulcet breath!

I pray thee, on those lips of thine
To wear this rosy leaf for me,
And breathe of something not divine,
Since nothing human breathes of thee!

All other charms of thine I meet
In nature, but thy sigh alone;
Then take, oh! take, though not so sweet,
The breath of roses for thine own!

So, while I walk the flowery grove,
The bud that gives, through morning dew,
The lustre of the lips I love,
May seem to give their perfume too!

THE SNOW-SPIRIT.

Tu potes insolitas, Cynthia, ferre nives?
Propert. lib. i. eleg. 8.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms!

The tint of your bowers is balm to the eye,
Their melody balm to the ear;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
And the Snow-Spirit never comes here!

The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
As a murmur of thine on the soul!
Oh! fly to the clime, where he pillows the death
As he cradles the birth of the year;
Bright are your bowers and balmy their breath,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

How sweet to behold him, when, borne on the gale,
And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
O'er the brow of each virginal thorn!
Yet think not, the veil he so chillingly casts,
Is the veil of a vestal severe;
No, no, thou wilt see, what a moment it lasts,
Should the Snow-Spirit ever come here!

But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bosom, as white as his own,
Should not melt in the daybeam like him!
Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
O'er his luminous path will appear—
Fly! my beloved! this island is sweet,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

Εντανθα δε καθωρμισται ἡμιν. και ὁ, τι μεν ονομα τη νησω, ουκ οιδα· χρυση δ' αν προς γε εμου ονομαζοιτο.
Philostrat. Icon. 17, lib. 2.

I STOLE along the flowery bank,
While many a bending sea-grape[1] drank
The sprinkle of the feathery oar
That wing'd me round this fairy shore!

'Twas noon; and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden eyes
Beneath a lover's burning sighs!
Oh! for a naiad's sparry bower,
To shade me in that glowing hour!

[1] The sea-side or mangrove grape, a native of the West Indies.

A little dove, of milky hue,
Before me from a plantain flew,
And, light along the water's brim,
I steer'd my gentle bark by him;
For fancy told me, love had sent
This snowy bird of blandishment,
To lead me, where my soul should meet—
I knew not what, but something sweet!

Blest be the little pilot dove!
He had indeed been sent by love,
To guide me to a scene so dear,
As fate allows but seldom here;
One of those rare and brilliant hours,
Which, like the aloe's lingering flowers,
May blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span!

Just where the margin's opening shade
A vista from the waters made,
My bird reposed his silver plume
Upon a rich banana's bloom.
O vision bright! O spirit fair!
What spell, what magic raised her there?
'Twas Nea! slumbering calm and mild,
And bloomy as the dimpled child,
Whose spirit in elysium keeps
Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps!

The broad banana's green embrace
Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace;
One little beam alone could win
The leaves to let it wander in,
And, stealing over all her charms,
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
It glanced around a fiery kiss,
All trembling, as it went, with bliss!

Her eyelid's black and silken fringe
Lay on her cheek, of vermil tinge,
Like the first ebon cloud, that closes
Dark on evening's heaven of roses!
Her glances, though in slumber hid,
Seem'd glowing through their ivory lid,
And o'er her lip's reflecting dew
A soft and liquid lustre threw,
Such as, declining dim and faint,
The lamp of some beloved saint
Doth shed upon a flowery wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath!

Was ever witchery half so sweet!
Think, think how all my pulses beat,
As o'er the rustling bank I stole—
O you, that know the lover's soul,
It is for you to dream the bliss,
The tremblings of an hour like this!

A KISS A L'ANTIQUE.

Behold, my love, the curious gem
Within this simple ring of gold;
'Tis hallow'd by the touch of them
Who lived in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
Upon her hand this gem display'd,
Nor thought that Time's eternal lapse
Should see it grace a lovelier maid!

Look, darling, what a sweet design!
The more we gaze, it charms the more:
Come,—closer bring that cheek to mine,
And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou see'st, it is a simple youth
By some enamour'd nymph embraced—
Look, Nea love! and say in sooth
Is not her hand most dearly placed?

Upon his curled head behind
It seems in careless play to lie,
Yet presses gently, half inclined
To bring his lip of nectar nigh!

O happy maid! too happy boy!
The one so fond and faintly loth,
The other yielding slow to joy—
Oh, rare indeed, but blissful both!

Imagine, love, that I am he,
And just as warm as he is chilling;
Imagine, too, that thou art she,
But quite as cold, as she is willing:

So may we try the graceful way
In which their gentle arms are twined,
And thus, like her, my hand I lay
Upon thy wreathed hair behind:

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
As slow to mine thy head I move;
And thus our lips together meet,
And—thus I kiss thee—O my love!

. . . . λιβανοτω εικασεν, ὁτι απολλυμενον ευφραινει.
Aristot. Rhetor. lib. iii. cap. 4.

THERE's not a look, a word of thine
My soul hath e'er forgot;
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
Nor given thy locks one graceful twine
Which I remember not!

There never yet a murmur fell
From that beguiling tongue,
Which did not, with a lingering spell,
Upon my charmèd senses dwell,
Like something heaven had sung!

Ah! that I could, at once, forget
All, all that haunts me so—
And yet, thou witching girl!—and yet,
To die were sweeter, than to let
The loved remembrance go!

No; if this slighted heart must see
Its faithful pulse decay,
Oh! let it die, remembering thee,
And, like the burnt aroma, be
Consumed in sweets away!

TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

FROM BERMUDA.

"THE daylight is gone—but, before we depart,
One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,
To the kindest, the dearest—oh! judge by the tear,
That I shed while I name him, how kind and how dear!"

'Twas thus, by the shade of a calabash tree,
With a few who could feel and remember like me,
The charm, that to sweeten my goblet I threw,
Was a tear to the past and a blessing on you!

Oh! say, do you thus, in the luminous hour
Of wine and of wit, when the heart is in flower,
And shoots from the lip, under Bacchus's dew,
In blossoms of thought ever springing and new—
Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim
Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him
Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair,
And would pine in elysium, if friends were not there?

Last night, when we came from the calabash tree,
When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
Put the magical springs of my fancy in play;
And, oh! such a vision as haunted me then
I could slumber for ages to witness again!
The many I like, and the few I adore,
The friends, who were dear and beloved before,
But never till now so beloved and dear,
At the call of my fancy surrounded me here!
Soon, soon did the flattering spell of their smile
To a paradise brighten the blest little isle;
Serener the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd,
And warmer the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd!
Not the valleys Heræan (though water'd by rills
Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills,
Where the song of the shepherd, primæval and wild
Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child)
Could display such a bloom of delight, as was given
By the magic of love, to this miniature heaven!

Oh, magic of love! unembellish'd by you,
Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue?
Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art,
Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart?

Alas! that a vision so happy should fade!
That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd,
The rose and the stream I had thought of at night
Should still be before me, unfadingly bright;
While the friends, who had seem'd to hang over the stream,
And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream!

But see, through the harbour, in floating array,
The bark that must carry these pages away [1]
Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,
And will soon leave the bowers of Ariel behind!

[1] A ship ready to sail for England.

What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,
Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love!
Yet pleasant the swell of those billows would be,
And the sound of those gales would be music to me!
Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,
Not the silvery lapse of the summer-eve dew,
Were as sweet as the breeze, or as bright as the foam
Of the wave that would carry your wanderer home!

LOVE AND REASON.

Quand l'homme commence à raisonner, il cesse de sentir.
J. J. Rousseau.

'Twas in the summer-time, so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That—who, of all the world, should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason!

Love told his dream of yester-night,
While Reason talked about the weather;
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason like a Juno stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen'd shadow, as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they pass'd
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him!

"This must not be," said little Love—
"The sun was made for more than you."
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bid the portly nymph adieu!

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream,
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits and smell'd the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odour faded!

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the parchèd plains;
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins!

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid bloom he smiled—
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool, as his was burning!

"Oh! take me to that bosom cold,"
In murmurs at her feet he said;
And Reason oped her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest;
For, ah! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expired on Reason's breast!

TO FANNY.

Nay, do not weep, my Fanny dear!
While in these arms you lie,
The world hath not a wish, a fear,
That ought to claim one precious tear
From that beloved eye!

The world!—ah, Fanny! love must shun
The path where many rove;
One bosom to recline upon,
One heart, to be his only one,
Are quite enough for love!

What can we wish, that is not here
Between your arms and mine?
Is there, on earth, a space so dear
As that within the blessed sphere
Two loving arms entwine?

For me, there 's not a lock of jet,
Along your temples curl'd,
Within whose glossy, tangling net,
My soul doth not, at once, forget
All, all the worthless world!

'Tis in your eyes, my sweetest love!
My only worlds I see;
Let but *their* orbs in sunshine move,
And earth below and skies above
May frown or smile for me!

ASPASIA.

'Twas in the fair Aspasia's bower,
That Love and Learning, many an hour,
In dalliance met, and Learning smiled
With rapture on the playful child,
Who wanton stole, to find his nest
Within a fold of Learning's vest!

There, as the listening statesman hung
In transport on Aspasia's tongue,
The destinies of Athens took
Their colour from Aspasia's look.
Oh, happy time! when laws of state,
When all that ruled the country's fate,
Its glory, quiet, or alarms,
Was plann'd between two snowy arms!

Sweet times! you could not always last—
And yet, oh! yet, you *are* not past;
Though we have lost the sacred mould,
In which their men were cast of old,
Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While lips are balm and looks are flame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies!

Fanny, my love, they ne'er shall say,
That beauty's charm hath pass'd away;
No—give the universe a soul
Attuned to woman's soft control,
And Fanny hath the charm, the skill,
To wield a universe at will!

THE GRECIAN GIRL'S DREAM

OF THE BLESSED ISLANDS.[1]

TO HER LOVER.

. . . . . ἠχι τε καλος
Πινδαγορης, ὁσσοι τε χορον στηριξαν ερωτος,
Απολλων περι Πλωτινου. *Oracul. Metric. a Joan. Opsop. collecta.*

Was it the moon, or was it morning's ray,
That call'd thee, dearest, from these arms away?
I linger'd still, in all the murmuring rest,
The languor of a soul too richly blest!
Upon my breath the sigh yet faintly hung;
Thy name yet died in whispers o'er my tongue;
I heard thy lyre, which thou hadst left behind,
In amorous converse with the breathing wind;
Quick to my heart I press'd the shell divine,
And, with a lip yet glowing warm from thine,
I kiss'd its every chord, while every kiss
Shed o'er the chord some dewy print of bliss.
Then soft to thee I touch'd the fervid lyre,
Which told such melodies, such notes of fire,
As none but chords, that drank the burning dews
Of kisses dear as ours, could e'er diffuse!
O love! how blissful is the bland repose,
That soothing follows upon rapture's close,
Like a soft twilight, o'er the mind to shed
Mild melting traces of the transport fled!

While thus I lay, in this voluptuous calm,
A drowsy languor steep'd my eyes in balm,
Upon my lap the lyre in murmurs fell,
While, faintly wandering o'er its silver shell,
My fingers soon their own sweet requiem play'd,
And slept in music which themselves had made!
Then, then, my Theon, what a heavenly dream!
I saw two spirits, on the lunar beam,
Two winged boys, descending from above,
And gliding to my bower with looks of love,
Like the young genii, who repose their wings
All day in Amatha's luxurious springs,
And rise at midnight from the tepid rill,
To cool their plumes upon some moonlight hill!

[1] It was imagined by some of the ancients that there is an ethereal ocean above us, and that the sun and moon are two floating, luminous islands, in which the spirits of the blest reside. Accordingly we find that the word Ωκεανος was sometimes synonymous with αηρ, and death was not unfrequently called Ωκεανοιο πορος, or "the passage of the ocean."—Ed.

Soft o'er my brow, which kindled with their sighs,
Awhile they play'd; then gliding through my eyes,
(Where the bright babies, for a moment, hung,
Like those thy lip hath kiss'd, thy lyre hath sung,)
To that dim mansion of my breast they stole,
Where, wreathed in blisses, lay my captive soul.
Swift at their touch dissolved the ties that clung,
So sweetly round her, and aloft she sprung!
Exulting guides, the little genii flew
Through paths of light, refresh'd with starry dew,
And fann'd by airs of that ambrosial breath,
On which the free soul banquets after death!

Thou know'st, my love, beyond our clouded skies,
As bards have dream'd, the spirits' kingdom lies.
Through that fair clime a sea of ether rolls,
Gemm'd with bright islands, where the hallow'd souls,
Whom life hath wearied in its race of hours
Repose for ever in unfading bowers!
That very orb, whose solitary light
So often guides thee to my arms at night,
Is no chill planet, but an isle of love,
Floating in splendour through those seas above!
Thither, I thought, we wing'd our airy way,
Mild o'er its valleys stream'd a silvery day,
While, all around, on lily beds of rest,
Reclined the spirits of the immortal blest!
Oh! there I met those few congenial maids,
Whom love hath warm'd, in philosophic shades;
There still Leontium, on her sage's breast,
Found lore and love, was tutor'd and caress'd;
And there the twine of Pythia's gentle arms
Repaid the zeal which deified her charms!
The Attic Master, in Aspasia's eyes
Forgot the toil of less endearing ties;
While fair Theano, innocently fair,
Play'd with the ringlets of her Samian's hair,
Who, fix'd by love, at length was all her own,
And pass'd his spirit through her lips alone!

O Samian sage! whate'er thy glowing thought
Of mystic Numbers so divinely wrought;
The One that's form'd of Two who dearly love,
Is the best number heaven can boast above!

But think, my Theon, how this soul was thrill'd,
When near a fount, which o'er the vale distill'd,
My fancy's eye beheld a form recline,
Of lunar race, but so resembling thine,

That, oh!—'twas but fidelity in me,
To fly, to clasp, and worship it for thee!
No aid of words the unbodied soul requires,
To waft a wish or embassy desires;
But, by a throb to spirits only given,
By a mute impulse only felt in heaven,
Swifter than meteor shaft through summer skies,
From soul to soul the glanced idea flies!

We met—like thee the youthful vision smiled!
But not like thee, when, passionately wild,
Thou wak'st the slumbering blushes of my cheek,
By looking things thyself would blush to speak!
No! 'twas the tender, inteHectual smile,
Flush'd with the past, and yet serene the while,
Of that delicious hour, when, glowing yet,
Thou yield'st to nature with a fond regret,
And thy soul, waking from its wilder'd dream,
Lights in thine eye a mellower, chaster beam!

O my beloved! how divinely sweet
Is the pure joy, when kindred spirits meet!
Th' Elean god, whose faithful waters flow,
With love their only light, through caves below,
Wafting in triumph all the flowery braids,
And festal rings, with which Olympic maids
Have deck'd their billow, as an offering meet
To pour at Arethusa's crystal feet!
Think, when he mingles with his fountain-bride,
What perfect rapture thrills the blended tide!
Each melts in each, till one pervading kiss
Confound their currents in a sea of bliss!
'Twas thus—
But, Theon, 'tis a weary theme,
And thou delight'st not in my lingering dream.
Oh! that our lips were at this moment near,
And I would kiss thee into patience, dear!
And make thee smile at all the magic tales
Of starlight bowers and planetary vales.
Which my fond soul, inspired by thee and love,
In slumber's loom hath exquisitely wove.
But no; no more—soon as to-morrow's ray
O'er soft Ilissus shall dissolve away,
I'll fly, my Theon, to thy burning breast,
And there in murmurs tell thee all the rest;
Then if too weak, too cold the vision seems,
Thy lip shall teach me something more than dreams!

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

Written aboard the Boston Frigate.

When freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly;
When lighter breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky;
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
I stand, and as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near;
I think 'tis thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that 's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails, and sighing say,
Thus, my boy! thus.

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
Our stately ship through waves and air.
Oh! then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee!
And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy! so.

TO CLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I could resign that eye of blue,
Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me;
And though your lip be rich with dew,
To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However warm I've twined about it;
And though your bosom beat with bliss,
I think my soul could live without it.

In short, I've learn'd so well to fast,
That, sooth my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last,
To—do without you altogether!

TO THE FIRE-FLY.[1]

This morning, when the earth and sky
Were burning with the blush of spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly!
Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.

But now the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
I see thee, and I bless thee too
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Oh! let me hope that thus for me,
When life and love shall lose their bloom,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To light, if not to warm, the gloom!

THE VASE.

There was a vase of odour lay
For many an hour on Beauty's shrine,
So sweet that Love went every day
To banquet on its breath divine.

And not an eye had ever seen
The fragrant charm the vase conceal'd;
O Love! how happy 'twould have been,
If thou hadst ne'er that charm reveal'd!

But Love, like every other boy,
Would know the spell that lurks within;
He wish'd to break the crystal toy,
But Beauty murmur'd "'twas a sin!"

He swore, with many a tender plea,
That neither Heaven nor earth forbad it;
She told him, Virtue kept the key,
And look'd as if—she wish'd he had it!

[1] The lively and varying illumination with which these fire-flies light up the woods at night, gives quite an idea of enchantment. See L'Histoire des Antilles, art. 2, chap. 4, liv. 1.

He stole the key when Virtue slept
(Even she can sleep, if Love but ask it),
And Beauty sigh'd, and Beauty wept,
While silly Love unlock'd the casket.

O dulcet air that vanish'd then!
Can Beauty's sigh recall thee ever?
Can Love himself inhale again
A breath so precious? never, never!

Go, maiden, weep—the tears of woe
By Beauty to repentance given,
Though bitterly on earth they flow,
Shall turn to fragrant balm in heaven!

THE WREATH AND THE CHAIN.

I BRING thee, love, a golden chain,
I bring thee, too, a flowery wreath;
The gold shall never wear a stain,
The flow'rets long shall sweetly breathe!
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The Chain is of a splendid thread,
Stolen from Minerva's yellow hair,
Just when the setting sun had shed
The sober beam of evening there.
The Wreath 's of brightest myrtle wove,
With brilliant tears of bliss among it,
And many a rose-leaf, cull'd by Love,
To heal his lip when bees have stung it!
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
Which answers when the tongue is loth,
Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
And hold'st thy playful hands for both.
Ah!—if there were not something wrong,
The world would see them blended oft;
The Chain would make the Wreath so strong!
The Wreath would make the Chain so soft!
Then might the gold, the flow'rets be
Sweet fetters for my love and me!

But, Fanny, so unblest they twine,
That (Heaven alone can tell the reason)
When mingled thus they cease to shine,
Or shine but for a transient season!
Whether the Chain may press too much,
Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,
Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,
And all their glow, their tints, are faded!
Sweet Fanny, what would Rapture do,
When all her blooms had lost their grace?
Might she not steal a rose or two,
From other Wreaths to fill their place?
Oh! better to be always free,
Than thus to bind my love to me.

The timid girl now hung her head,
And, as she turn'd an upward glance,
I saw a doubt its twilight spread
Along her brow's divine expanse.
Just then, the garland's dearest rose
Gave one of its seducing sighs—
Oh! who can ask how Fanny chose,
That ever look'd in Fanny's eyes!
"The Wreath, my life, the Wreath shall be
The tie to bind my soul to thee!"

TO ——— ———.

And hast thou mark'd the pensive shade,
That many a time obscures my brow,
'Midst all the blisses, darling maid,
Which thou canst give, and only thou?

Oh, 'tis not that I then forget
The endearing charms that round me twine
There never throbb'd a bosom yet
Could feel their witchery like mine!

When bashful on my bosom hid,
And blushing to have felt so blest,
Thou dost but lift thy languid lid,
Again to close it on my breast!

Oh! these are minutes all thine own,
Thine own to give, and mine to feel;
Yet e'en in them, my heart has known
The sigh to rise, the tear to steal.

For I have thought of former hours,
When he who first thy soul possess'd,
Like me awaked its witching powers,
Like me was loved, like me was blest!

Upon *his* name thy murmuring tongue
Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt;
For him that snowy lid hath hung
In ecstacy, as purely felt!

For him—yet why the past recall
To wither blooms of present bliss?
Thou'rt now my own, I clasp thee all,
And Heaven can grant no more than this!

Forgive me, dearest, oh! forgive;
I would be first, be sole to thee,
Thou should'st have but begun to live,
The hour that gave thy heart to me.

Thy book of life till then effaced,
Love should have kept that leaf alone,
On which he first so dearly traced
That thou wert, soul and all, my own!

TO LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

From the City of Washington.

Και μη θαυμασης μητ' ει μακροτεραν γεγραφα την επιστολην, μηδ' ει τι περιεργοτερον η πρεσβυτικωτερον ειρηκαμεν εν αυτη.
Isocrates, Epist. iv.

If former times had never left a trace
Of human frailty in their shadowy race,
Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
One dark memorial of the crimes of man;
If every age, in new unconscious prime,
Rose, like a phœnix, from the fires of time,
To wing its way unguided and alone,
The future smiling, and the past unknown;
Then ardent man would to himself be new,
Earth at his foot and heaven within his view:
Well might the novice hope, the sanguine scheme
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,
Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
Could tell him, fools had dream'd as much before!

But, tracing as we do, through age and clime,
The plans of virtue 'midst the deeds of crime,

The thinking follies and the reasoning rage
Of man, at once the idiot and the sage;
When still we see, through every varying frame
Of arts and polity, his course the same,
And know that ancient fools but died, to make
A space on earth for modern fools to take;
'Tis strange, how quickly we the past forget;
That wisdom's self should not be tutor'd yet,
Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth
Of pure perfection 'midst the sons of earth!

Oh! nothing but that soul which God has given,
Could lead us thus to look on earth for heaven;
O'er dross without to shed the flame within,
And dream of virtue while we gaze on sin!

Even here, beside the proud Potowmac's stream,
Might sages still pursue the flattering theme
Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,
Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
Belie the monuments of frailty past,
And stamp perfection on this world at last:
"Here," might they say, "shall power's divided reign
Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.
Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,
Cradled in peace, and nurtured up by truth
To full maturity of nerve and mind,
Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind![1]
Here shall religion's pure and balmy draught,
In form no more from cups of state be quaff'd,
But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,
Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect.
Around the columns of the public shrine
Shall growing arts their gradual wreath entwine,
Nor breathe corruption from their flowering braid,
Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.
No longer here shall Justice bound her view,
Or wrong the many, while she rights the few;
But take her range through all the social frame,
Pure and pervading as that vital flame,
Which warms at once our best and meanest part,
And thrills a hair while it expands a heart!"

[1] Thus Morse:—"Here the sciences and the arts of civilized life are to receive their highest improvements: here civil and religious liberty are to flourish, unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny: here genius, aided by all the improvements of former ages, is to be exerted in humanizing mankind, in expanding and enriching their minds with religious and philosophical knowledge," &c., &c.—p. 569.

O golden dream! what soul that loves to scan
The brightness rather than the shades of man,
That owns the good while smarting with the ill,
And loves the world with all its frailty still—
What ardent bosom does not spring to meet
The generous hope with all that heavenly heat
Which makes the soul unwilling to resign
The thoughts of growing, even on earth, divine?
Yes, dearest Forbes, I see thee glow to think
The chain of ages yet may boast a link
Of purer texture than the world has known,
And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne!

But, is it thus? doth even the glorious dream
Borrow from truth that dim, uncertain gleam,
Which bids us give such dear delusion scope,
As kills not reason, while it nurses hope?
No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—even now,
While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her bloom is poison'd and her heart decays!
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death,
And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime!

Already has the child of Gallia's school,
The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,
With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,
Like things that quicken, after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud!
Already has she pour'd her poison here
O'er every charm that makes existence dear;
Already blighted, with her blackening trace,
The opening bloom of every social grace,
And all those courtesies, that love to shoot
Round virtue's stem, the flow'rets of her fruit!

Oh! were these errors but the wanton tide
Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd pride;
The fervid follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too much;
Then might experience make the fever less,
Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess:
But no; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,
All youth's transgression with all age's chill,

The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow and cold stagnation into vice!

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear!
Long has it palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this bartering land;
Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold
So loose abroad, that virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade!

Already in this free, this virtuous State,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by fate,
To show the world what high perfection springs
From rabble senators and merchant kings—
Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, they let the flame for hire!
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
From England's debtors to be England's foes,
Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
And break allegiance, but to cancel debt,
Have proved at length the mineral's tempting hue,
Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.
O freedom, freedom, how I hate thy cant!
Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant
Of purpled madmen, were they number'd all
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
As the rank jargon of that factious race,
Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,
But pant for licence, while they spurn control,
And shout for rights, with rapine in their soul!
Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,
And all the piebald polity that reigns
In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
To think that man, thou just and gentle God!
Should stand before thee, with a tyrant's rod

O'er creatures like himself, with souls from thee,
Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty;
Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,
In climes, where liberty has scarce been named,
Nor any right but that of ruling claim'd,
Than thus to live, where bastard freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves;
Where (motley laws admitting no degree
Betwixt the vilely slaved and madly free)
Alike the bondage and the licence suit
The brute made ruler and the man made brute!

But, O my Forbes! while thus, in flowerless song,
I feebly paint, what yet I feel so strong,
The ills, the vices of the land, where first
Those rebel fiends, that rack the world, were nursed!
Where treason's arm by royalty was nerved,
And Frenchmen learn'd to crush the throne they served—
Thou gently lull'd in dreams of classic thought,
By bards illumined and by sages taught,
Pant'st to be all, upon this mortal scene,
That bard hath fancied, or that sage hath been!
Why should I wake thee? why severely chase
The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
That dwell before thee, like the pictures spread
By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,
Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
Brightening the young conceptions of thy heart!

Forgive me, Forbes—and should the song destroy
One generous hope, one throb of social joy,
One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
Which few can feel, and bless that few who can!
Oh! turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes
Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
Forget where nature has been dark or dim,
And proudly study all her lights in him!
Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
And feel that man may reach perfection yet!

SONG.

THE wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,
Is fair—but oh! how fair,
If pity's hand had stolen from love
One leaf to mingle there!

If every rose with gold were tied,
Did gems for dew-drops fall,
One faded leaf, where love had sigh'd,
Were sweetly worth them all!

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Our emblem well may be;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless love
Must keep its tears for me!

LYING.

Che con le lor bugie pajon divini.
Mauro d'Arcano

I do confess, in many a sigh
My lips have breathed you many a lie,
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them, for a lie or two?

Nay—look not thus, with brow reproving;
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving!
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
The world would be in strange confusion!
If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes!
Oh, no!—believe me, lovely girl,
When Nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your yellow locks to golden wire,
Then, only then, can Heaven decree,
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We've swearing kiss'd, and kissing sworn!

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once, I'll tell you truth, my dear!
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false, and he believes you,
Long as you trust, and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures;
And while he lies, his heart is yours;
But, oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth!

ANACREONTIC.

I FILL'D to thee, to thee I drank,
I nothing did but drink and fill;
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still!

At length I bid an artist paint
Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint,
To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold how bright that purple lip
Is blushing through the wave at me!
Every roseate drop I sip
Is just like kissing wine from thee!

But, oh! I drink the more for this;
For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
And in the nectar flows again!

So, here 's to thee, my gentle dear!
And may that eye for ever shine
Beneath as soft and sweet a tear
As bathes it in this bowl of mine!

TO ———'S PICTURE.

Go then, if she whose shade thou art
No more will let thee soothe my pain—
Yet tell her, it has cost this heart
Some pangs, to give thee back again!

Tell her, the smile was not so dear,
With which she made thy semblance mine,
As bitter is the burning tear,
With which I now the gift resign!

Yet go—and could she still restore,
As some exchange for taking thee,
The tranquil look which first I wore,
When her eyes found me wild and free;

Could she give back the careless flow,
The spirit which my fancy knew—
Yet, ah! 'tis vain—go, picture, go—
Smile at me once, and then—adieu!

FRAGMENT OF A MYTHOLOGICAL HYMN TO LOVE.

Blest infant of eternity!
Before the day-star learn'd to move,
In pomp of fire, along his grand career,
Glancing the beamy shafts of light
From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,
Thou wert alone, O Love!
Nestling beneath the wings of ancient Night,
Whose horrors seem'd to smile in shadowing thee!

No form of beauty soothed thine eye,
As through the dim expanse it wander'd wide;
No kindred spirit caught thy sigh,
As o'er the watery waste it lingering died!

Unfelt the pulse, unknown the power,
That latent in his heart was sleeping;
O Sympathy! that lonely hour
Saw Love himself thy absence weeping!

But look, what glory through the darkness beams!
Celestial airs along the water glide:
What spirit art thou, moving o'er the tide
So lovely? Art thou but the child
Of the young godhead's dreams,
That mock his hope with fancies strange and wild?
Or were his tears, as quick they fell,
Collected in so bright a form,
Till, kindled by the ardent spell
Of his desiring eyes,
And all impregnate with his sighs,
They spring to life in shape so fair and warm!

'Tis she!
Psyche, the first-born spirit of the air:
To thee, O Love! she turns,
On thee her eye-beam burns:
Blest hour of nuptial ecstacy!
They meet—
The blooming god—the spirit fair—
Oh, sweet! oh, heavenly sweet!
Now, Sympathy, the hour is thine;
All nature feels the thrill divine,
The veil of Chaos is withdrawn,
And their first kiss is great Creation's dawn!

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* * * *

TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,

ON HIS PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADELAIDE F—RB—S.

Donington Park, 1802.

To catch the thought, by painting's spell,
Howe'er remote, howe'er refined,
And o'er the magic tablet tell
The silent story of the mind;

O'er Nature's form to glance the eye,
And fix, by mimic light and shade,
Her morning tinges, ere they fly,
Her evening blushes, ere they fade!

These are the pencil's grandest theme,
Divinest of the powers divine,
That light the Muse's flowery dream,
And these, O prince, are richly thine!

Yet, yet, when Friendship sees thee trace,
In emanating soul express'd,
The sweet memorial of a face
On which her eye delights to rest;

While o'er the lovely look serene,
The smile of peace, the bloom of youth,
The cheek that blushes to be seen,
The eye that tells the bosom's truth;

While o'er each line, so brightly true,
Her soul with fond attention roves,
Blessing the hand, whose various hue
Could imitate the form it loves;

She feels the value of thy art,
And owns it with a purer zeal,
A rapture, nearer to her heart,
Than critic taste can *ever* feel!

THE PHILOSOPHER ARISTIPPUS

TO A LAMP WHICH WAS GIVEN HIM BY LAIS.

Dulcis conscia lecturi lucerna.
Martial, lib. xiv. epig. 39.

"Oh! love the Lamp" (my mistress said)
"The faithful Lamp that, many a night,
Beside thy Lais' lonely bed
Has kept its little watch of light!

" Full often has it seen her weep,
And fix her eye upon its flame,
Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep,
Repeating her beloved's name!

" Oft has it known her cheek to burn
With recollections, fondly free,
And seen her turn, impassion'd turn,
To kiss the pillow, love! for thee,
And, in a murmur, wish thee there,
That kiss to feel, that thought to share!

" Then love the Lamp—'twill often lead
Thy step through learning's sacred way;
And, lighted by its happy ray,
Whene'er those darling eyes shall read
Of things sublime, of Nature's birth,
Of all that 's bright in heaven or earth,
Oh! think that she, by whom 'twas given,
Adores thee more than earth or heaven!"

Yes—dearest Lamp! by every charm
On which thy midnight beam has hung;
The neck reclined, the graceful arm
Across the brow of ivory flung;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
The sever'd lip's delicious sighs,
The fringe, that from the snowy lid
Along the cheek of roses lies:

By these, by all that bloom untold,
And long as all shall charm my heart,
I'll love my little Lamp of gold,
My Lamp and I shall never part!

And often, as she smiling said,
In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays
Shall guide my visionary tread
Through poesy's enchanting maze!

Thy flame shall light the page refined,
Where still we catch the Chian's breath,
Where still the bard, though cold in death,
Has left his burning soul behind!
Or, o'er thy humbler legend shine,
O man of Ascra's dreary glades!
To whom the nightly warbling Nine
A wand of inspiration gave,
Pluck'd from the greenest tree that shades
The crystal of Castalia's wave.

Then, turning to a purer lore,
We'll cull the sages' heavenly store,
From Science steal her golden clue,
And every mystic path pursue,
Where Nature, far from vulgar eyes
Through labyrinths of wonder flies!

'Tis thus my heart shall learn to know
The passing world's precarious flight,
Where all, that meets the morning glow,
Is changed before the fall of night!

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,
"Swift, swift the tide of being runs,
And Time, who bids thy flame expire,
Will also quench yon heaven of suns!"

Oh! then if earth's united power
Can never chain one feathery hour;
If every print we leave to-day
To-morrow's wave shall steal away;
Who pauses, to inquire of Heaven
Why were the fleeting treasures given,
The sunny days, the shady nights,
And all their brief but dear delights,
Which Heaven has made for man to use,
And man should think it guilt to lose?
Who, that has cull'd a weeping rose,
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,
Unmindful of the blushing ray,
In which it shines its soul away;
Unmindful of the scented sigh,
On which it dies and loves to die?

Pleasure! thou only good on earth!
Our little hour resign'd to thee—
Oh! by my Lais' lip, 'tis worth,
The sage's immortality!

Then far be all the wisdom hence,
And all the lore, whose tame control
Would wither joy with chill delays!
Alas! the fertile fount of sense
At which the young, the panting soul
Drinks life and love, too soon decays!

Sweet Lamp! thou wert not form'd to shed
Thy splendour on a lifeless page—
Whate'er my blushing Lais said
Of thoughtful lore and studies sage,
'Twas mockery all—her glance of joy
Told me thy dearest, best employ!

And, soon as night shall close the eye
Of heaven's young wanderer in the west;
When seers are gazing on the sky,
To find their future orbs of rest;
Then shall I take my trembling way,
Unseen but to those worlds above,
And, led by thy mysterious ray,
Glide to the pillow of my love.

Calm be her sleep, the gentle dear!
Nor let her dream of bliss so near;
Till o'er her cheek she thrilling feel
My sighs of fire in murmurs steal,
And I shall lift the locks, that flow
Unbraided o'er her lids of snow,
And softly kiss those sealèd eyes,
And wake her into sweet surprise!

Or, if she dream, oh! let her dream
Of those delights we both have known
And felt so truly, that they seem
Form'd to be felt by us alone!
And I shall mark her kindling cheek,
Shall see her bosom warmly move,
And hear her faintly, lowly speak
The murmur'd sounds so dear to love!
Oh! I shall gaze, till e'en the sigh
That wafts her very soul be nigh,
And when the nymph is all but blest,
Sink in her arms and share the rest!
Sweet Lais! what an age of bliss
In that one moment waits for me!
O sages!—think on joy like this,
And where 's your boast of apathy!

TO MRS. BL—H—D.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

Τουτο δε τι εστι το ποτον; πλανη, εφη.
Cebetis Tabula.

They say that Love had once a book
(The urchin likes to copy you),
Where all who came the pencil took,
And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallow'd line
Or thought profane should enter there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
With fond device and loving lore,
And every leaf she turn'd was still
More bright than that she turn'd before!

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
How light the magic pencil ran!
Till Fear would come, alas! as oft,
And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
And Jealousy would, now and then,
Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again!

But, oh! there was a blooming boy,
Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
As all who read still sigh'd for more!

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book!

For still she saw his playful fingers
Fill'd with sweets and wanton toys,
And well she knew the stain that lingers
After sweets from wanton boys!

And so it chanced, one luckless night
He let his honey goblet fall
O'er the dear book, so pure, so white,
And sullied lines and marge and all!

In vain he sought, with eager lip,
The honey from the leaf to drink,
For still the more the boy would sip,
The deeper still the blot would sink!

Oh! it would make you weep to see
The traces of this honey flood
Steal o'er a page where Modesty
Had freshly drawn a rose's bud!

And Fancy's emblems lost their glow,
And Hope's sweet lines were all defaced
And Love himself could scarcely know
What Love himself had lately traced!

At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
(For how, alas! could Pleasure stay?)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
In blushes flung the book away!

The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure!

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages now no more,
And thinks of lines that long are faded!

I know not if this tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated;
And I refer their truth to you,
Since Love and you are near related!

TO THOMAS HUME, ESQ., M.D.

From the city of Washington.

Διηγησομαι διηγηματα ισως απιστα, κοινωνα ὠν πεπονθα ουκ εχων.
Xenophont. Ephes. Ephesiac. lib v.

'Tis evening now; the heats and cares of day
In twilight dews are calmly wept away.
The lover now, beneath the western star,
Sighs through the medium of his sweet cigar,
And fills the ears of some consenting she
With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy!
The weary statesman for repose hath fled
From halls of council to his negro's shed,
Where blest he woos some black Aspasia's grace,
And dreams of freedom in his slave's embrace!

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome!
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now!
This famed metropolis, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Though nought but wood and ********* they see,
Where streets should run and sages *ought* to be!

And look, how soft in yonder radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave!—
O great Potowmac! O you banks of shade!
You mighty scenes, in Nature's morning made,
While still, in rich magnificence of prime,
She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,
Nor yet had learn'd to stoop, with humbler care,
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair!
Say, where your towering hills, your boundless floods,
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
Where bards should meditate and heroes rove,
And woman charm, and man deserve her love?
Oh! was a world so bright but born to grace
Its own half-organized, half-minded race
Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
Like vermin, gender'd on the lion's crest?
Were none but brutes to call that soil their home,
Where none but demi-gods should dare to roam?
Or worse, thou mighty world! oh! doubly worse,
Did Heaven design thy lordly land to nurse
The motley dregs of every distant clime,
Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime,
Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere,
In full malignity to rankle here?
But hush!—observe that little mount of pines,
Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly shines,
There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
The sculptured image of that veteran chief,
Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
And stept o'er prostrate loyalty to fame;
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
Cast off their monarch, that their mob might reign!

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage!
Too form'd for peace to act a conqueror's part,
Too train'd in camps to learn a statesman's art,
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold!

While warmer souls command, nay, make their fate,
Thy fate made thee and forced thee to be great.
Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
Found *thee* undazzled, tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, scorning to be more;

Less prompt at glory's than at duty's claim.
Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim;
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less than all thou hast forborne to be!

Now turn thine eye where faint the moonlight falls
On yonder dome—and in those princely halls,
If thou canst hate, as, oh! that soul must hate,
Which loves the virtuous and reveres the great,
If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
That Gallic garbage of philosophy,
That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes!
If thou hast got, within thy free-born breast,
One pulse, that beats more proudly than the rest,
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,
Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god!
There, in those walls—but, burning tongue, forbear!
Rank must be reverenced, e'en the rank that 's there:
So here I pause—and now, my Hume! we part;
But oh! full oft, in magic dreams of heart,
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here!
O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
Midst bears and yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise!
While I, as oft, in witching thought shall rove
To thee, to friendship, and that land I love,
Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,
Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and serene;
Where sovereign man can condescend to see
The throne and laws more sovereign still than he!

THE SNAKE.

1801.

My love and I, the other day,
Within a myrtle arbour lay,
When near us, from a rosy bed,
A little Snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid, with laughing eyes—
"Yonder the fatal emblem lies!
Who could expect such hidden harm
Beneath the rose's velvet charm?"

Never did moral thought occur
In more unlucky hour than this;
For oh! I just was leading her
To talk of love and think of bliss.

I rose to kill the snake, but she
In pity pray'd it might not be.
"No," said the girl—and many a spark
Flash'd from her eyelid as she said it—
"Under the rose, or in the dark,
One might, perhaps, have cause to dread it;
But when its wicked eyes appear,
And when we know for what they wink so,
One must be very simple, dear,
To let it sting one—don't you think so?"

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

. . . . . τηνδε την πολιν φιλως
Ειπων' επαξια γαρ.
Sophocl. Œdip. Colon. v. 758.

Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far were the friends that he loved,
And he gazed on its flowery banks with a sigh!

O Nature! though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own!

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet;
Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,
Till the threshold of home had been kiss'd by his feet!

But the lays of his boyhood had stolen to their ear,
And they loved what they knew of so humble a name,
And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,
That they found in his heart something sweeter than fame!

Nor did woman—O woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue,
Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too!—

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,
Like eyes he had loved was *her* eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften, and weep at his song!

Oh! blest be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream!
Oh! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toil he has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone!

THE FALL OF HEBE.

A DITHYRAMBIC ODE.

'Twas on a day
When the immortals at their banquet lay;
The bowl
Sparkled with starry dew,
The weeping of those myriad urns of light,
Within whose orbs, the almighty Power,
At Nature's dawning hour,
Stored the rich fluid of ethereal soul!
Around
Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing their flight
From eastern isles
(Where they have bathed them in the orient ray,
And with fine fragrance all their bosoms fill'd),
In circles flew, and, melting as they flew,
A liquid daybreak o'er the board distill'd!
All, all was luxury!

All *must* be luxury, where Lyæus smiles!
His locks divine
Were crown'd
With a bright meteor-braid,
Which, like an ever-springing wreath of vine,
Shot into brilliant leafy shapes,
And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils play'd!

While 'mid the foliage hung,
Like lucid grapes,
A thousand clustering blooms of light,
Cull'd from the gardens of the galaxy!
Upon his bosom, Cytherea's head
Lay lovely, as when first the Syrens sung
Her beauty's dawn,
And all the curtains of the deep, undrawn,
Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bed.
The captive deity
Languish'd upon her eyes and lip,
In chains of ecstacy!
Now in his arm,
In blushes she reposed,
And, while her zone resign'd its every charm,
To shade his burning eyes her hand in dalliance stole.
And now she raised her rosy mouth to sip
The nectar'd wave
Lyæus gave,
And from her eyelids, gently closed,
Shed a dissolving gleam,
Which fell, like sun-dew, in the bowl,
While her bright hair, in mazy flow
Of gold descending
Along her cheek's luxurious glow,
Waved o'er the goblet's side,
And was reflected by its crystal tide,
Like a sweet crocus flower,
Whose sunny leaves, at evening hour,
With roses of Cyrene blending,
Hang o'er the mirror of a silver stream!

The Olympian cup
Burn'd in the hands
Of dimpled Hebe, as she wing'd her feet
Up
The empyreal mount,
To drain the soul-drops at their stellar fount;
And still,
As the resplendent rill
Flamed o'er the goblet with a mantling heat,
Her graceful care
Would cool its heavenly fire
In gelid waves of snowy-feather'd air,
Such as the children of the pole respire,
In those enchanted lands,
Where life is all a spring, and north winds never blow!

But, oh!
Sweet Hebe, what a tear,
And what a blush were thine,
When, as the breath of every Grace
Wafted thy fleet career
Along the studded sphere,
With a rich cup for Jove himself to drink,
Some star, that glitter'd in the way,
Raising its amorous head
To kiss so exquisite a tread,
Check'd thy impatient pace!
And all heaven's host of eyes
Saw those luxuriant beauties sink
In lapse of loveliness, along the azure skies!
Upon whose starry plain they lay,
Like a young blossom on our meads of gold,
Shed from a vernal thorn
Amid the liquid sparkles of the morn!
Or, as in temples of the Paphian shade,
The myrtled votaries of the queen behold
An image of their rosy idol, laid
Upon a diamond shrine!
The wanton wind,
Which had pursued the flying fair,
And sweetly twined
Its spirit with the breathing rings
Of her ambrosial hair,
Soar'd as she fell, and on its ruffling wings,
(O wanton wind!)
Wafted the robe, whose sacred flow
Shadow'd her kindling charms of snow,
Pure, as an Eleusinian veil
Hangs o'er the mysteries!
* * * *
* the brow of Juno flush'd—
Love bless'd the breeze!
The Muses blush'd,
And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,
While every eye was glancing through the strings.
Drops of ethereal dew
That burning gush'd,
As the great goblet flew
From Hebe's pearly fingers through the sky!
Who was the spirit that remember'd Man
In that voluptuous hour?
And with a wing of Love
Brush'd off your scatter'd tears,

As o'er the spangled heaven they ran,
And sent them floating to our orb below?
Essence of immortality!
The shower
Fell glowing through the spheres,
While all around new tints of bliss,
New perfumes of delight,
Enrich'd its radiant flow!
Now, with a humid kiss,
It thrill'd along the beamy wire
Of heaven's illumined lyre,
Stealing the soul of music in its flight!
And now, amid the breezes bland,
That whisper from the planets as they roll,
The bright libation, softly fann'd
By all their sighs, meandering stole!
They who, from Atlas' height,
Beheld the rill of flame
Descending through the waste of night,
Thought 'twas a planet, whose stupendous frame
Had kindled, as it rapidly revolved
Around its fervid axle, and dissolved
Into a flood so bright!
The child of day,
Within his twilight bower,
Lay sweetly sleeping
On the flush'd bosom of a lotus flower;
When round him, in profusion weeping,
Dropp'd the celestial shower,
Steeping
The rosy clouds, that curl'd
About his infant head,
Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid shed!
But, when the waking boy
Waved his exhaling tresses through the sky
O morn of joy!
The tide divine,
All glittering with the vermil dye
It drank beneath his orient eye,
Distill'd, in dews, upon the world,
And every drop was wine, was heavenly WINE!

Blest be the sod, the flow'ret blest,
That caught, upon their hallow'd breast,
The nectar'd spray of Jove's perennial springs!
Less sweet the flow'ret, and less sweet the sod,
O'er which the Spirit of the rainbow flings
The magic mantle of her solar god!

TO —— ——.

THAT wrinkle, when first I espied it,
At once put my heart out of pain,
Till the eye, that was glowing beside it,
Disturb'd my ideas again!

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
When woman's declension begins,
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good night to her sins!

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
I would sooner, my exquisite mother!
Repose in the sunset of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another!

ANACREONTIC.

"SHE never look'd so kind before—
Yet why the wanton's smile recall?
I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
'Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!"

Thus I said, and, sighing, sipp'd
The wine which she had lately tasted;
The cup, where she had lately dipp'd
Breath, so long in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
As if 'twere not of her I sang;
But still the notes on Lamia hung—
On whom but Lamia *could* they hang?

That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,
A world for every kiss I'd give her;
Those floating eyes, that floating shine
Like diamonds in an eastern river!

That mould so fine, so pearly bright,
Of which luxurious Heaven hath cast her,
Through which her soul doth beam as white
As flame through lamps of alabaster!

Of these I sung, and notes and words
Were sweet, as if 'twas Lamia's hair
That lay upon my lute for chords,
And Lamia's lip that warbled there!

But when, alas! I turn'd the theme,
And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
Of truth and hope's beguiling dream—
The chord beneath my finger broke!

False harp! false woman!—such, oh! such
Are lutes too frail and maids too willing!
Every hand's licentious touch
Can learn to wake their wildest thrilling!

And when that thrill is most awake,
And when you think heaven's joys await you,
The nymph will change, the chord will break—
O Love! O Music! how I hate you!

TO MRS. ——.

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.

Is not thy mind a gentle mind?
Is not thy heart a heart refined?
Hast thou not every blameless grace,
That man should love or Heaven can trace?
And oh! art *thou* a shrine for Sin
To hold her hateful worship in?

No, no, be happy—dry that tear—
Though some thy heart hath harbour'd near
May now repay its love with blame;
Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
Ungenerous man, be first to wound thee;
Though the whole world may freeze around thee

Oh! thou'lt be like that lucid tear,
Which, bright, within the crystal's sphere
In liquid purity was found,
Though all had grown congeal'd around;
Floating in frost, it mock'd the chill,
Was pure, was soft, was brilliant still!

HYMN OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

Oh! lost, for ever lost!—no more
Shall vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day!

No more to Tempé's distant vale
In holy musings shall we roam,
Through summer's glow and winter's gale,
To bear the mystic chaplets home![1]
'Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,
By nature warm'd and led by thee,
In every breeze was taught to feel
The breathings of a deity!
Guide of my heart! to memory true,
Thy looks, thy words are still my own—
I see thee raising from the dew,
Some laurel, by the wind o'erthrown,
And hear thee say, "This humble bough
Was planted for a dome divine,
And though it weep in languor now,
Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine!
Thus, in the vale of earthly sense,
Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,
A viewless hand shall cull it thence,
To bloom immortal in the skies!"

Thy words had such a melting flow,
And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
They dropp'd like heaven's serenest snow,
And all was brightness where they fell!
Fond soother of my infant tear!
Fond sharer of my infant joy!
Is not thy shade still lingering here?
Am I not still thy soul's employ?
And oh! as oft, at close of day
When, meeting on the sacred mount,
Our nymphs awaked the choral lay,
And danced around Cassotis' fount;
As then, 'twas all thy wish and care,
That mine should be the simplest mien,
My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
My foot the lightest o'er the green:
So still, each little grace to mould,
Around my form thine eyes are shed,
Arranging every snowy fold,
And guiding every mazy tread!

[1] The laurel, for the common uses of the temple, for adorning the altars and sweeping the pavement, was supplied by a tree near the fountain of Castalia; but upon all important occasions they sent to Tempé for their laurel. We find in Pausanias, that this valley supplied the branches of which the temple was originally constructed; and Plutarch says, in his Dialogue on Music, "The youth who brings the Tempic laurel to Delphi is always attended by a player on the flute."

And when I lead the hymning choir,
Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
Hovers between my lip and lyre,
And weds them into harmony!
Flow, Plistus, flow, thy murmuring wave
Shall never drop its silvery tear
Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
To memory so divinely dear!

RINGS AND SEALS.

Ὥσπερ σφραγῖδες τα φιλημαρα.
Achilles Tatius, lib. ii.

"Go!" said the angry, weeping maid,
"The charm is broken!—once betray'd,
Oh! never can my heart rely
On word or look, on oath or sigh.
Take back the gifts, so sweetly given,
With promised faith and vows to heaven;
That little ring which, night and morn,
With wedded truth my hand hath worn;
That seal, which oft in moments blest,
Thou hast upon my lip impress'd,
And sworn its dewy spring should be
A fountain seal'd [1] for only thee!
"Take, take them back, the gift and vow,
All sullied, lost, and hateful now!"

I took the ring—the seal I took,
While oh! her every tear and look
Were such as angels look and shed,
When man is by the world misled!
Gently I whisper'd, "Fanny, dear!
Not half thy lover's gifts are here:
Say, where are all the seals he gave
To every ringlet's jetty wave,
And where is every one he printed
Upon that lip, so ruby-tinted,
Seals, of the purest gem of bliss,
Oh! richer, softer, far than this!

[1] "There are gardens, supposed to be those of King Solomon, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem. The friars show a fountain, which they say is the 'sealed fountain' to which the holy spouse in the Canticles is compared; and they pretend a tradition, that Solomon shut up these springs and put his signet upon the door, to keep them for his own drinking."—Maundrell's Travels. See also the notes to Mr. Good's Translation of the Song of Solomon.

"And then the ring—my love! recall
How many rings, delicious all,
His arms around that neck hath twisted,
Twining warmer far than this did!
Where are they all, so sweet, so many?
Oh! dearest, give back all, if any!"

While thus I murmur'd, trembling too
Lest all the nymph had vow'd was true
I saw a smile relenting rise
'Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
Like daylight o'er a sea of blue,
While yet the air is dim with dew.
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine—
Oh! who can tell the bliss one feels
In thus exchanging rings and seals!

TO MISS SUSAN B——CKF——D.

ON HER SINGING.

I MORE than once have heard, at night,
A song, like those thy lips have given,
And it was sung by shapes of light,
Who seem'd, like thee, to breathe of heaven!

But this was all a dream of sleep,
And I have said, when morning shone,
"Oh! why should fairy fancy keep
These wonders for herself alone?"

I knew not then that fate had lent
Such tones to one of mortal birth;
I knew not then that Heaven had sent
A voice, a form like thine on earth!

And yet, in all that flowery maze
Through which my life has loved to tread,
When I have heard the sweetest lays
From lips of dearest lustre shed;

When I have felt the warbled word
From beauty's mouth of perfume sighing,
Sweet as music's hallow'd bird
Upon a rose's bosom lying!

Though form and song at once combined
Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
My heart hath sigh'd, my heart hath pined
For something softer, lovelier still!

Oh! I have found it all, at last,
In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,
Through which the soul hath ever pass'd
Its harmonizing breath of fire!

All that my best and wildest dream,
In fancy's hour, could hear or see
Of music's sigh or beauty's beam
Are realized, at once, in thee!

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.[1]

Gia era in loco ove s'udia 'l rimbombo
Dell' acqua . . . . . .
Dante.

From rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run,
And as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untired and wild,
Through shades that frown'd and flowers that smiled,
Flying by every green recess
That woo'd him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind!
Oh! I have thought, and thinking sigh'd—
How like to thee, thou restless tide!
May be the lot, the life of him,
Who roams along thy water's brim!
Through what alternate shades of woe,
And flowers of joy my path may go!
How many an humble, still retreat
May rise to court my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest!

[1] There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene than the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohos Fall is fifty feet; but the Marquis de Chastellux makes it seventy-six.

The fine rainbow, which is continually forming and dissolving as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destined falls,
I see the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the lost current cease to run!
Oh, may my falls be bright as thine!
May Heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft, as now it hangs o'er thee!

CLORIS AND FANNY.

Cloris! if I were Persia's king,
I'd make my graceful queen of thee;
While Fanny, wild and artless thing,
Should but thy humble handmaid be.

There is but *one* objection in it—
That, verily, I'm much afraid
I should, in some unlucky minute,
Forsake the mistress for the maid!

SONG OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.[1]

Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla . . . .
Ovid. Metam. lib. iii. v. 227.

Now the vapour hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill!
Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along!
Christian! 'tis the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild, thou dar'st to roam—
Oh! 'twas once the Indian's home![2]

[1] The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.

[2] "The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehannah and the adjacent country, until the year 1779, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where, being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped."—Morse's American Geography.

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And the cayman [1] loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep;
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shuddering murderer sits,[2]
Lone beneath a roof of blood,*
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew!

Hither bend you, turn you hither
Eyes that blast and wings that wither!
Cross the wandering Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of maddening error
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
O'er the damp earth, pale and dying!
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that's dug
For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood!
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
Tributes, to be hung in air,
To the Fiend presiding there![3]
Then, when night's long labour past,
Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,

The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the winter, in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a large number of pine-knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

[2] This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Father Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons:—"They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcass, not only on himself, but on his food."

[3] "We find also collars of porcelain, tobacco, ears of maize, skins, &c., by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls; and these are so many offerings made to the spirits which preside in these places."—See Charlevoix's Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada.

Father Hennepin, too, mentions this ceremony; he also says, "We took notice of one barbarian, who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak at the Cascade of St. Antony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi."—See Hennepin's Voyage into North America.

Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let musquitoes hover,
In his ears and eye-balls tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires!

TO MRS. HENRY T—GHE,

ON READING HER "PSYCHE."

1802.

TELL me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear!

Say, Love! in all thy spring of fame,
When the high heaven itself was thine;
When piety confess'd the flame,
And even thy errors were divine!

Did ever Muse's hand, so fair,
A glory round thy temples spread?
Did ever lip's ambrosial air
Such perfume o'er thy altars shed?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
The mystic myrtle wildly wreathed—
But all *her* sighs were sighs of fire,
The myrtle wither'd, as she breathed!

O you, that love's celestial dream,
In all its purity would know,
Let not the senses' ardent beam
Too strongly through the vision glow!

Love sweetest lies, conceal'd in night,
The night where Heaven has bid him lie
Oh! shed not there unhallow'd light,
Or, Psyche knows, the boy will fly!

Dear Psyche! many a charmèd hour,
Through many a wild and magic waste,
To the fair fount and blissful bower
Thy mazy foot my soul hath traced!

Where'er thy joys are number'd now,
Beneath whatever shades of rest,
The Genius of the starry brow
Has chain'd thee to thy Cupid's breast;

Whether above the horizon dim,
Along whose verge our spirits stray,
Half sunk within the shadowy brim,
Half brighten'd by the eternal ray,[1]

Thou risest to a cloudless pole!
Or, lingering here, dost love to mark
The twilight walk of many a soul
Through sunny good and evil dark;

Still be the song to Psyche dear,
The song, whose dulcet tide was given
To keep her name as fadeless here,
As nectar keeps her soul in heaven!

IMPROMPTU,

UPON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

O dulces comitum valete cœtus!
Catullus.

No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial-hearted;
Dear shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted!

Oh! if regrets, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to him that's far away!

Long be the flame of memory found,
Alive, within your social glass,
Let that be still the magic round,
O'er which oblivion dares not pass!

TO THE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.

Nec venit ad duros musa vocata getas.
Ovid. ex Ponto, lib. i. ep. 5.

From Buffalo, upon Lake Erie.

Thou oft hast told me of the fairy hours
Thy heart has number'd, in those classic bowers,
Where fancy sees the ghost of ancient wit
'Mid cowls and cardinals profanely flit,

[1] By this image the Platonists expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence.

And Pagan spirits, by the Pope unlaid,
Haunt every stream, and sing through every shade!
There still the bard, who (if his numbers be
His tongue's light echo) must have talk'd like thee,
The courtly bard, from whom thy mind has caught
Those playful, sunshine holidays of thought,
In which the basking soul reclines and glows,
Warm without toil, and brilliant in repose,—
There still he roves, and laughing loves to see
How modern monks with ancient rakes agree;
How mitres hang, where ivy wreaths might twine,
And heathen Massic 's damn'd for stronger wine!
There, too, are all those wandering souls of song,
With whom thy spirit hath communed so long,
Whose rarest gems are, every instant, hung
By memory's magic on thy sparkling tongue.
But here, alas! by Erie's stormy lake,
As, far from thee, my lonely course I take,
No bright remembrance o'er the fancy plays,
No classic dream, no star of other days
Has left that visionary glory here,
That relic of its light, so soft, so dear,
Which gilds and hallows even the rudest scene,
The humblest shed, where genius once has been!

All that creation's varying mass assumes
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms;
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
Bright lakes expand and conquering[1] rivers flow;
Mind, mind alone, without whose quickening ray,
The world 's a wilderness and man but clay,
Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows!
Take Christians, mohawks, democrats, and all
From the rude wigwam to the congress-hall,
From man the savage, whether slaved or free,
To man the civilized, less tame than he!
'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife,
Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life;
Where every ill the ancient world can brew
Is mix'd with every grossness of the new;

[1] This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix's striking description of the confluence of the Missouri with the Misssisippi. "I believe this is the finest confluence in the world. The two rivers are much of the same breadth, each about half a league; but the Missouri is by far the most rapid, and seems to enter the Mississippi like a conqueror, through which it carries its white waves to the opposite shore without mixing them: afterwards it gives its colour to the Mississippi, which it never loses again, but carries quite down to the sea."—Letter xxvii.

Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
And nothing's known of luxury but vice!

Is this the region then, is this the clime
For golden fancy? for those dreams sublime,
Which all their miracles of light reveal
To heads that meditate and hearts that feel?
No, no—the muse of inspiration plays
O'er every scene; she walks the forest maze,
And climbs the mountain; every blooming spot
Burns with her step, yet man regards it not!
She whispers round, her words are in the air,
But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,
Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
One ray of heart to thaw them into song!

Yet, yet forgive me, O you sacred few!
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;
Whom, known and loved through many a social eve,
'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave![1]
Less dearly welcome were the lines of lore
The exile saw upon the sandy shore,
When his lone heart but faintly hoped to find
One print of man, one blessed stamp of mind!
Less dearly welcome than the liberal zeal,
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
The manly polish and the illumined taste,
Which, 'mid the melancholy, heartless waste
My foot has wander'd, O you sacred few!
I found by Delaware's green banks with you.
Long may you hate the Gallic dross that runs
O'er your fair country, and corrupts its sons;
Long love the arts, the glories which adorn
Those fields of freedom, where your sires were born.
Oh! if America can yet be great,
If neither chain'd by choice, nor damn'd by fate
To the mob-mania which imbrutes her now,
She yet can raise the bright but temperate brow
Of single majesty, can grandly place
An empire's pillar upon freedom's base,

[1] In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends, at Philadelphia, I passed the few agreeable moments which my tour through the States afforded me. Mr. Dennie has succeeded in diffusing through this elegant little circle that love for good literature and sound politics, which he feels so zealously himself, and which is so very rarely the characteristic of his countrymen. They will not, I trust, accuse me of illiberality for the picture which I have given of the ignorance and corruption that surround them. If I did not hate, as I ought, the rabble to which they are opposed, I could not value, as I do, the spirit with which they defy it; and in learning from them what Americans *can be*, I but see, with the more indignation, what Americans *are*.

Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
For the fair capital that flowers above!—
If yet, released from all that vulgar throng,
So vain of dulness and so pleased with wrong,
Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide
Folly in froth, and barrenness in pride,
She yet can rise, can wreathe the Attic charms
Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
And see her poets flash the fires of song,
To light her warriors' thunderbolts along!—
It is to you, to souls that favouring Heaven
Has made like yours, the glorious task is given.
Oh! but for *such*, Columbia's days were done;
Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'er!

Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the hours
Where Schuylkill undulates through banks of flowers,
Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
And rested there, as in a dream of home!
And looks I met, like looks I loved before,
And voices too, which as they trembled o'er
The chord of memory, found full many a tone
Of kindness there in concord with their own!
Oh! we had nights of that communion free,
That flush of heart, which I have known with thee
So oft, so warmly; nights of mirth and mind,
Of whims that taught, and follies that refined!
When shall we both renew them? when, restored
To the pure feast and intellectual board,
Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
Those whims that teach, those follies that refine?
Even now, as, wandering upon Erie's shore,
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
I sigh for England—oh! these weary feet
Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet!

A WARNING TO —— ——.

Oh! fair as heaven and chaste as light!
Did Nature mould thee all so bright,
That thou shouldst ever learn to weep
O'er languid virtue's fatal sleep,
O'er shame extinguish'd, honour fled,
Peace lost, heart wither'd, feeling dead?

No, no! a star was born with thee,
Which sheds eternal purity!
Thou hast, within those sainted eyes,
So fair a transcript of the skies,
In lines of fire such heavenly lore,
That man should read them and adore!
Yet have I known a gentle maid
Whose early charms were just array'd
In Nature's loveliness like thine,
And wore that clear, celestial sign,
Which seems to mark the brow that 's fair
For destiny's peculiar care!
Whose bosom, too, was once a zone,
Where the bright gem of virtue shone;
Whose eyes were talismans of fire
Against the spell of man's desire!
Yet, hapless girl, in one sad hour,
Her charms have shed their radiant flower;
The gem has been beguiled away;
Her eyes have lost their chastening ray;
The simple fear, the guiltless shame,
The smiles that from reflection came,
All, all have fled, and left her mind
A faded monument behind!
Like some wave-beaten, mouldering stone,
To memory raised by hands unknown,
Which, many a wintry hour, has stood
Beside the ford of Tyra's flood,
To tell the traveller, as he cross'd,
That there some loved friend was lost!
Oh! 'twas a sight I wept to see—
Heaven keep the lost one's fate from thee!

TO ——— ———.

'Tis time, I feel, to leave thee now,
While yet my soul is something free;
While yet those dangerous eyes allow
One moment's thought to stray from thee!
Oh! thou art every instant dearer—
Every chance that brings me nigh thee,
Brings my ruin nearer, nearer,
I am lost, unless I fly thee!
Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,
Wish me not so soon to fall,
Duties, fame, and hopes await me,
Oh! that eye would blast them all!

Yes, yes, it would—for thou'rt as cold
As ever yet allured or sway'd,
And wouldst, without a sigh, behold
The ruin which thyself had made!

Yet—*could* I think that, truly fond,
That eye but once would smile on me,
Good Heaven! how much, how far beyond
Fame, duty, hope, that smile would be!

Oh! but to win it, night and day,
Inglorious at thy feet reclined,
I'd sigh my dreams of fame away,
The world for thee forgot, resign'd!

But no, no, no—farewell—we part,
Never to meet, no, never, never—
O woman! what a mind and heart
Thy coldness has undone for ever!

FROM THE HIGH-PRIEST OF APOLLO TO A VIRGIN OF DELPHI.

Cum digno digna . . . . . .
Sulpicia.

"Who is the maid, with golden hair,
With eyes of fire and feet of air,
Whose harp around my altar swells,
The sweetest of a thousand shells?"

'Twas thus the deity who treads
The arch of heaven, and grandly sheds
Day from his eyelids!—thus he spoke,
As through my cell his glories broke.

"Who is the maid, with golden hair,
With eyes of fire and feet of air,
Whose harp around my altar swells,
The sweetest of a thousand shells?"

Aphelia is the Delphic fair,
With eyes of fire and golden hair,
Aphelia's are the airy feet,
And hers the harp divinely sweet;
For foot so light has never trod
The laurell'd caverns of the god,
Nor harp so soft has ever given
A strain to earth or sigh to heaven!

"Then tell the virgin to unfold,
In looser pomp, her locks of gold,
And bid those eyes with fonder fire
Be kindled for a god's desire;
Since he who lights the path of years—
Even from the fount of morning's tears,
To where his setting splendours burn
Upon the western sea-maid's urn—
Cannot, in all his course, behold
Such eyes of fire, such hair of gold!
Tell her, he comes, in blissful pride,
His lip yet sparkling with the tide,
That mantles in Olympian bowls,
The nectar of eternal souls!
For her, for her he quits the skies,
And to her kiss from nectar flies.
Oh! he would hide his wreath of rays,
And leave the world to pine for days,
Might he but pass the hours of shade,
Imbosom'd by his Delphic maid,
She, more than earthly woman blest,
He, more than god on woman's breast!"

There is a cave beneath the steep,
Where living rills of crystal weep
O'er herbage of the loveliest hue
That ever spring begemm'd with dew,
There oft the green bank's glossy tint
Is brighten'd by the amorous print
Of many a faun and naiad's form,
That still upon the dew is warm,
When virgins come, at peep of day,
To kiss the sod where lovers lay!
"There, there," the god, impassion'd, said,
"Soon as the twilight tinge is fled,
And the dim orb of lunar souls
Along its shadowy pathway rolls—
There shall we find our bridal bed,
And ne'er did rosy rapture spread,
Not even in Jove's voluptuous bowers,
A bridal bed so blest as ours!

"Tell the imperial god, who reigns,
Sublime in oriental fanes,
Whose towering turrets paint their pride
Upon Euphrates' pregnant tide;
Tell him, when to his midnight loves
In mystic majesty he moves,

Lighted by many an odorous fire,
And hymn'd by all Chaldæa's choir—
Oh! tell the godhead to confess,
The pompous joy delights him less
(Even though his mighty arms enfold
A priestess on a couch of gold)
Than, when, in love's unholier prank,
By moonlight cave or rustic bank,
Upon his neck some wood-nymph lies,
Exhaling from her lip and eyes
The flame and incense of delight,
To sanctify a dearer rite,
A mystery, more divinely warm'd
Than priesthood ever yet perform'd!"

Happy the maid, whom Heaven allows
To break for Heaven her virgin vows!
Happy the maid!—her robe of shame
Is whiten'd by a heavenly flame,
Whose glory, with a lingering trace,
Shines through and deifies her race!

O virgin! what a doom is thine!
To-night, to-night a lip divine
In every kiss shall stamp on thee
A seal of immortality!
Fly to the cave, Aphelia, fly;
There lose the world and wed the sky!
There all the boundless rapture steal
Which gods can give or woman feel!

WOMAN.

Away, away—you're all the same,
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng!
Oh! by my soul I burn with shame,
To think I've been your slave so long!

Slow to be warm'd and quick to rove,
From folly kind, from cunning loth,
Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,
Yet feigning all that's best in both.

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
More joy it gives to woman's breast
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true manly lover blest!

Away, away—your smile 's a curse—
Oh! blot me from the race of men,
Kind, pitying Heaven! by death or worse,
Before I lovē such things again!

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there 's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!"

TO —— ——.

Νοσει τα φιλτατα.
Euripides.

1803.

COME, take the harp—'tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see;
Oh! take the harp and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee!

Sing to me, love!—though death were near
Thy song could make my soul forget—
Nay, nay, in pity dry that tear,
All may be well, be happy yet!

Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh!

Give me that strain, of mournful touch,
We used to love long, long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now, alas! they bleed to know!

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all, that look'd so rapturous then,
Now wither'd, lost—oh! pray thee, cease,
I cannot bear those sounds again!

Art thou, too, wretched? yes, thou art;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine—
Come, come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine!

A VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'Twas on the Red Sea coast, at morn, we met
The venerable man; a virgin bloom
Of softness mingled with the vigorous thought
That tower'd upon his brow; as when we see
The gentle moon and the full radiant sun
Shining in heaven together. When he spoke
'Twas language sweeten'd into song—such holy sounds
As oft the spirit of the good man hears,
Prelusive to the harmony of heaven,
When death is nigh! and still, as he unclosed
His sacred lips, an odour, all as bland
As ocean breezes gather from the flowers
That blossom in elysium, breathed around!
With silent awe we listen'd, while he told
Of the dark veil, which many an age had hung
O'er Nature's form, till by the touch of time
The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
And half the goddess beam'd in glimpses through it!
Of magic wonders that were known and taught
By him (or Cham or Zoroaster named)
Who mused, amid the mighty cataclysm,
O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore,
Nor let the living star of science sink
Beneath the waters, which ingulph'd the world!—
Of visions by Calliope revealed
To him, who traced upon his typic lyre
The diapason of man's mingled frame,
And the grand Doric heptachord of heaven!

With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,
Which the grave sons of Mochus, many a night,
Told to the young and bright-hair'd visitant
Of Carmel's sacred mount!—Then, in a flow
Of calmer converse, he beguiled us on
Through many a maze of garden and of porch,
Through many a system, where the scatter'd light
Of heavenly truth lay, like a broken beam
From the pure sun, which, though refracted all
Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still,
And bright through every change!—he spoke of Him,
The lone, eternal One, who dwells above,
And of the soul's untraceable descent
From that high fount of spirit, through the grades
Of intellectual being, till it mix
With atoms vague, corruptible, and dark;
Nor even then, though sunk in earthly dross,
Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch
Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still!
As some bright river, which has roll'd along
Through meads of flowery light and mines of gold,
When pour'd at length into the dusky deep,
Disdains to mingle with its briny taint,
But keeps awhile the pure and golden tinge,
The balmy freshness of the fields it left!

And here the old man ceased—a winged train
Of nymphs and genii led him from our eyes.
The fair illusion fled! and, as I waked,
I knew my visionary soul had been
Among that people of aërial dreams
Who live upon the burning galaxy!

TO ——— ———.

The world had just begun to steal
  Each hope, that led me lightly on,
I felt not as I used to feel,
  And life grew dark and love was gone!

No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,
  No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,
No tongue to call me kind and dear—
  'Twas gloomy, and I wish'd for death!

But when I saw that gentle eye,
Oh! something seem'd to tell me then,
That I was yet too young to die,
And hope and bliss might bloom again!

With every beamy smile that cross'd
Your kindling cheek, you lighted home
Some feeling which my heart had lost,
And peace, which long had learn'd to roam!

'Twas then indeed so sweet to live,
Hope look'd so new and Love so kind,
That, though I weep, I still forgive
The ruin which they've left behind!

I could have loved you—oh, so well!—
The dream, that wishing boyhood knows,
Is but a bright beguiling spell,
Which only lives while passion glows:

But, when this early flush declines,
When the heart's vivid morning fleets,
You know not then how close it twines
Round the first kindred soul it meets!

Yes, yes, I could have loved, as one
Who, while his youth's enchantments fall,
Finds something dear to rest upon,
Which pays him for the loss of all!

* * * *
* * *

DREAMS.

TO —— —— ——.

In slumber, I prithee, how is it
That souls are oft taking the air,
And paying each other a visit,
While bodies are—Heaven knows where?

Last night, 'tis in vain to deny it,
Your Soul took a fancy to roam,
For I heard her, on tiptoe so quiet,
Come ask, whether *mine* was at home.

And mine let her in with delight,
And they talk'd and they kiss'd the time through,
For, when souls come together at night,
There is no knowing what they mayn't do!

And *your* little Soul, Heaven bless her!
Had much to complain and to say,
Of how sadly you wrong and oppress her
By keeping her prison'd all day.

"If I happen," said she, "but to steal
For a peep now and then to her eye,
Or, to quiet the fever I feel,
Just venture abroad on a sigh;

"In an instant she frightens me in
With some phantom of prudence or terror,
For fear I should stray into sin,
Or, what is still worse, into error!

"So, instead of displaying my graces
Through look and through words and through mien,
I am shut up in corners and places,
Where truly I blush to be seen!"

Upon hearing this piteous confession,
My Soul, looking tenderly at her,
Declared, as for grace and discretion,
He did not know much of the matter;

"But to-morrow, sweet Spirit!" he said,
"Be at home after midnight, and then
I will come when your lady 's in bed,
And we'll talk o'er the subject again."

So she whisper'd a word in his ear,
I suppose to her door to direct him,
And—just after midnight, my dear,
Your polite little Soul may expect him.

TO MRS. ———.

To see thee every day that came,
And find thee every day the same,
In pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear
The same benign, consoling Dear!
To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Has been so long my bliss, my fate,
That life, without this cheering ray,
Which came, like sunshine, every day,
And all my pain, my sorrow chased,
Is now a lone and loveless waste.—
Where are the chords she used to touch?
Where are the songs she loved so much?

The songs are hush'd, the chords are still,
And so, perhaps, will every thrill
Of friendship soon be lull'd to rest,
Which late I waked in Anna's breast!
Yet no—the simple notes I play'd
On memory's tablet soon may fade;
The songs, which Anna loved to hear,
May all be lost on Anna's ear;
But friendship's sweet and fairy strain
Shall ever in her heart remain;
Nor memory lose nor time impair
The sympathies which tremble there!

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

Written on the River St. Lawrence.[1]

Et remigem cantus hortatur.—*Quintilian.*

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.[2]

1 I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sung to us very frequently. The wind was so unfavourable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties.

Our *voyageurs* had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadian. It begins

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très bien montés;

And the *refrain* to every verse was

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common and trifling; but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me, and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those voyageurs who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade, prefixed to his Journal.

2 "At the Rapid of St. Ann they are obliged to take out part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyagers."—Mackenzie, General History of the Fur Trade.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

"Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.'—P. 191.

Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Utawas tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

TO THE LADY CHARLOTTE R—WD—N.

From the banks of the St. Lawrence.

Not many months have now been dream'd away
Since yonder sun (beneath whose evening ray
We rest our boat among these Indian isles)
Saw me, where mazy Trent serenely smiles
Through many an oak, as sacred as the groves
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
And hears the soul of father, or of chief,
Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf!
There listening, Lady! while thy lip hath sung
My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've hung
On every mellow'd number! proud to feel
That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,
Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
Oh! I have wonder'd, like the peasant boy
Who sings at eve his sabbath strains of joy,
And when he hears the rude, luxuriant note
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own!
I dream'd not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd

In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,[1]
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed!—
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
Through massy woods, through islets flowering fair,
Through shades of bloom, where the first sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banish'd from the garden of their God!
O Lady! these are miracles, which man
Caged in the bounds of Europe's pigmy plan,
Can scarcely dream of; which his eye must see
To know how beautiful this world can be!

But soft!—the tinges of the west decline,
And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note
Dies, like a half-breathed whispering of flutes;
Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
And I can trace him, like a watery star,[2]
Down the steep current, till he fades afar
Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,
Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night!
Here as along this shadowy bank I stray,
And the smooth glass-snake,[3] gliding o'er my way,
Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze,
Some Indian Spirit warble words like these:

From the clime of sacred doves,[4]
Where the blessed Indian roves

1 When I arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening, and I lay awake all night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a kind of era in my life, and the first glimpse which I caught of those wonderful Falls gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever excite again.

To Colonel Brock, of the 49th, who commanded at the Fort, I am particularly indebted for his kindness to me during the fortnight I remained at Niagara. Among many pleasant days which I passed with him and his brother-officers, that of our visit to the Tuscarora Indians was not the least interesting. They received us in all their ancient costume; the young men exhibited for our amusement, in the race, the bat-game, &c., while the old and the women sat in groups under the surrounding trees, and the picture altogether was as beautiful as it was new to me.

2 Anburey, in his Travels, has noticed this shooting illumination which porpoises diffuse at night through the St. Lawrence.—Vol. i. p. 29.

3 The glass-snake is brittle and transparent.

4 "The departed spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove."—Charlevoix upon the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada. See the curious fable of the American Orpheus in Lafitau, tome i. p. 402.

Through the air on wing as white
As the spirit-stones of light,[1]
Which the eye of morning counts
On the Appalachian mounts!
Hither oft my flight I take
Over Huron's lucid lake,
Where the wave, as clear as dew,
Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
Which, reflected, floating there,
Looks as if it hung in air![2]

Then, when I have stray'd awhile
Through the Manataulin isle,
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift upon the purple plume
Of my Wakon-Bird[3] I fly
Where, beneath a burning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Slumbers many a water snake,
Basking in the web of leaves,
Which the weeping lily weaves,[4]
Then I chase the flow'ret-king
Through his bloomy wild of spring;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink
Thirsting for his balmy drink:
Now behold him, all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip!

1 "The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the Indians 'manetoc aseniah,' or spirit-stones."—Mackenzie's Journal.

2 I was thinking here of what Carver says so beautifully in his description of one of these lakes:—"When it was calm, and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upwards of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stone at the bottom, of different shapes, some of which appeared as if they had been hewn; the water was at this time as pure and transparent as air, and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element. It was impossible to look attentively through this limpid medium at the rocks below without finding, before many minutes were elapsed, your head swim and your eyes no longer able to behold the dazzling scene."

3 "The Wakon-Bird, which probably is of the same species with the Bird of Paradise, receives its name from the ideas the Indians have of its superior excellence; the Wakon-Bird being, in their language, the Bird of the Great Spirit."—Morse.

4 The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by the large pond-lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer.

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread [1] loves to creep
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,
Till, with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted in his downy nest
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers!

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes;
When the grey moose sheds his horns,
When the track, at evening, warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wigwam's cheering ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird soft and fair
As the fleece that Heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting tears!
There, amid the island-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below,
Feather'd round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Brilliant as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung,
Virgins, who have wander'd young
O'er the waters of the west
To the land where spirits rest!

Thus have I charm'd, with visionary lay,
The lonely moments of the night away;

[1] "The gold thread is of the vine-kind, and grows in swamps. The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses, and are easily drawn out by handfuls. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow."—Morse.

And now, fresh daylight o'er the water beams!
Once more, embark'd upon the glittering streams,
Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar
Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,
While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
And, with his wings of living light unfurl'd,
Coasted the dim shores of another world!

Yet oh! believe me, in this blooming maze
Of lovely nature, where the fancy strays
From charm to charm, where every flow'ret's hue
Hath something strange, and every leaf is new!
I never feel a bliss so pure and still,
So heavenly calm, as when a stream or hill,
Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,
Or breeze or echo or some wild flower's smell,
(For who can say what small and fairy ties
The mem'ry flings o'er pleasure, as it flies?)
Reminds my heart of many a sylvan dream
I once indulged by Trent's inspiring stream;
Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights!

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er
When I have seen thee cull the blooms of lore,
With him, the polish'd warrior, by thy side,
A sister's idol and a nation's pride;
When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turn to the living hero, while it read,
For pure and brightening comments on the dead;
Or whether mem'ry to my mind recalls
The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
When guests have met around the sparkling board,
And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd;
When the bright future Star of England's Throne,
With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone,
Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,
But tempering greatness, like an evening sun
Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
Glorious but mild, all softness yet all fire!—
Whatever hue my recollections take,
E'en the regret, the very pain they wake

Is dear and exquisite!—but oh! no more—
Lady! adieu—my heart has linger'd o'er
These vanish'd times, till all that round me lies,
Stream, banks, and bowers, have faded on my eyes!

IMPROMPTU,

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. ———, OF MONTREAL.

'Twas but for a moment—and yet in that time
She crowded th' impressions of many an hour
Her eye had a glow like the sun of her clime,
Which waked every feeling at once into flower!

Oh! could we have stolen but one rapturous day,
To renew such impressions again and again,
The things we should look, and imagine and say
Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then!

What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
We should find some more exquisite mode of revealing,
And, between us, should feel just as much in a week,
As others would take a millennium in feeling!

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEAD-MAN'S ISLAND,[1]

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE,

Late in the evening, September, 1804.

See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy Bark?
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Oh! what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails, with night-fog hung!

[1] This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I think, "the Flying Dutchman."

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by the very splendid hospitality with which my friends of the Phaeton and Boston had treated me, that I was but ill-prepared to encounter the miseries of a Canadian ship. The weather, however, was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost!

Yon shadowy Bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew,
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew!

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible Bark! ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

TO THE BOSTON FRIGATE,[1]

ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND,

October, 1804.

Νοστου προφασις γλυκερου.
Pindar. Pyth. 4.

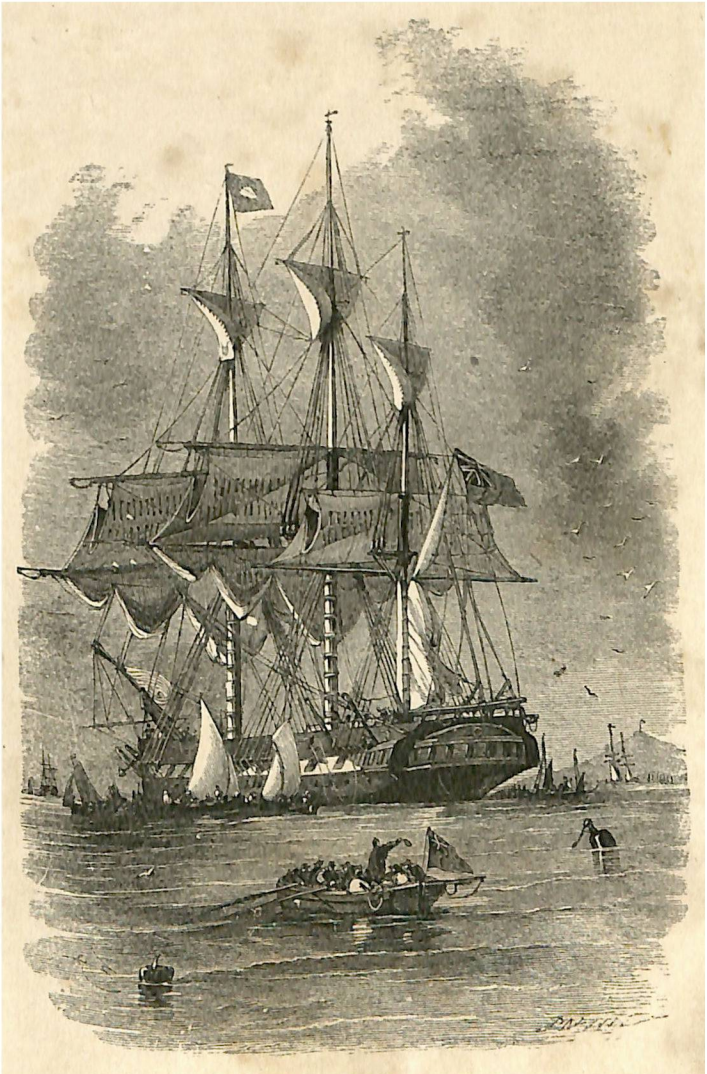
With triumph this morning, O Boston! I hail
The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,
For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee,
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
And that chill Nova-Scotia's unpromising strand
Is the last I shall tread of American land.
Well—peace to the land! may the people, at length,
Know that freedom is bliss, but that honour is strength;
That though man have the wings of the fetterless wind,
Of the wantonest air that the north can unbind,
Yet if health do not sweeten the blast with her bloom,
Nor virtue's aroma its pathway perfume,
Unblest is the freedom and dreary the flight,
That but wanders to ruin and wantons to blight!

[1] Commanded by Captain J. E. Douglas, with whom I returned to England, and to whom I am indebted for many, many kindnesses. In truth, I should but offend the delicacy of my friend Douglas, and, at the same time, do injustice to my own feelings of gratitude, did I attempt to say how much I owe to him.

Farewell to the few I have left with regret.
May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,
That communion of heart and that parley of soul,
Which has lengthen'd our nights and illumined our bowl,
When they've ask'd me the manners, the mind, or the mien
Of some bard I had known or some chief I had seen,
Whose glory, though distant, they long had adored,
Whose name often hallow'd the juice of their board!
And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
I told them each luminous trait that I knew,
They have listen'd and sigh'd that the powerful stream
Of America's empire should pass like a dream,
Without leaving one fragment of genius, to say
How sublime was the tide which had vanish'd away!
Farewell to the few—though we never may meet
On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet
To think that, whenever my song or my name
Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me the same
I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful and blest,
Ere hope had deceived me or sorrow depress'd!

But, Douglas! while thus I endear to my mind
The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,
I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,
As it follows the rack flitting over the sky,
That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our flight,
And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night.
Dear Douglas! thou knowest, with thee by my side,
With thy friendship to soothe me, thy courage to guide,
There is not a bleak isle in those summerless seas,
Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but to freeze,
Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous shore,
That I could not with patience, with pleasure explore!
Oh! think then how happy I follow thee now,
When hope smooths the billowy path of our prow,
And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing wind
Takes me nearer the home where my heart is enshrined;
Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain!
Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my heart,
And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part!—

But see!—the bent topsails are ready to swell—
To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia, farewell!



ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND.

"But see! the bent topsails are ready to swell,—
To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia, farewell!"—P. 198

TO LADY H——,

ON AN OLD RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

Tunbridge Wells, August, 1805.

WHEN Grammont graced these happy springs,
And Tunbridge saw, upon her Pantiles,
The merriest wight of all the kings
That ever ruled these gay gallant isles;

Like us, by day, they rode, they walk'd,
At eve they did as we may do,
And Grammont just like Spencer talk'd,
And lovely Stewart smiled like you!

The only different trait is this,
That woman then, if man beset her,
Was rather given to saying "yes,"
Because as yet she knew no better!

Each night they held a coterie,
Where every fear to slumber charm'd,
Lovers were all they ought to be,
And husbands not the least alarm'd!

They call'd up all their school-day pranks,
Nor thought it much their sense beneath,
To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,
And lords show'd wit, and ladies teeth.

As—"Why are husbands like the Mint?"
Because, forsooth, a husband's duty
Is just to set the name and print
That give a currency to beauty.

"Why is a garden's wilder'd maze
Like a young widow, fresh and fair?"
Because it wants some hand to raise
The weeds, which "have no business there!"

And thus they miss'd, and thus they hit,
And now they struck, and now they parried,
And some lay in of full-grown wit,
While others of a pun miscarried.

'Twas one of those facetious nights
That Grammont gave this forfeit ring
For breaking grave conundrum rites,
Or punning ill, or—some such thing;

From whence it can be fairly traced
Through many a branch and many a bough,
From twig to twig, until it graced
The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I'll prove, and then—to you,
O Tunbridge! and your springs ironical,
I swear by H—the—te's eye of blue,
To dedicate th' important chronicle.

Long may your ancient inmates give
Their mantles to your modern lodgers,
And Charles's love in H—the—te live,
And Charles's bards revive in Rogers!

Let no pedantic fools be there,
For ever be those fops abolish'd,
With heads as wooden as thy ware,
And, Heaven knows! not half so polish'd.

But still receive the mild, the gay,
The few who know the rare delight
Of reading Grammont every day,
And acting Grammont every night!

TO ——— ———.

Never mind how the pedagogue proses,
You want not antiquity's stamp,
The lip, that 's so scented by roses,
Oh! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Chloe, whose withering kisses
Have long set the loves at defiance,
Now, done with the science of blisses,
May fly to the blisses of science!

Young Sappho, for want of employments,
Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
Condemn'd but to read of enjoyments
Which wiser Corinna had felt.

But for *you* to be buried in books—
O Fanny! they're pitiful sages,
Who could not in *one* of your looks
Read more than in millions of pages!

Astronomy finds in your eye
  Better light than she studies above,
And Music must borrow your sigh
  As the melody dearest to love.

In Ethics—'tis you that can check,
  In a minute, their doubts and their quarrels;
Oh! show but that mole on your neck,
  And 'twill soon put an end to their morals.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
  When to kiss and to count you endeavour;
But Eloquence glows on your lip
  When you swear that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see what a brilliant alliance
  Of arts is assembled in you—
A course of more exquisite science
  Man never need wish to go through!

And, oh! if a fellow like me
  May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree,
  My divine little Mistress of Arts!

IRISH MELODIES.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning.
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.

Then, should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.[1]

Remember the glories of Brien the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia,[2] and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora[3] no more.
That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood[4]
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.

[1] Brien Borohme, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

[2] Munster.

[3] The palace of Brien.

[4] This alludes to an interesting circumstance relating to the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran), pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops; never was such another sight exhibited."—History of Ireland, book 12, chap. i.

That sun which now blesses our arms with his light
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain.

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam
Weep while they rise.

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

FLY NOT YET.

Fly not yet; 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,[1]
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near,
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here?

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now:
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No;—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile:—
May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.
But they who have lovèd the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

[1] Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.[1]

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.[2]

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

[1] "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song, the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards, page 134. Mr. Walker informs us also that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish minstrels.

[2] This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—Warner's History of Ireland, vol. i. book 10.

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm:
For, though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATER MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting:

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray,
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.[1]

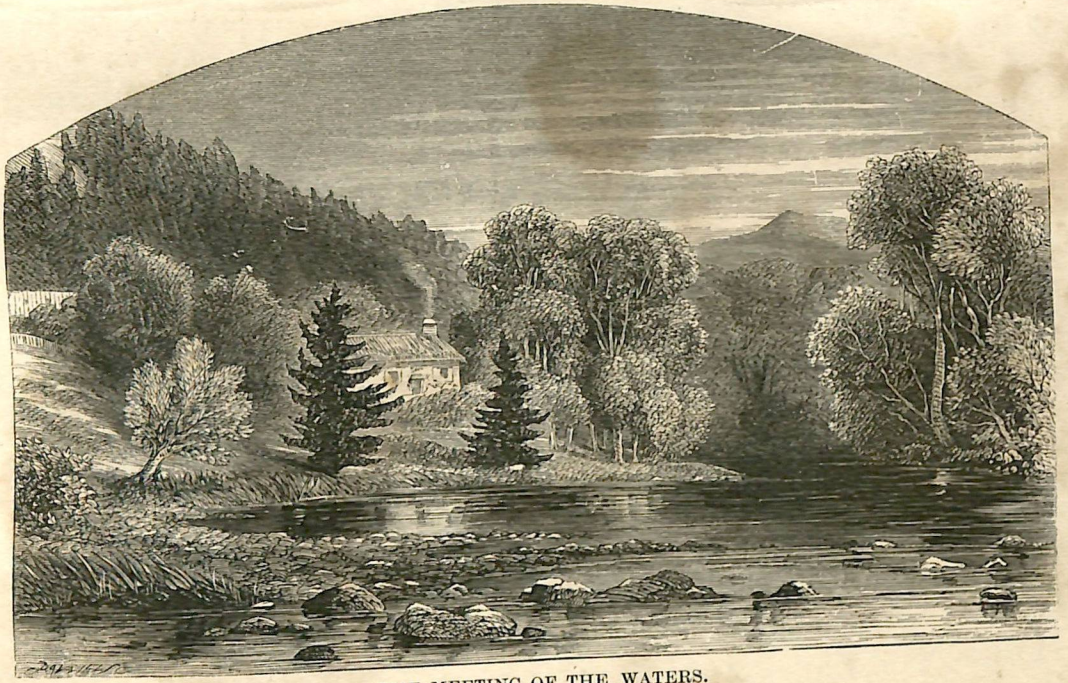
THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;[2]
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

[1] "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.

[2] The rivers Avon and Avoca.



THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."—P. 208.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

ST. SENANUS.[1]

"Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle,
Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
For on thy deck, though dark it be,
A female form I see;
And I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

THE LADY.

"O Father! send not hence my bark,
Through wintry winds and billows dark;
I come with humble heart to share
Thy morn and evening prayer:
Nor mine the feet, O holy Saint!
The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd;
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

[1] In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:—

Cui præsul, quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis?
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in insulam.

See the *Acta Sanct. Hib.* p. 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon; but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny this metamorphose indignantly.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave t'ward the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

Take back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require;
But oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Towards you and home;
Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep;

So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray—
You still the unseen light
Guiding my way.

THE LEGACY.

When in death I shall calm recline,
Oh, bear my heart to my mistress dear!
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.[1]
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom bless'd.
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Benshee cried!
How oft has death united
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwined by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth;
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth;
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave!

[1] "In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music."—O'Halloran.

We're fallen upon gloomy days![1]
Star after star decays,
Every bright name that shed
Light o'er the land is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth:
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quench'd are our beacon lights—
Thou, of the Hundred Fights![2]
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung![3]
Both mute,—but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

We may roam through this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, placed within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden 's but carelessly watch'd after all.

[1] I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

[2] This designation, which has been applied to Lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero in a poem by O'Gnive, the bard of O'Neill, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," page 433:—"Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

[3] Fox, "ultimus Romanorum."

Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells;
Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then, remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Oh! weep for the hour
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left on Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway
When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there 's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,[1]
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;[2]
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve 's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.[3]

1 "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—Warner's History of Ireland, vol. i. book 9.

2 "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of Christ, we find an hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."—O'Halloran's Introduction, &c., part i. chap. 5.

3 It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. "Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus frequenter ostendunt."—Topogr. Hib., dist. ii. c. 9.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.[1]

Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief,
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
This moment 's a flower too fair and brief,
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool, that would quarrel for difference of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

[1] To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning that Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
O Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west;
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeathed with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same.
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose, which at home they had sigh'd for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame which you light
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright,
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain.
Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

ERIN, O ERIN!

LIKE the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,[1]
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, O Erin! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set:
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, O Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.[2]
Thus Erin, O Erin! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.

DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;

[1] The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions:—"Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit sed quod tam solicite moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—Girald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern. dist. ii. c. 34.

[2] Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the *lily*, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here 's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, "which might pass?"
She answer'd, "he who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here 's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth and grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home 's above,
Though woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.[1]

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame,
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame;

[1] We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Spencer so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his State of Ireland, and whose poems, he tells us, "Were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;[1]
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But, alas for his country!—her pride has gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream
He should try to forget what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down;
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.[2]

But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

While gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.

[1] It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Ir*, the Runic for a bow, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following:—"So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of concord."—Lloyd's State Worthies, art. the Lord Grandison.

[2] See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, Εν μυρτοι κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

But, *too* far
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame;
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came;[1]
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own;
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meet,
Illumed all the pale flowers,
Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
I said (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),
"The moon looks
On many brooks,
The brook can see no moon but this;"[2]
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks to thee,
While oh! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.

ILL OMENS.

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in,
Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

[1] "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."—Whiston's Theory, &c.
In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words, "Non mille quod absens."

[2] This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works:—"The moon looks upon many night flowers, the night flowers see but one moon."

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

"O'er his watch-fire's fading embers,
Now the foeman's cheek turns white."—P. 221.

As she look'd in the glass which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night flower's kisses,[1]
Flew over the mirror and shaded her view.
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to rise—
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
"For which the soul's innocence too often dies."

While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose further on look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too;
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning
Her zone flew in two and the heart's-ease was lost:
"Ah! this means," said the girl (and she sigh'd at its meaning),
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh! remember life can be
No charm for him who lives not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years—
But oh! how bless'd they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we tamed his tyrant might!

[1] An emblem of the soul.

Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from then.
Hark! the horn of combat calls—
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round![1]

Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound—
But oh! how bless'd that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There 's yet a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'TIS sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near![2]

[1] "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."—Walker.

[2] I believe it is Marmontel who says, "Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a." There are so many matter-of-fact people who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter of fact as themselves, and to remind them that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine in itself, and make closely its own.
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something still that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there;
And the world 's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,
And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue!
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something still that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.[1]

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd;
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, whilst thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale,

[1] Meaning allegorically the ancient church of Ireland.

They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains;
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
Oh! foul is the slander—no chain could that soul subdue—
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too![1]

ON MUSIC.

When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept!
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music! oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are even more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.[2]

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend that 's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.

[1] "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—St. Paul, 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.

[2] These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

'Tis the tear, through many a long day wept,
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded;
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them.
And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, through the bright waters roved,
To meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep,
Till Heaven look'd with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smiled the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame;
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords, uttering melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay,
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life from morn till night
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name.

No—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's wingèd dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.[1]

Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers:
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours.
But just when the chain
Has ceasèd to pain,
And hope has enwreathed it round with flowers,
There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink—
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!
Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.

[1] This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, given by my friend Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
The standard of Green
In front would be seen—
Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When roused by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget:
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray,
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last,—
And thus Erin, my country, though broken thou art,
There 's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay;
A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;—
O Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!

Weep on—perhaps in after days,
They'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed may wake in praise
That long hath slept in blame.
And when they tread the ruin'd aisle
Where rest at length the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate,
Your web of discord wove;
And, while your tyrants join'd in hate,
You never join'd in love.

But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
And man profaned what God had given,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
Where others knelt to Heaven."

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises.
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.
Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart
In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina,
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charm'd all other eyes
Seem'd worthless in thine own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary![1]

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.[2]

By that Lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,[3]
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

[1] I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

[2] This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

[3] There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And, when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The spell of those eyes,
The balm of thy sighs,
Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl.
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love, in his fairy bower,
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bathed the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds
That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow decline and fade;
While those which the tide
Of ruby had dyed
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of Erin[1]
On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd—
For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,[2]
When Ulad's[3] three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

He.—WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you.

[1] The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri; or, the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic by Mr. O'Flanagan (see vol. i. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, king of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story," says Mr. O'Flanagan, "has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The Death of the Children of Touran,' 'The Death of the Children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha de Denans), and this 'the Death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story. At the commencement of these Melodies will also be found a ballad upon the story of the Children of Lear, or Lir; "Silent, O Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

[2] "O Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."—Deirdri's Song.

[3] Ulster.

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear.

She.—But, they say, the bee's a rover,
Who will fly when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

"HERE we dwell in holiest bowers,
Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;
Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
To heaven in mingled odour ascend.
Do not disturb our calm, O Love!
So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd;
His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
"Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
"That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
His wandering wings and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise.
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them clothed in Piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep—
Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.

So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awaked ere the tear can be dried;
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
And the light brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Through fields full of light, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.[1]
Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted
And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
These flowerets together, should Wisdom but see
One bright drop or two that has fallen on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

O THE SHAMROCK!

Through Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass[2]
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emerald seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

1 Proposito florem prætulit officio.—Propert. lib. i. eleg. 20.

2 Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of trefoil to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass, in her hand."

Says Valour, "See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!"—
Says Love, "No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
A type that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather!
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear,
When our voices, commingling, breathed, like one, on the ear;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice, from the Kingdom of Souls,[1]
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

One bumper at parting!—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
Ah, never doth time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright,
And now let our farewell of drinking
Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full, liquid glory, like him.

[1] "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,[1]
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!

[1] "Steals silently to Morna's Grove."
See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

The Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

THE SONG OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI.[1]

The valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.

[1] These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland, if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran:—"The king of Leinster had long

I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine when her pilgrim return'd;
But, though darkness began to enfold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead;—
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee *in thought!*
While now—O degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
On *their's* is the Saxon and Guilt.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;

conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of women, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with hope, like the Bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

Oh! doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.
Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.

And though my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.[1]

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till William at length in sadness said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"—
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at the close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.

[1] This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain noble family in England.

"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
The wind blows cold, and the hour is late:"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, lady," exclaim'd the youth,
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
She believed him crazed, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee,
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.

But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks, no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not.
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and liberty 's all our own.
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?

Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?—
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,[1]
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine?
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,[2]
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fleeted,
When sorrow itself look'd bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear:—
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full quire of heaven is near—
Then came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

[1] Our Wicklow gold-mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

[2] "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—Arabian Nights, Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell—
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!—
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken'—
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver! go,—
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,
I fled the unwelcome story;
Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go.—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee:
The few, who loved thee once have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreathe it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.

Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou 'st lost for ever;
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illumined the whole volume, her Wellington's name!

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams such as break from her own dewy skies—
"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
For though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;—
But oh! there is not
One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name!

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, even *thou* hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
And, bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,
Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite[1]
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No—vain, alas! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

OH, WHERE 'S THE SLAVE.

Oh, where 's the slave so lowly
Condemned to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?

[1] This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement), he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun, but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, "O'Donnell"), has given a very different account of that goblin.

What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall.

Less dear the laurel growing
Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing.
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here:
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled.

'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee through all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once like a Sun-burst[1] her banner unfurl'd.
Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid—
Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

But shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood!
Then vanish'd for ever, that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night:—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

[1] "The Sun-Burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the royal banner.

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions:—
So we, Sages, sit
And 'mid bumpers brightening,
From the heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us,

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in.—
But oh, his joy! when, round
The halls of heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.

Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,[1]
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine:
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

Joys that pass away like this,
Alas! are purchased dear,
If every beam of bliss
Is follow'd by a tear.

[1] In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of a "celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Aimhaim, where the attending bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks."—See also the Ode to Gaul, the son of Morni, in Miss Brooke's Reliques of Irish Poetry.

Fare thee well, oh, fare thee well!
Soon, too soon, thou hast broke the spell.
Oh! I ne'er can love again
The girl, whose faithless art,
Could break so dear a chain,
And with it break my heart.

Once, when truth was in those eyes,
How beautiful they shone,
But, now that lustre flies,
For truth, alas! is gone.
Fare thee well, oh, fare thee well!
How I've loved my hate shall tell.
Oh! how lorn, how lost would prove
Thy wretched victim's fate,
If, when deceived in love,
He could not fly to hate.

THE EAST INDIAN.

Come, May, with all thy flowers,
Thy sweetly-scented thorn,
Thy cooling evening showers,
Thy fragrant breath at morn.
When May-flies haunt the willow,
When May-buds tempt the bee,
Then, o'er the shining billow,
My love will come to me.

From Eastern isles, she wingeth
Through watery wiles her way,
And on her cheek she bringeth
The bright sun's orient ray!
Oh! come and court her hither,
Ye breezes mild and warm,
One winter's gale would wither
So soft, so pure a form.

The fields where she was straying
Are bless'd with endless light;
With zephyrs always playing
Through gardens always bright.
Then now, O May! be sweeter
Than e'er thou'st been before,
Let sighs from roses meet her,
When she comes near our shore.

A FINLAND LOVE SONG.

I saw the moon rise clear
O'er hills and dales of snow,
Nor told my fleet reindeer
The way I wish'd to go;
But, quick he bounded forth,
For well my reindeer knew,
I've but one path on earth,
That path which leads to you.

The gloom that winter cast,
How soon the heart forgets,
When summer brings at last
Her sun that never sets!
So dawn'd my love for you,
And chasing every pain,
Than summer sun more true,
'Twill never set again.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

From life without freedom, oh! who would not fly?
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?
Hark, hark! 'tis the trumpet, the call of the brave,
The death-song of tyrants, and dirge of the slave.
Our country lies bleeding, oh! fly to her aid,
One arm that defends, is worth hosts that invade.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains,
The dead fear no tyrants; the grave has no chains.
On, on to the combat! the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind, are heroes indeed!
And oh! even if Freedom from this world be driven,
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven!

OH, YES!—SO WELL, SO TENDERLY.

Oh, yes!—so well, so tenderly,
Thou'rt loved, adored by me;
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Are worthless without thee.
Though brimm'd with blisses pure and rare,
Life's cup before me lay,
Unless thy love were mingled there,
I'd spurn the draught away.

Without thy smile how joylessly,
All glory's meeds I see!
And even the wreath of victory,
Must owe its bloom to thee.
Those worlds for which the conqueror sighs,
For me have now no charms;
My only world those radiant eyes,
My throne those circling arms.

LOVE THEE, DEAREST, LOVE THEE!

Love thee, dearest, love thee!
Yes, by yonder star I swear,
Which, through tears, above
Shines so sadly fair,
Though too oft dim
With tears like him,
Like him my truth will shine;
And love thee, dearest, love thee!
Yes—till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest, leave thee!
No—that star is not more true;
When my vows deceive thee
He will wander too.
A cloud of night
May veil his light,
And death shall darken mine;
But leave thee, dearest, leave thee!
No—till death I'm thine.

OH, YES! WHEN THE BLOOM.

Oh, yes! when the bloom of love's boyhood is o'er,
He'll turn into friendship that feels no decay,
And though time may take from him the wings he once wore,
The charms that remain will be bright as before,
And he'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

Then let it console thee, if love should not stay,
That friendship our last happy moments shall crown,
Like the shadows of morning, love lessens away,
While friendship, like those at the closing of day,
Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

OH! REMEMBER THE TIME.

Oh! remember the time in La Mancha's shades,
When our moments so blissfully flew;
When you call'd me the flower of Castilian maids,
And I blush'd to be call'd so by you.
When I taught you to warble the gay Seguadille,
And to dance to the light Castanet:
Oh! never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me you lovers from Erin's green isle,
Every hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But, they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war,
That is fondest and truest in love.

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

Light sounds the Harp when the combat is over,
When heroes are resting, and Joy is in bloom;
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.
But when the foe returns,
Again the hero burns.
High flames the sword in his hand once more;
The clang of mingling arms,
Is then the sound that charms,
And brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung,
Oh! then comes the Harp, when the combat is over,
When heroes are resting, and Joy is in bloom;
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

Light went the Harp, when the War-God reclining
Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to rest;
When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their rest.
But when the battle came,
The hero's eye breathed flame;
Soon from his neck the white arm was flung;
While to his wakening ear,
No other sounds were dear,
But the brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.

But then came the light Harp, when danger was ended,
And Beauty once more lull'd the War-God to rest;
When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their res'

COULDST THOU LOOK AS DEAR.

Couldst thou look as dear, as when
First I sigh'd for thee,
Couldst thou make me feel again
Every wish I breathed thee then,
Oh, how blissful life would be!
Hopes that now beguiling leave me,
Joys that lie in slumber cold,
All would wake, couldst thou but give me
One dear smile like those of old.

Oh! there 's nothing left us now,
But to mourn the past:—
Vain was every ardent vow,
Never yet did Heaven allow
Love so warm, so wild, to last.
Not even Hope could now deceive me,
Life itself looks dark and cold;
Oh! thou never more canst give me,
One dear smile like those of old.

OH! SOON RETURN!

Our white sail caught the evening ray,
The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
When all my weeping love could say,
Was—"Oh! soon return!"
Through many a clime our ship was driven,
O'er many a billow rudely thrown;
Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
Now sunn'd by summer's zone.
Yet still, where'er our course we lay,
When evening bid the west wave burn,
I thought I heard her faintly say—
"Oh! soon return!"

If ever yet my bosom found
Its thoughts a moment turn'd from thee,
'Twas when the combat raged around,
And brave men look'd to me.

But, though 'mid battle's wild alarm
Love's gentle power might not appear,
He gave to Glory's brow the charm
That made e'en danger dear.
And when the Victory's calm came o'er
The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,
I heard that farewell voice once more—
"Oh! soon return!"

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

Pain and sorrow shall vanish before us,
Youth may wither, but feeling will last:
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.
Oh! if to love thee more
Each hour I number o'er;
If this a passion be
Worthy of thee,
Then, be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling will last;
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom! no sorrow shall pain thee,
Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;
Beam, bright eyelid! no weeping shall stain thee,
Tears of rapture alone thou shalt feel.
Oh! if there be a charm
In love to banish harm;
If pleasure's truest spell
Be to love well,
Then, be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling will last;
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

WHEN 'MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

When 'midst the gay I meet
That gentle smile of thine,
Though still on me it turn'd most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine.
But, when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh, then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them while they flow.

Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem;
But when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh, then the smile is warm'd away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free,
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

When twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.
And, thou too on that orb so dear,
Ah, dost thou gaze at even;
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven?
There's not a garden-walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see, love,
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy I've lost with thee, love.
And still I wish that hour was near,
When friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here
May turn to smiles in heaven.

THE YOUNG ROSE.

The young rose which I gave thee, so dewy and bright,
Was the floweret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
Who oft by the moonlight o'er her blushes hath hung,
And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

Oh, take thou this young rose, and let her life be
Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee;
For while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

DUET.

LOVE, MY MARY, DWELLS WITH THEE.

He.—Love, my Mary, dwells with thee,
On thy cheek his bed I see.
She.—No, that cheek is pale with care—
Love can find no roses there.
Both.—'Tis not on the bed of rose,
Love can find the best repose;
In my heart his home thou'lt see,
There he lives. and lives for thee.

He.—Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
While he makes that eye his home.
She.—No, the eye with sorrow dim,
Ne'er can be a home for him.
Both.—Yet 'tis not in beaming eyes,
Love for ever warmest lies;
In my heart his home thou'lt see,
There he lives, and lives for thee.

THE SONG OF WAR.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till not one hateful link remains
Of slavery's lingering chains,
Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
Nor traitor-lip pollute our fountains,
No, never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, O Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till Victory's self shall smiling say
"Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
And freedom comes with new-born ray,
To gild your vines and light your fountains!"

Oh! never till that glorious day,
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, O Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

HERE 'S THE BOWER.

HERE 's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here 's the harp she used to touch,—
Oh! how that touch enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh,
Where 's the hand to wreathe them?
Songs around neglected lie,
Where 's the lip to breathe them?
Here 's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here 's the harp she used to touch,
Oh! how that touch enchanted!

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness,
Time that once so fleetly moved,
Now hath lost its fleetness.
Years were days, when here she stray'd,
Days were moments near her,
Heaven ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
Nor pity wept a dearer!
Here 's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here 's the harp she used to touch,
Oh! how that touch enchanted!

A MELOLOGUE

UPON

NATIONAL MUSIC.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success, which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them in haste, and it very rarely happens that poetry, which has cost but little labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I should not have published them, if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock, that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

With respect to the title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman Senate for using "the outlandish term Monopoly." But the truth is, having written the Poem with the sole view of serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude; with whom, "If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek." To some of my readers, however, it may not be superfluous to say, that by "Melologue" I mean that mixture of recitation and music, which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins's Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember, is the prophetic speech of Joad, in the Athalie of Racine.

T. M.

MELOLOGUE UPON NATIONAL MUSIC.

INTRODUCTORY MUSIC—*Haydn.*

There breathes the language, known and felt
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone,
Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt
That language of the soul is felt and known.
From those meridian plains,
(Where oft, of old, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
And call'd his distant love with such sweet power
That when she heard the lonely lay,
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away [1])
To the bleak climes of polar night,
Where, beneath a sunless sky,
The Lapland lover bids his reindeer fly,
And sings along the lengthening waste of snow,
As blithe as if the blessed light
Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow.
O Music! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same!
And faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!

GREEK AIR.

List! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While from Ilissus' silvery springs
She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn;

[1] A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried "For God's sake, sir, let me go; for that pipe which you hear in yonder tower calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife and he my husband."—Garcilasso de la Vega, in Sir Paul Rycaut's translation.

And by her side, in music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return;
When Athens nursed her olive bough
With hands, by tyrant power unchain'd,
And braided for the Muse's brow
A wreath, by tyrant touch unstain'd.
When heroes trod each classic field,
Where coward feet now faintly falter;
When every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar.

FLOURISH OF TRUMPET.

HARK! 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wakening ears!—
Oh! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier, when that call she hears,
And though her fond heart sink with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fervour at the sound!
See! from his native hills afar,
The rude Helvetian flies to war,
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights;
A conqueror oft—a hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gush'd for ever!
O Music! here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless wild career,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power.
There is an air, which oft among the rocks
Of his own loved land, at evening hour,
Is heard when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks:
Oh! every note of it would thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts—would bring around his knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these?
Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar,
Sweet notes of home—of love—are all he hears,
And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,
Now melting mournful lose themselves in tears!

SWISS AIR.

But wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior men!
O War! when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
And like heaven's lightning sacredly destroys!
Nor, Music! through thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of him who made all harmony,
Than the blest sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty!

SPANISH AIR.

Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air,
And seems in every note to swear,
By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the Conqueror's glory!
But ah! if vain the patriot's zeal,
If neither valour's force nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal,
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right—
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded;
Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
Of ardour quench'd and honour faded?
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at memory's shrine?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
O Erin! thine!

IRISH AIR—*Gramachree.*

SACRED SONGS.

THOU ART, O GOD!

AIR—*Unknown.*[1]

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.

I.

THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

II.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

III.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes;—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

[1] I have heard that this air is by the late Mrs. Sheridan. It is sung to the beautiful old words, "I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair."

IV.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

AIR—*Stevenson.*

I.

THIS world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There 's nothing true but Heaven!

II.

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,—
There 's nothing bright but Heaven!

III.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way,—
There 's nothing calm but Heaven!

FALL'N IS THY THRONE.

AIR—*Martini.*

I.

FALL'N is thy throne, O Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.

Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

II.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem;—
Once, she was all thy own;
Her love thy fairest heritage,[1]
Her power thy glory's throne,[2]
Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree;[3]—
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee!

III.

Then sunk the star of Solyma;—
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness[4]
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
Where Baal reign'd as God!

IV.

"Go,"—said the Lord—"ye conquerors!
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements,[5]
For they are not the Lord's!
Till Zion's mournful daughter
O'er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter[6]
Shall hide but half her dead!"

[1] "I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies."—Jer. xii. 7.

[2] "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory."—Jer. xiv. 21.

[3] "The Lord called thy name, A green olive-tree, fair, and of goodly fruit," &c.—Jer. xi. 16.

[4] "For he shall be like the heath in the desert."—Jer. xvii. 6.

[5] "Take away her battlements; for they are not the Lord's."—Jer. v. 10.

[6] "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the valley of the son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet, till there be no place."—Jer. vii. 32.

WHO IS THE MAID?[1]

AIR—*Beethoven.*

I.

WHO is the maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight,
Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is *hers* an eye of this world's light?
No, wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love;
Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

II.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine!
No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast,
That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
And she, who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.[2]

III.

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace *her* brow puts on.
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away!

[1] These lines were suggested by a passage in St. Jerome's reply to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated upon his intimacy with the Matron Paula:—"Numquid me vestes sericæ, nitentes gemmæ, picta facies, aut auri rapuit ambitio? Nulla fuit alia Romæ matronarum, quæ meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jejunans, fletu pene cæcata."—Epist. "Si tibi putem."

[2] Ου γαρ χρυσοφορειν την δακρυουσαν δει.—Chrysost. Homil. 8, in Epist. ad Tim.

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

AIR—*Beethoven.*

I.

THE bird, let loose in Eastern skies,[1]
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

II.

So grant me, God, from every care,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR!

AIR—*Haydn.*

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."
Psalm cxlvii. 3.

I.

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear!
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown:
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

[1] The carrier pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

II.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

AIR—*Avison.*

I.

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps, till the sunshine of heaven has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden, where first was its source!
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies,

II.

Mourn not for her, the young bride of the vale,[1]
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now;
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale
And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow;

[1] This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel Bainbrigge, who was married in Ashbourne Church, October 31, 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks after. The sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears, when we heard of her death. During her last delirium, she sang several hymns in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection (particularly "There's nothing bright but Heaven"), which this very interesting girl had often heard during the summer.

Oh! then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying.
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown;—
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
Were echo'd in heaven by lips like her own!
Weep not for her,—in her spring-time she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd,
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

AIR—*Stevenson.*

I.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.[1]

II.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
E'en more than music, breathes of Thee!

III.

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

IV.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

V.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through!

[1] Pii orant tacitè.

VI.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy deity!

VII.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

AIR—*Avison.*[1]

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—Exod. xv. 20.

I.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting!—the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

II.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,[2]
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.

[1] I have so altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning of one of Avison's old-fashioned concertos, that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly, I think, be recognised.

[2] "And it came to pass, that in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians."—Exod. xiv. 24.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

"How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave."—P. 272.

GO, LET ME WEEP.

AIR—*Stevenson.*

I.

Go, let me weep! there 's bliss in tears,
When he, who sheds them, inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals.
The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth, and never rise;
While tears, that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalement reach the skies.
Go, let me weep! there 's bliss in tears,
When he, who sheds them, inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals.

II.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.—
The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
Is cold, is faint, to those that swell
The heart, where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well!
Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.

COME NOT, O LORD!

AIR—*Haydn.*

I.

COME not, O Lord! in the dread robe of splendour,
Thou wor'st on the Mount, in the day of thine ire;
Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire!

II.

Lord! Thou rememberest the night, when thy nation[1]
Stood fronting her foe by the red-rolling stream;
On Egypt[2] thy pillar frown'd dark desolation,
While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

III.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,
From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove;
While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee,
Oh! turn upon us the mild light of thy love!

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

AIR—*Stevenson.*

I.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept—and was forgiven?

II.

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
The precious perfume pour'd;—

III.

And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone,
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone!

IV.

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed,—
That hair,—those weeping eyes,—
And the sunk heart, that inly bled,—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

[1] "And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these."—Exod. xiv. 20. My application of this passage is borrowed from some late prose writer, whose name I am ungrateful enough to forget.

[2] Instead of "On Egypt" here, it will suit the music better to sing "On these;" and in the third line of the next verse, "While shrouded" may, with the same view, be altered to "While wrapped."

V.

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh! wouldst thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much,"[1]—and be forgiven!

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

AIR—*Haydn.*

I.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee;
My God! silent to Thee;
Pure, warm, silent to Thee.—
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee!

II.

As still, to the Star of its Worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee;
My God! trembling to Thee;
True, fond, trembling to Thee!—
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee!

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

AIR—*Stevenson.*

I.

But who shall see the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away,
Which hides the nations now?[2]

[1] "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."—St. Luke vii. 47.

[2] "And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations."—Isaiah xxv. 7.

When earth no more beneath the fear
Of His rebuke shall lie;[1]
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye![2]

II.

Then, Judah! thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.[3]—
The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd,
In peace, by all who come,[4]
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home!

ALMIGHTY GOD.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

AIR—*Mozart.*

I.

ALMIGHTY God! when round thy shrine
The palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,[5]
(Emblem of life's eternal ray,
And love that "fadeth not away"):—
We bless the flowers, expanded all,[6]
We bless the leaves that never fall,
And trembling say,—"In Eden thus
The Tree of Life may flower for us!"

1 "The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth."—Isaiah xxv. 8.

2 "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. xxi. 4.

3 "And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."—Rev. xxi. 5.

4 "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. xxii. 17.

5 "The Scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *Palms*, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life* and *Immortality* which were brought to light by the gospel."—Observations on the Palm as a Sacred Emblem, by W. Tighe.

6 "And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubims and palm-trees and open flowers."—1 Kings vi. 29.

II.

When round thy cherubs, smiling calm
Without their flames,[1] we wreathe the palm,
O God! we feel the emblem true,—
Thy mercy is eternal too!
Those cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
That crown of palm which never dies,
Are but the types of Thee, above,—
Eternal Life and Peace and Love!

O FAIR!—O PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.[2]

AIR—*Moore.*

I.

O FAIR! O purest! be thou the dove,
That flies alone to some sunny grove;
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
There, if the hovering hawk be near,
That limpid spring in its mirror clear
Reflects him, ere he can reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.
Oh! be like this dove;
O fair! O purest! be like this dove.

II.

The sacred pages of God's own Book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou wilt study heaven's reflected ray:—
And should the foes of virtue dare,
With gloomy wing to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between heaven and thee, and trembling fly!
Oh! be like the dove;
O fair! O purest! be like the dove.

[1] "When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great lawgiver in the Mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames; for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy by which Jehovah confirmed his gracious covenant to redeem mankind."—Observations on the Palm.

[2] In St. Augustine's treatise upon the advantages of a solitary life, addressed to his sister, there is the following fanciful passage, from which the reader will perceive the thought of this song was taken:—"Te, soror, nunquam volo esse securam, sed timere semperque tuam fragilitatem habere suspectam, ad instar pavidæ columbæ frequentare vivos aquarum et quasi in speculo accipitris cernere supervolantis effigiem et cavere. Rivi aquarum sententiæ sunt scripturarum, quæ de limpidissimo sapientiæ fonte profluentes," &c., &c.—De Vit. Eremit. ad Sororem.

LALLA ROOKH.

In the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, Lalla Rookh;[1]—a princess described by the poets of her time, as more beautiful than Leila, Shirine, Dewildé, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharia.

The day of Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses;[2] till every part of the city

[1] Tulip-cheek. [2] Gul Reazee.

was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran,—and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajas and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles;—the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan, in the brightness of their silver battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine-apples on the tops of the palankeens;—the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the ladies of Lalla Rookh lay, as it were, enshrined;—the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing; and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious Fadladeen, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen, immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

Fadladeen was a judge of everything,—from the pencilling of a Circassian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi,—"Should the Prince at noon-day say, 'It is night,' declare that you behold the moon and stars." And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe

was a munificent protector, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.

During the first days of their journey, Lalla Rookh, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind and delight her imagination; and when, at evening or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments,—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl; sometimes under the sacred shade of a banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West, as "places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;"—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But Lalla Rookh was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, Fadladeen (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion), sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra, the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver; not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon. At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Brahmins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman Fadladeen, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when, at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the valley for his manner of reciting the stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of

a poet Fadladeen elevated his critical eyebrows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her Father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Cast, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of Feramorz. He was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna,[1]—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness, and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to Fadladeen upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in everything relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar;—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra—and, having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began:—

[1] The Indian Apollo.

THE

VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.[1]

In that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where, all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flowerets and fruits blush over every stream,
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves
Among Merou's [2] bright palaces and groves;—
There, on that throne to which the blind belief
Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet-Chief,
The Great Mokanna. O'er his features hung
The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.
For far less luminous, his votaries said,
Were e'en the gleams, miraculously shed
O'er Moussa's [3] cheek, when down the Mount he trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God!

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,
His chosen guard of bold believers stands;
Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their swords,
On points of faith, more eloquent than words;
And such their zeal, there 's not a youth with brand
Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,
Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,
And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death!
In hatred to the caliph's hue of night,[4]
Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white;

[1] Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province, or region of the sun.—Sir W. Jones.
[2] One of the royal cities of Khorassan.
[3] Moses.
[4] Black was the colour adopted by the caliphs of the House of Abbas in their garments, turbans, and standards.

Their weapons various—some, equipp'd for speed,
With javelins of the light Kathaian reed;
Or bows of buffalo horn, and shining quivers
Fill'd with the stems [1] that bloom on Iran's rivers;
While some, for war's more terrible attacks,
Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-axe;
And, as they wave aloft in morning's beam
The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem
Like a chenar-tree grove, when winter throws
O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold
The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,
Aloft the haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
Where, through the silken network, glancing eyes,
From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.—
What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare
To hint that aught but Heaven hath placed you there?
Or that the loves of this light world could bind,
In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind?
No—wrongful thought!—commission'd from above
To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love
(Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise),
There to recline among heaven's native maids,
And crown th' elect with bliss that never fades—
Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done;
And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
From those who kneel at Brahma's burning founts,[2]
To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er Yemen's mounts;
From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
To the small, half-shut glances of Kathay;[3]
And Georgia's bloom, and Azab's darker smiles,
And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles;
All, all are there;—each land its flower hath given,
To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven!

But why this pageant now? this arm'd array?
What triumph crowds the rich divan to-day
With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
Like tulip-beds, of different shape and dyes,
Bending beneath th' invisible west-wind's sighs!

[1] Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.
[2] The burning fountains of Brahma near Chittogong, esteemed as holy.—Turner.
[3] China.

What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,
And blood to seal, as genuine and divine?—
What dazzling mimicry of God's own power
Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour?
Not such the pageant now, though not less proud,—
Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,
With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,
And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,
So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
Like war's wild planet in a summer sky;—
That youth to-day,—a proselyte worth hordes
Of cooler spirits and less practised swords,—
Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
The creed and standard of the heaven-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the west already knows
Young Azim's fame;—beyond th' Olympian snows,
Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,
O'erwhelm'd in fight, and captive to the Greek,[1]
He linger'd there, till peace dissolved his chains;—
Oh! who could, e'en in bondage, tread the plains
Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise
Kindling within him? who, with heart and eyes,
Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see
The shining footprints of her Deity,
Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,
Which mutely told her spirit had been there?
Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well
For his soul's quiet work'd th' awakening spell!
And now, returning to his own dear land,
Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,
Haunt the young heart;—proud views of human-kind,
Of men to gods exalted and refined;—
False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
Where earth and heaven but *seem*, alas! to meet;—
Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was raised
To right the nations, and beheld, emblazed
On the white flag Mokanna's host unfurl'd,
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"
At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
Th' inspiring summons: every chosen blade,
That fought beneath that banner's sacred text,
Seem'd doubly edged, for this world and the next;
And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind
Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,

[1] In the war of the Caliph Mahadi against the Empress Irene, for an account of which *vide* Gibbon, vol. x.

In virtue's cause ;—never was soul inspired
With livelier trust in what it most desired,
Than his, th' enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale
With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,
Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young Azim knelt, that motley crowd
Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,
With shouts of "Alla!" echoing long and loud;
While high in air, above the Prophet's head,
Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,
Waved, like the wings of the white birds that fan
The flying throne of star-taught Soliman!
Then thus he spoke :—"Stranger, though new the frame
Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame
For many an age,[1] in every chance and change,
Of that existence, through whose varied range—
As through a torch-race, where, from hand to hand,
The flying youths transmit their shining brand—
From frame to frame th' unextinguish'd soul
Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal!

"Nor think 'tis only the gross spirits, warm'd
With duskier fire and for earth's medium form'd,
That run this course ;—beings, the most divine,
Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.
Such was the essence that in Adam dwelt,
To which all heaven, except the Proud One, knelt:[2]
Such the refined intelligence that glow'd
In Moussa's frame ;—and, thence descending, flow'd
Through many a Prophet's breast ;—in Issa[3] shone,
And in Mohammed burn'd; till, hastening on,
(As a bright river that, from fall to fall
In many a maze descending, bright through all,
Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,
In one full lake of light it rests at last!)
That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free
From lapse or shadow, centers all in me!"

Again, throughout th' assembly, at these words,
Thousands of voices rung; the warriors' swords

1 The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines.—D'Herbelot.
2 "And when we said unto the angels, Worship Adam, they all worshipped him except Eblis (Lucifer), who refused."—The Koran, chap. ii.
3 Jesus.

Were pointed up to heaven; a sudden wind
In th' open banners play'd, and from behind
Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen
The haram's loveliness, white hands were seen
Waving embroider'd scarves, whose motion gave
A perfume forth;—like those the Houris wave
When beckoning to their bowers th' Immortal Brave.

"But these," pursued the Chief, "are truths sublime,
That claim a holier mood and calmer time
Than earth allows us now;—this sword must first
The darkling prison-house of mankind burst,
Ere peace can visit them, or truth let in
Her wakening daylight on a world of sin!
But then, celestial warriors, then, when all
Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall;
When the glad slave shall at these feet lay down
His broken chain, the tyrant lord his crown,
The priest his book, the conqueror his wreath,
And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
That whole dark pile of human mockeries;—
Then shall the reign of Mind commence on earth,
And starting fresh, as from a second birth,
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!
Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow
Shall cast the Veil, that hides its splendours now,
And gladden'd earth shall, through her wide expanse,
Bask in the glories of this countenance!

"For thee, young warrior, welcome!—thou hast yet
Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,
Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave;—
But, once my own, mine all till in the grave!"

The pomp is at an end,—the crowds are gone—
Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone
Of that deep voice, which thrill'd like Alla's own!
The young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,
The glittering throne, and haram's half-caught glances;
The old deep pondering on the promised reign
Of peace and truth; and all the female train
Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze
A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze!

But there was one, among the chosen maids
Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades

One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
Has been like death;—you saw her pale dismay,
Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst
Of exclamation from her lips, when first
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah, Zelica! there *was* a time, when bliss
Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his;
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer!
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a flower
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour;
When thou didst study him, till every tone
And gesture and dear look became thy own,—
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
With twice th' aerial sweetness it had brought!
Yet now he comes—brighter than even he
E'er beam'd before,—but ah! not bright for thee;
No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
From th' other world, he comes as if to haunt
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
Long lost to all but memory's aching sight:—
Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our youth
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
And innocence once ours, and leads us back,
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
Of our young life, and points out every ray
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair!—in proud Bokhara's groves,
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?
Born by that ancient flood,[1] which from its spring
In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines
With relics from Bucharia's ruby mines,
And, lending to the Caspian half its strength,
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length;—
There, on the banks of that bright river born,
The flowers, that hung above its wave at morn,

[1] The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches, one of which falls into the Caspian Sea, and the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd by,
With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh
And virgin glance of first affection cast
Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd!
But war disturb'd this vision—far away
From her fond eyes, summon'd to join th' array
Of Persia's warriors on the hills of Thrace,
The youth exchanged his sylvan dwelling-place
For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash;
His Zelica's sweet glances for the flash
Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love's gentle chains
For bleeding bondage on Byzantium's plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul
Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
Their suns away—but, ah! how cold and dim
Even summer suns, when not beheld with him!
From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came,
(Like spirit tongues, muttering the sick man's name,
Just ere he dies),—at length, those sounds of dread
Fell withering on her soul, "Azim is dead!"
O grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it loved to live or fear'd to die;—
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
E'en reason sunk blighted beneath its touch;
And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose
Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate chain
Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray;—
A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone
All stars of heaven, except the guiding one!
Again she smiled, nay, much and brightly smiled,
But 'twas a lustre strange, unreal, wild;
And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,
The bulbul[1] utters, ere her soul depart,
When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart!

[1] The nightingale.

Such was the mood in which that mission found
Young Zelica,—that mission, which around
The eastern world, in every region blest
With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,
To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes.
Which the Veil'd Prophet destined for the skies!—
And such quick welcome as a spark receives
Dropp'd on a bed of autumn's wither'd leaves,
Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.
All fire at once the maddening zeal she caught;—
Elect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought;
Predestined bride, in heaven's eternal dome,
Of some brave youth—ha! durst they say "of *some?*"
No—of the one, one only object traced
In her heart's core too deep to be effaced;
The one whose memory, fresh as life, is twined
With every broken link of her lost mind;
Whose image lives, though reason's self be wreck'd,
Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect!

Alas, poor Zelica! it needed all
The fantasy, which held thy mind in thrall,
To see in that gay haram's glowing maids
A sainted colony for Eden's shades;
Or dream that he,—of whose unholy flame
Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining came
From Paradise, to people its pure sphere
With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd here!
No—had not reason's light totally set,
And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet
In the loved image, graven on thy heart,
Which would have saved thee from the tempter's art,
And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,
That purity, whose fading is love's death!—
But lost, inflamed,—a restless zeal took place
Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace;—
First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first
In zeal and charms,—too well th' impostor nursed
Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,
Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame,
He saw more potent sorceries to bind
To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twined.
No art was spared, no witchery;—all the skill
His demons taught him was employ'd to fill

Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns—
That gloom, through which frenzy but fiercer burns;
That ecstasy, which from the depth of sadness
Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness!

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the sound
Of poesy and music breathed around,
Together picturing to her mind and ear
The glories of that heaven, her destined sphere,
Where all was pure, where every stain that lay
Upon the spirit's light should pass away,
And, realizing more than youthful love
E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove
Through fields of fragrance by her Azim's side,
His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride!—
'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this,
He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
To the dim charnel-house;—through all its steams
Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
Which foul Corruption lights, as with design
To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine!—
And, passing on through upright ranks of dead,
Which to the maiden, doubly crazed by dread,
Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round them cast,
To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd—
There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd
And pledged in silence such a fearful draught,
Such—oh! the look and taste of that red bowl
Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul
By a dark oath, in hell's own language framed,
Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,
While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,
Never, by that all-imprecating oath,
In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—
She swore, and the wide charnel echo'd, "never, never!"

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly given
To him and—she believed, lost maid!—to Heaven;
Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflamed,
How proud she stood, when in full haram named
The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash'd her eyes
With light, alas! that was not of the skies,
When round in trances only less than hers,
She saw the haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers!
Well might Mokanna think that form alone
Had spells enough to make the world his own:—

Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
When from its stem the small bird wings away!
Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smiled,
The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild
As are the momentary meteors sent
Across th' unealm but beauteous firmament.
And then her look!—oh! where 's the heart so wise,
Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes?
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
Like those of angels, just before their fall;
Now shadow'd with the shames of earth—now cross'd
By glimpses of the heaven her heart had lost;
In every glance there broke, without controul,
The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,
Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!

And such was now young Zelica—so changed
From her who, some years since, delighted ranged
The almond groves, that shade Bokhara's tide,
All life and bliss, with Azim by her side!
So alter'd was she now, this festal day,
When, 'mid the proud divan's dazzling array,
The vision of that youth, whom she had loved,
And wept as dead, before her breathed and moved;—
When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track
But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back
Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light—
Her beauteous Azim shone before her sight.

O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clew?
Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain
Thy intellectual daybeam bursts again?
And how, like forts, to which beleaguerers win
Unhoped-for entrance through some friend within,
One clear idea, waken'd in the breast
By memory's magic, lets in all the rest?
Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee!
But, though light came, it came but partially;
Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense
Wander'd about,—but not to guide it thence;
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
But not to point the harbour which might save.
Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind;

But oh! to think how deep her soul had gone
In shame and falsehood since those moments shone;
And, then, her oath—*there* madness lay again,
And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chain
Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee
From light, whose every glimpse was agony!
Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years
Brought, mingled with its pain,—tears, floods of tears,
Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills
Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost!

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame
Trembled with horror, when the summons came
(A summons proud and rare, which all but she,
And she, till now, had heard with ecstasy),
To meet Mokanna at his place of prayer,
A garden oratory, cool and fair,
By the stream's side, where still at close of day
The Prophet of the Veil retired to pray;
Sometimes alone—but oftener far with one,
One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight
As the young Priestess; and though, since that night
When the death-caverns echo'd every tone
Of the dire oath that made her all his own,
Th' impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,
Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's disguise,
And utter'd such unheavenly, monstrous things,
As e'en across the desperate wanderings
Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt;—
Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
The thought, still haunting her, of that bright brow
Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,
Would soon, proud triumph! be to her reveal'd,
To her alone;—and then the hope, most dear,
Most wild of all, that her transgression here
Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,
From which the spirit would at last aspire,
Even purer than before,—as perfumes rise
Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the skies—
And that when Azim's fond, divine embrace
Should circle her in heaven, no darkening trace
Would on that bosom he once loved remain,
But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again!—

These were the wildering dreams, whose curst deceit
Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,
And made her think even damning falsehood sweet.
But now that Shape, which had appall'd her view,
That Semblance—oh, how terrible, if true!—
Which came across her frenzy's full career
With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,
As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,
An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,
And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,
By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep;—
So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,
And waking up each long-lull'd image there,
But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair!

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,
She now went slowly to that small kiosk,
Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,
Mokanna waited her—too wrapt in dreams
Of the fair-ripening future's rich success,
To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,
That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,
Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now
From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light bound
Came like a spirit's o'er th' unechoing ground,—
From that wild Zelica, whose every glance
Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance!

Upon his couch the Veil'd Mokanna lay,
While lamps around—not such as lend their ray,
Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray
In holy Koom,[1] or Mecca's dim arcades,—
But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maids
Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow
Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering flow.
Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,
Which the world fondly thought he mused on there,
Stood vases, filled with Kishmee's[2] golden wine,
And the red weepings of the Shiraz vine;
Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught
Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,
Like Zemzem's Spring of Holiness,[3] had power
To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!

[1] The cities of Com (or Koom) and Cashan are full of mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali, the saints of Persia.—Chardin.
[2] An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.
[3] The miraculous well at Mecca; so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.

And still he drank and ponder'd—nor could see
Th' approaching maid, so deep his reverie;
At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke
From Eblis at the Fall of Man, he spoke:—
"Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,
Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with Heaven;
God's images, forsooth!—such gods as he
Whom India serves, the monkey deity;[1]—
Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,
To whom if Lucifer, as grandams say,
Refused, though at the forfeit of Heaven's light,
To bend in worship, Lucifer was right!—
Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck
Of your foul race, and without fear or check,
Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's name!—
Soon, at the head of myriads, blind and fierce
As hooded falcons, through the universe
I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,
Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey!

"Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on
By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
From dead men's marrow guides them best at night[2]—
Ye shall have honours—wealth,—yes, sages, yes—
I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness;
Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,
But a gilt stick, a bauble, blinds it here.
How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along,
In lying speech, and still more lying song,
By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the throng;
Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so small,
A sceptre's puny point can wield it all!

"Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it breeds;
Who, bolder even than Nemrod, think to rise,
By nonsense heap'd on nonsense to the skies;
Ye shall have miracles, aye, sound ones too,
Seen, heard, attested, everything—but true.
Your preaching zealots, too inspired to seek
One grace of meaning for the things they speak;

[1] The god Hannaman.
[2] A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the Hand of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than an eastern superstition.

Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood,
For truths too heavenly to be understood;
And your state priests, sole venders of the lore,
That works salvation;—as on Ava's shore,
Where none *but* priests are privileged to trade
In that best marble of which Gods are made;[1]—
They shall have mysteries—aye, precious stuff
For knaves to thrive by—mysteries enough;
Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,
Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
While craftier feign belief, till they believe.
A heaven too ye must have, ye lords of dust,—
A splendid Paradise,—pure souls, ye must:
That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,
Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of all;
Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.
Vain things!—as lust or vanity inspires,
The heaven of each is but what each desires,
And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,
Man would be man to all eternity!
So let him—Eblis! grant this crowning curse,
But keep him what he is, no hell were worse."—

"O my lost soul!" exclaim'd the shuddering maid,
Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said;—
Mokanna started—not abash'd, afraid,—
He knew no more of fear than one who dwells
Beneath the tropics knows of icicles!
But, in those dismal words that reach'd his ear,
"O my lost soul!" there was a sound so drear,
So like that voice, among the sinful dead,
In which the legend o'er hell's gate is read,
That, new as 'twas from her, whom nought could dim
Or sink till now, it startled even him.

"Ha, my fair Priestess!"—thus, with ready wile,
Th' impostor turn'd to greet her—"thou, whose smile
Hath inspiration in its rosy beam
Beyond th' enthusiast's hope or prophet's dream!
Light of the Faith! who twin'st religion's zeal
So close with love's, men know not which they feel,
Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of heart,
The heaven thou preachest or the heaven thou art!
What should I be without thee? without thee
How dull were power, how joyless victory!

[1] Symes's Ava, vol. ii. p. 376.

Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine
Bless'd not my banner, 'twere but half divine.
But—why so mournful, child? those eyes, that shone
All life last night—what!—is their glory gone?
Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath made them pale,
They want rekindling—suns themselves would fail,
Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,
From Light's own fount supplies of brilliancy!
Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is here,
But the pure waters of that upper sphere,
Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,
Catching the gem's bright colour, as they go.
Nightly my Genii come and fill these urns—
Nay, drink—in every drop life's essence burns;
'Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all light—
Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night:
There is a youth—why start?—thou saw'st him then;
Look'd he not nobly? such the god-like men
Thou'lt have to woo thee in the bowers above;—
Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,
Too ruled by that cold enemy of bliss
The world calls virtue—we must conquer this;—
Nay, shrink not, pretty sage; 'tis not for thee
To scan the maze of heaven's mystery.
The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield
Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.
This very night I mean to try the art
Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart.
All that my haram boasts of bloom and wit,
Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,
Shall tempt the boy; young Mirzala's blue eyes,
Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies;
Arouya's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,
And lips that, like the seal of Solomon,
Have magic in their pressure; Zeba's lute,
And Lilla's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot
Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep!—
All shall combine their witching powers to steep
My convert's spirit in that softening trance,
From which to heaven is but the next advance—
That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,
On which Religion stamps her image best.
But hear me, Priestess!—though each nymph of these
Hath some peculiar, practised power to please,
Some glance or step, which, at the mirror tried,
First charms herself, then all the world beside;

There still wants *one* to make the victory sure,
One who in every look joins every lure;
Through whom all beauty's beams concentred pass,
Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning-glass;
Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,
Whose words, even when unmeaning, are adored,
Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,
Which our faith takes for granted are divine!
Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,
To crown the rich temptations of to-night;
Such the refined enchantress that must be
This hero's vanquisher,—and thou art she!"

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and pale,
The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil,
From which these words, like south-winds through a fence
Of Kerzrah flowers, came fill'd with pestilence:[1]
So boldly utter'd too! as if all dread
Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,
And the wretch felt assured that, once plunged in,
Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin!

At first, though mute she listen'd, like a dream
Seem'd all he said; nor could her mind, whose beam
As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.
But when, at length, he utter'd "Thou art she!"
All flash'd at once, and, shrieking piteously,
"Oh, not for worlds!" she cried—"Great God! to whom
I once knelt innocent, is this my doom?
Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,
My purity, my pride, then come to this?—
To live, the wanton of a fiend! to be
The pander of his guilt—O infamy!
And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep
In its hot flood, drag others down as deep!
Others?—ha! yes—that youth who came to-day—
Not him I loved—not him—oh, do but say,
But swear to me this moment 'tis not he,
And I will serve, dark fiend! will worship even thee!"

"Beware, young raving thing!—in time beware,
Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear
Even from *thy* lips. Go—try thy lute, thy voice;
The boy must feel their magic—I rejoice

[1] "It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south wind, which in June or July passes over that flower (the Kerzereh), it will kill him."—Thevenot.

To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,
Once more illuming my fair Priestess' eyes;
And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall warm,
Indeed resemble thy dead lover's form,
So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,
As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.
Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet!—those eyes were made
For love, not anger—I must be obey'd."

"Obey'd!—'tis well—yes, I deserve it all—
On me, on me Heaven's vengeance cannot fall
Too heavily—but Azim, brave and true
And beautiful—must *he* be ruin'd too?
Must *he*, too, glorious as he is, be driven,
A renegade, like me, from love and heaven?
Like me?—weak wretch, I wrong him—not like me;
No—he 's all truth and strength and purity!
Fill up your maddening hell-cup to the brim,
Its witchery, fiends, will have no charm for him.
Let loose your glowing wantons from their bowers,
He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers!
Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign
Pure as when first we met, without a stain!
Though ruin'd—lost—my memory, like a charm
Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.
Oh! never let him know how deep the brow
He kiss'd at parting is dishonour'd now—
Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk is she,
Whom once he loved!—once!—*still* loves dotingly!
Thou laugh'st, tormentor,—what!—thou'lt brand my name!
Do, do—in vain—he'll not believe my shame—
He thinks me true—that nought beneath God's sky
Could tempt or change me, and—so once thought I.
But this is past—though worse than death my lot,
Than hell—'tis nothing, while *he* knows it not.
Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die;
Where none will ask the lost one whence she came,
But I may fade and fall without a name!
And thou—curst man or fiend, whate'er thou art,
Who found'st this burning plague-spot in my heart,
And spread'st it—oh, so quick!—through soul and frame,
With more than demon's art, till I became
A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame!—
If, when I'm gone——"

"Hold, fearless maniac, hold,
Nor tempt my rage!—by Heaven! not half so bold
The puny bird that dares, with teasing hum,
Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come![1]
And so thou'lt fly, forsooth?—what!—give up all
Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,
Where now to Love and now to Alla given,
Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as even
As doth Medina's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven!
Thou'lt fly?—as easily may reptiles run
The gaunt snake once hath fix'd his eyes upon;
As easily, when caught, the prey may be
Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from me.
No, no, 'tis fix'd—let good or ill betide,
Thou'rt mine till death, till death Mokanna's bride!
Hast thou forgot thy oath?"—

At this dread word,
The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd
Through all its depths, and roused an anger there,
That burst and lighten'd even through her despair;—
Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath
That spoke that word, and stagger'd, pale as death.

"Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in bowers
Their bridal place—the charnel vault was ours!
Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality;—
Gay, flickering death-lights shone while we were wed,
And, for our guests, a row of goodly dead
(Immortal spirits in their time no doubt),
From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd out!
That oath thou heard'st more lips than thine repeat—
That cup—thou shudderest, lady—was it sweet?
That cup we pledged, the charnel's choicest wine,
Hath bound thee—aye—body and soul all mine;
Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or curst
No matter now, not hell itself shall burst!
Hence, woman, to the haram, and look gay,
Look wild, look—anything but sad; yet stay—
One moment more—from what this night hath pass'd,
I see thou know'st me, know'st me *well* at last.
Ha, ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,
And that I love mankind!—I do, I do—

[1] The ancient story concerning the Trochilus, or humming-bird, entering with impunity into the mouth of the crocodile, is firmly believed in Java.—Barrow's Cochin-China.

As victims, love them; as the sea-dog doats
Upon the small sweet fry that round him floats;
Or as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
That rank and venomous food on which she lives![1]—

"And, now thou see'st my *soul's* angelic hue,
'Tis time these *features* were uncurtain'd too;—
This brow, whose light—O rare celestial light!
Hath been reserved to bless thy favour'd sight;
These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded might
Thou'st seen immortal Man kneel down and quake—
Would that they *were* heaven's lightnings for his sake!
But turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt,
That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,
Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth;
And on that race who, though more vile they be
Than mowing apes, are demigods to me!
Here—judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!"—

He raised his veil—the Maid turn'd slowly round,
Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the ground!

On their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all round illuminated; some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously for the purpose. On each side of the green alley, which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo work were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton.—Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

Lalla Rookh, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of Zelica and her lover, to give a thought to anything else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion,—greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou,—and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, curs-

[1] Circum easdem ripas (Nili, viz.) ales est Ibis. Ea serpentium populatur ova, gratissimamque ex his escam nidis suis refert.—Solinus.

ing, as he went, the ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.

Without a moment's delay young Feramorz was introduced, and Fadladeen, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when Lalla Rookh impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded:—

PREPARE thy soul, young Azim!—thou hast braved
The bands of Greece, still mighty, though enslaved;
Hast faced her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame;
All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow,
But a more perilous trial waits thee now,—
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes
From every land where woman smiles or sighs;
Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
His black or azure banner in their blaze;
And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash
That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,
To the sly, stealing splendours, almost hid,
Like swords half-sheathed, beneath the downcast lid.
Such, Azim, is the lovely, luminous host
Now led against thee; and, let conquerors boast
Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms
A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the haram chambers, moving lights
And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites;—
From room to room the ready handmaids hie,
Some skill'd to wreathe the turban tastefully,
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,
Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,
Like Seba's Queen could vanquish with that one:—[1]
While some bring leaves of henna, to imbue
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,[2]

1 "Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes."—Solomon's Song.
2 "They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with henna, so that they resembled branches of coral."—Story of Prince Futtun in Bahardanush

So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream;
And others mix the Kohol's jetty die,
To give that long, dark languish to the eye,[1]
Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull
From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful!
All is in motion; rings and plumes and pearls
Are shining everywhere:—some younger girls
Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds,
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads;
Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see
How each prefers a garland from that tree
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,
And the dear fields and friendships far away.
The maid of India, blest again to hold
In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,[2]
Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges' flood,
Her little playmates scatter'd many a bud
Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
Just dripping from the consecrated stream;
While the young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell,—
The sweet Elcaya,[3] and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy[4]—
Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,
The well, the camels, and her father's tents;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes even its sorrows back again!

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a jasper fount is heard around,
Young Azim roams bewilder'd,—nor can guess
What means this maze of light and loneliness.
Here, the way leads, o'er tessellated floors
Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,

1 "The women blacken the inside of their eyelids with a powder named the black Kohol."—Russel.

2 "The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-coloured Campac on the black hair of the Indian women has supplied the Sanscrit poets with many elegant allusions."—Asiatic Researches, vol. iv.

3 A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen.—Niebuhr.

4 Of the genus Mimosa, "which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade."—Niebuhr.

Where, ranged in cassolets and silver urns,
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns;
And spicy rods, such as illume at night
The bowers of Tibet,[1] send forth odorous light,
Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road
For some pure spirit to its blest abode!—
And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon;
Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
High as th' enamell'd cupola, which towers
All rich with arabesques of gold and flowers:
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those fair, living things
Of land and wave, whose fate,—in bondage thrown
For their weak loveliness—is like her own!
On one side gleaming with a sudden grace
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine;—
While, on the other, latticed lightly in
With odoriferous woods of Comorin,[2]
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;—
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree[3]
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea:
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon,[4] and the thrush
Of Hindostan,[5] whose holy warblings gush,
At evening, from the tall pagoda's top;—
Those golden birds that, in the spice time, drop

1 "Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence."—Turner's Tibet.

2 "C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloes, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et ce ui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité."—D'Herbelot.

3 "Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral-trees."—Barrow.

4 "In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill."—Pitt's Account of the Mahometans.

5 "The pagoda thrush is esteemed among the first choristers of India. It sits perched on the sacred pagodas, and from thence delivers its melodious song."—Pennant's Hindostan.

About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer flood;[1]
And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon;[2]—
In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly
Through the pure element, here calmly lie
Sleeping in light, like the green birds[3] that dwell
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel!

. . .

So on, through scenes past all imagining,—
More like the luxuries of that impious king,[4]
Whom Death's dark angel, with his lightning torch,
Struck down and blasted even in pleasure's porch,
Than the pure dwelling of a prophet sent,
Arm'd with Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchisement,—
Young Azim wander'd, looking sternly round,
His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound
But ill according with the pomp and grace
And silent lull of that voluptuous place!

"Is this then," thought the youth, "is this the way
To free man's spirit from the deadening sway
Of worldly sloth;—to teach him, while he lives,
To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,
And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
A light, a land-mark on the cliffs of fame?
It was not so, land of the generous thought
And daring deed! thy god-like sages taught;
It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
Thy Freedom nursed her sacred energies;
Oh! not beneath th' enfeebling, withering glow
Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow
With which she wreathed her sword, when she would dare
Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air
Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high, rare,
Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath!

[1] Birds of paradise, which, at the nutmeg season, come in flights from the southern isles to India, and "the strength of the nutmeg," says Tavernier, "so intoxicates them, that they fall dead drunk to the earth."

[2] "That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth its nest with cinnamon."—Brown's Vulgar Errors.

[3] "The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds."—Gibbon. vol. ix. p. 421.

[4] Sedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irim, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,
This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!—
Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,
When he might build him a proud temple there,
A name, that long shall hallow all its space,
And be each purer soul's high resting-place!
But no—it cannot be; that one, whom God
Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's rod,—
A prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws
Its rights from heaven, should thus profane his cause
With the world's vulgar pomps;—no, no—I see—
He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury
Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
Of my young soul;—shine on, 'twill stand the blaze!"

So thought the youth;—but, even while he defied
This witching scene, he felt its witchery glide
Through every sense. The perfume, breathing round,
Like a pervading spirit;—the still sound
Of falling waters, lulling as the song
Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
Around the fragrant Nilica, and deep
In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep![1]
And music too—dear music! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream;—
All was too much for him, too full of bliss,
The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this:
Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave
His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave
Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid;—
He thought of Zelica, his own dear maid,
And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,
They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,
Silent and happy—as if God had given
Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven!

"O my loved mistress! whose enchantments still
Are with me, round me, wander where I will—
It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek

[1] "My Pandits assure me that the plant before us (the Nilica), is their Sephalica, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms."—Sir W. Jones.

With warm approval—in that gentle look,
To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
I gain a smile, worth immortality!
How shall I bear the moment, when restored
To that young heart where I alone am lord,
Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best
Alone deserve to be the happiest!—
When from those lips, unbreathed upon for years,
I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
And find those tears warm as when last they started,
Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted!
O my own life!—why should a single day,
A moment keep me from those arms away?"

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze
Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,
Each note of which but adds new, downy links
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
He turns him toward the sound, and, far away
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which day
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us;
So long the path, its light so tremulous,—
He sees a group of female forms advance,
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance
By fetters, forged in the green sunny bowers,
As they were captives to the King of Flowers;—
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,
Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery,
And round and round them still, in wheeling flight,
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night;
While others waked, as gracefully along
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song
From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,
Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still!
And now they come, now pass before his eye,
Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie
With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings!
Awhile they dance before him, then divide,
Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun,—
Till silently dispersing, one by one,
Through many a path that from the chamber leads
To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,

Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,
And but one trembling nymph remains behind,—
Beckoning them back in vain, for they are gone,
And she is left in all that light alone;
No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,
In its young bashfulness more beauteous now;
But a light, golden chain-work round her hair,
Such as the maids of Yezd and Shiraz wear,
From which, on either side, gracefully hung
A golden amulet, in th' Arab tongue,
Engraven o'er with some immortal line
From holy writ, or bard scarce less divine;
While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,
Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,
Which, once or twice, she touch'd with hurried strain,
Then took her trembling fingers off again.
But when at length a timid glance she stole
At Azim, the sweet gravity of soul
She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,
And, like a half-tamed antelope, more near,
Though shrinking still, she came;—then sat her down
Upon a musnud's[1] edge, and, bolder grown,
In the pathetic mode of Isfahan[2]
Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began:—

There 's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's[3] stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

[1] Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction

[2] The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes, or perdas, by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, &c.

[3] A river which flows near the ruins of Chilminar.

"Poor maiden!" thought the youth, "if thou wert sent,
With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,
To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
Or tempt its truth, thou little know'st the art.
For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,
Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
But thou hast breathed such purity, thy lay
Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,
And leads thy soul—if e'er it wander'd thence—
So gently back to its first innocence,
That I would sooner stop th' unchained dove,
When swift returning to its home of love,
And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!"

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling through
The gently-open'd curtains of light blue
That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,
Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,
Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair
That sat so still and melancholy there.
And now the curtains fly apart, and in
From the cool air, 'mid showers of jessamine
Which those without fling after them in play,
Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome as they
Who live in th' air on odours, and around
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,
Chase one another, in a varying dance
Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit:—
While she who sung so gently to the lute
Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—
But takes with her from Azim's heart that sigh
We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danced
Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanced
More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore;[1]

[1] "To the north of us (on the coast of the Caspian, near Badku) was a mountain which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the sea-glass and crystals with which it abounds."—Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia, 1746.

While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall
Of curls descending, bells as musical
As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
Of Eden, shake in the Eternal Breeze,[1]
Rung round their steps, at every bound more sweet,
As 'twere th' ecstatic language of their feet!
At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreathed
Within each other's arms; while soft there breathed
Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs
Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to rise
From some still lake, so liquidly it rose;
And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,
The ear could track through all that maze of chords
And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words:—

A Spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh
Is burning now through earth and air;
Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,
Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there!

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
And his floating eyes—oh! *they* resemble
Blue water-lilies,[2] when the breeze
Is making the stream around them tremble!

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power!
Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave,
Who blushing unite,
Like the sun and wave,
When they meet at night!

By the tear that shows
When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky!

By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part!

[1] "To which will be added, the sound of the bells hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God as often as the blessed wish for music."—Sale.

[2] The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.

By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which—oh! could it last,
This earth were heaven!

We call thee hither, entrancing Power!
Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

Impatient of a scene whose luxuries stole,
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,
And where, 'midst all that the young heart loves most,
Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,
The youth had started up, and turn'd away
From the light nymphs and their luxurious lay,
To muse upon the pictures that hung round,—
Bright images, that spoke without a sound,
And views, like vistas into fairy ground.
But here again new spells came o'er his sense;—
All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
Could call up into life, of soft and fair,
Of fond and passionate, was glowing there;
Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art
Which paints of pleasure but the purer part;
Which knows e'en Beauty when half veil'd is best,
Like her own radiant planet of the west,
Whose orb when half retired looks loveliest!
There hung the history of the Genii-King,
Traced through each gay, voluptuous wandering
With her from Saba's bowers, in whose bright eyes
He read that to be blest is to be wise;[1]—
Here fond Zuleika[2] woos with open arms
The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,
Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,
Wishes that heaven and she could *both* be won!
And here Mohammed, born for love and guile,
Forgets the Koran in his Mary's smile;—
Then beckons some kind angel from above
With a new text to consecrate their love![3]

[1] For the loves of King Solomon (who was supposed to preside over the whole race of Genii) with Balkis, the Queen of Sheba or Saba, *vide* D'Herbelot and the Notes on the Koran, chap. 2.

[2] The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals. Her adventure with the patriarch Joseph is the subject of many of their poems and romances.

[3] The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptic girl, in justification of which he added a new chapter to the Koran, may be found in Gagnier's Notes upon Abulfeda, p. 151.

With rapid step, yet pleased and lingering eye,
Did the youth pass these pictured stories by,
And hasten'd to a casement, where the light
Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright
The fields without were seen, sleeping as still
As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.
Here paused he, while the music, now less near,
Breathed with a holier language on his ear,
As though the distance and that heavenly ray
Through which the sounds came floating, took away
All that had been too earthly in the lay.
Oh! could he listen to such sounds unmoved,
And by that light—nor dream of her he loved?
Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou mayst;
'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.
Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,
Ere all the light that made it dear depart.
Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them last,
Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'ercast;
Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,
Pure as they weep, if angels weep, in heaven!
Think in her own still bower she waits thee now,
With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,
Yet shrined in solitude—thine all, thine only,
Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely!
Oh, that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are flown,
And he is left, musing of bliss, alone;—
Alone?—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,
That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh—
Whose could it be?—alas! is misery found
Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?
He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,
Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,
Against a pillar near;—not glittering o'er
With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,
But in that deep blue, melancholy dress,[1]
Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness
Of friends or kindred, dead or far away;—
And such as Zelica had on that day
He left her,—when, with heart too full to speak,
He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek.

[1] "Deep blue is their mourning colour."—Hanway.

A strange emotion stirs within him,—more
Than mere compassion ever waked before;—
Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she
Springs forward, as with life's last energy,
But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,
Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground;—
Her veil falls off—her faint hands clasp his knees—
'Tis she herself!—'tis Zelica he sees!
But, ah, so pale, so changed—none but a lover
Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover
The once adored divinity! even he
Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly
Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gazed
Upon those lids, where once such lustre blazed,
Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,
Own darling maid, whom he so long had known
In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both;
Who, e'en when grief was heaviest—when loth
He left her for the wars—in that worst hour
Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night flower,[1]
When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
And spreads its sighs like frankincense about!

"Look up, my Zelica—one moment show
Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
Thy life, thy loveliness, is not all gone,
But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone.
Come, look upon thy Azim—one dear glance,
Like those of old, were heaven! whatever chance
Hath brought thee here, oh! 'twas a blessed one!
There—my sweet lids—they move—that kiss hath run
Like the first shoot of life through every vein,
And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again!
Oh, the delight!—now, in this very hour,
When had the whole rich world been in my power,
I should have singled out thee, only thee,
From the whole world's collected treasury—
To have thee here—to hang thus fondly o'er
My own best, purest Zelica once more!"

It was indeed the touch of those loved lips
Upon her eyes that chased their short eclipse,
And, gradual as the snow, at heaven's breath,
Melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath,

[1] The sorrowful nyctanthes, which begins to spread its rich odour after sunset.

Her lids unclosed, and the bright eyes were seen
Gazing on his,—not, as they late had been,
Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene;
As if to lie, e'en for that tranced minute,
So near his heart, had consolation in it;
And thus to wake in his beloved caress
Took from her soul one-half its wretchedness.
But, when she heard him call her good and pure,
Oh, 'twas too much—too dreadful to endure!
Shuddering, she broke away from his embrace,
And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,
Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riven
A heart of very marble, "Pure!—O Heaven!"——

That tone—those looks so changed—the withering blight,
That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light—
The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,
Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,
He would have seen himself, too happy boy,
Reflected in a thousand lights of joy;—
And then the place, that bright unholy place,
Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace
And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves
Its wily covering of sweet balsam-leaves;[1]—
All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold
As death itself;—it needs not to be told—
No, no—he sees it all, plain as the brand
Of burning shame can mark—whate'er the hand,
That could from heaven and him such brightness sever,
'Tis done—to heaven and him she 's lost for ever!
It was a dreadful moment; not the tears,
The lingering, lasting misery of years,
Could match that minute's anguish—all the worst
Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst
Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,
Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate!

"Oh! curse me not," she cried, as wild he toss'd
His desperate hand towards heaven—"though I am lost,
Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,
No, no—'twas grief, 'twas madness, did it all!
Nay, doubt me not—though all thy love hath ceased—
I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at least,

[1] "Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says were frequent among the balsam-trees, I made very particular inquiry; several were brought me alive both to Yambo and Jidda."—Bruce.

That every spark of reason's light must be
Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from thee!
They told me thou wert dead—why, Azim, why
Did we not, both of us, that instant die
When we were parted?—oh! couldst thou but know
With what a deep devotedness of woe
I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away!
Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,
My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to come,
And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,
Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear—
O God! thou wouldst not wonder that, at last,
When every hope was all at once o'ercast,
When I heard frightful voices round me say,
Azim is dead!—this wretched brain gave way,
And I became a wreck, at random driven,
Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven—
All wild—and even this quenchless love within
Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin!
Thou pitiest me—I knew thou wouldst—that sky
Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.
The fiend, who lured me hither—hist! come near,
Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear—
Told me such things—oh! with such devilish art,
As would have ruin'd even a holier heart—
Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
Where bless'd at length, if I but served *him* here,
I should for ever live in thy dear sight,
And drink from those pure eyes eternal light!
Think, think how lost, how madden'd I must be,
To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!
Thou weep'st for me—do weep—oh! that I durst
Kiss off that tear; but, no—these lips are curst,
They must not touch thee;—one divine caress,
One blessed moment of forgetfulness
I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,
Shrined in my soul's deep memory till I die!
The last of joy's last relics here below,
The one sweet drop, in all this waste of woe,
My heart has treasured from affection's spring,
To soothe and cool its deadly withering!
But thou—yes, thou must go—for ever go;
This place is not for thee—for thee! oh, no!

Did I but tell thee half, thy tortured brain
Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again!
Enough, that Guilt reigns here—that hearts once good,
Now tainted, chill'd and broken, are his food.—
Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls
A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
As hell from heaven, to all eternity!"—

"Zelica! Zelica!" the youth exclaim'd,
In all the tortures of a mind inflamed
Almost to madness—"by that sacred heaven,
Where yet, if prayers can move, thou'lt be forgiven,
As thou art here—here, in this writhing heart,
All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art!
By the remembrance of our once pure love,
Which, like a church-yard light, still burns above
The grave of our lost souls—which guilt in thee
Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me!
I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence—
If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,
Fly with me from this place,———"

"With thee! oh bliss,
'Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this.
What! take the lost one with thee?—let her rove
By thy dear side, as in those days of love,
When we were both so happy, both so pure—
Too heavenly dream! if there 's on earth a cure
For the sunk heart, 'tis this—day after day
To be the blest companion of thy way;—
To hear thy angel eloquence—to see
Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me;
And in their light rechasten silently,
Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon;
And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt—
At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt
Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou'lt lift thine eyes,
Full of sweet tears unto the darkening skies,
And plead for me with Heaven, till I can dare
To fix my own weak sinful glances there;—
Till the good angels, when they see me cling
For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,
Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiven,
And bid thee take thy weeping slave to heaven!
Oh, yes, I'll fly with thee———"

Scarce had she said
These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread
As that of Monker, waking up the dead,
From their first sleep—so startling 'twas to both—
Rung through the casement near, "Thy oath! thy oath!"
O Heaven, the ghastliness of that Maid's look!—
"'Tis he," faintly she cried, while terror shook
Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
Though through the casement now, nought but the skies
And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before—
"'Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—
Go—fly this instant, or thou'rt ruin'd too—
My oath, my oath, O God! 'tis all too true,
True as the worm in this cold heart it is—
I am Mokanna's bride—his, Azim, his—
The dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,
Their blue lips echo'd it—I hear them now!
Their eyes glared on me, while I pledged that bowl,
'Twas burning blood—I feel it in my soul!
And the Veil'd Bridegroom—hist! I've seen to-night
What angels know not of—so foul a sight,
So horrible—oh! never mayst thou see
What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!
But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,
Nor Heaven's nor Love's, nor aught that is divine—
Hold me not—ha!—think'st thou the fiends that sever
Hearts, cannot sunder hands?—thus, then—for ever!"

With all that strength, which madness lends the weak,
She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek,—
Whose sound, though he should linger out more years
Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears,—
Flew up through that long avenue of light,
Fleetly as some dark ominous bird of night
Across the sun, and soon was out of sight!

Lalla Rookh could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon Fadladeen. She felt too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that Azim must have been just such a youth as Feramorz; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, with-

out any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Istkahar, is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank, whose employment seemed to them so strange, that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream, and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. Lalla Rookh was all curiosity;—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-tala or Sea of Stars), informed the Princess that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

Lalla Rookh, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of Feramorz, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure, and, after a few unheard remarks from Fadladeen upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a princess, everything was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued:—

Whose are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?
This City of War which, in a few short hours,
Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers

Of him who, in the twinkling of a star,
Built the high pillar'd halls of Chilminar,[1]
Had conjured up, far as the eye can see,
This world of tents and domes and sun-bright armoury!—
Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold;—
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
Their chains and poitrels glittering in the sun;
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,
Shaking in every breeze their light-toned bells!

But yester-eve, so motionless around,
So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound
But the far torrent, or the locust-bird[2]
Hunting among the thickets, could be heard;—
Yet hark! what discords now, of every kind,
Shouts, laughs, and screams, are revelling in the wind!
The neigh of cavalry;—the tinkling throngs
Of laden camels and their drivers' songs;—
Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze
Of streamers from ten thousand canopies;—
War-music, bursting out from time to time
With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime;—
Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
That far off, broken by the eagle note
Of th' Abyssinian trumpet,[3] swell and float!

Who leads this mighty army?—ask ye "who?"
And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
The Night and Shadow,[4] over yonder tent?—
It is the Caliph's glorious armament.
Roused in his palace by the dread alarms,
That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms,
And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd
Defiance fierce at Islam[5] and the world;—
Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind
The veils of his bright palace calm reclined,

[1] The edifices of Chilminar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

[2] A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain between Shiraz and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.

[3] "This trumpet is often called in Abyssinia, *nesser cano*, which signifies the Note of the Eagle."—Note of Bruce's Editor.

[4] The two black standards borne before the caliphs of the House of Abbas were called, allegorically, the Night and the Shadow.—Gibbon.

[5] The Mahometan religion.

Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,
Thus unrevenged, the evening of his reign,
But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave,[1]
To conquer or to perish, once more gave
His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
And with an army, nursed in victories,
Here stands to crush the rebels that o'errun
His blest and beauteous province of the sun.

Ne'er did the march of Mahadi display
Such pomp before;—not e'en when on his way
To Mecca's temple, when both land and sea
Were spoil'd to feed the pilgrim's luxury;[2]
When round him, mid the burning sands, he saw
Fruits of the north in icy freshness thaw,
And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
Of Mecca's sun, with urns of Persian snow:[3]—
Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.
First, in the van, the People of the Rock,[4]
On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock:[5]
Then, chieftains of Damascus, proud to see
The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry;[6]—
Men, from the regions near the Volga's mouth,
Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the south:
And Indian lancers, in white-turban'd ranks
From the far Sinde, or Attock's sacred banks,
With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh,[7]
And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-Sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
That, fired by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,
Round the white standard of th' impostor throng'd.
Beside his thousands of believers,—blind,
Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind,—

1 "The Persians swear by the tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Casbin; and when one desires another to asseverate a matter, he will ask him if he dare swear by the Holy Grave."—Struy.

2 Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.

3 Nivem Meccam apportavit, rem ibi aut nunquam aut raro visam.—Abulfeda.

4 The inhabitants of Hejaz, or Arabia Petræa, called by an Eastern writer "The People of the Rock."—Ebn Haukal.

5 "Those horses, called by the Arabians Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. They are said to derive their origin from king Solomon's steeds."—Niebuhr.

6 "Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems."—Asiat. Misc. vol. i.

7 Azab or Saba.

Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel
The bloody Islamite's converting steel,
Flock'd to his banner;—chiefs of th' Uzbek race,
Waving their heron crests with martial grace;[1]
Turkomans, countless as their flocks, led forth
From th' aromatic pastures of the north;
Wild warriors of the turquoise hills,[2]—and those
Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
Of Hindoo Kosh,[3] in stormy freedom bred,
Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.
But none, of all who own'd the Chief's command,
Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand
Or sterner hate than Iran's outlaw'd men,
Her Worshippers of Fire[4]—all panting then
For vengeance on th' accursed Saracen;
Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd,
Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'erturn'd,
From Yezd's[5] eternal Mansion of the Fire,
Where aged saints in dreams of heaven expire;
From Badku, and those fountains of blue flame
That burn into the Caspian,[6] fierce they came,
Careless for what or whom the blow was sped;
So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled!

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,
That high in air their motley banners toss'd
Around the Prophet-Chief—all eyes still bent
Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,
That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,
That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood!

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
And ris'n again, and found them grappling yet;

[1] "The chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their turbans."—Account of Independent Tartary.

[2] In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous (in Khorassan) they find turquoises.—Ebn Haukal.

[3] For a description of these stupendous ranges of mountains, vide Elphinstone's Caubul.

[4] The Ghebers, or Guebres, those original natives of Persia, who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home or forced to become wanderers abroad.

[5] "Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, above 3000 years, on a mountain near Yezd, called Ater Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain."—Stephen's Persia.

[6] "When the weather is hazy, the springs of naptha (on an island near Baku) boil up the higher, and the naptha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea to a distance almost incredible."—Hanway on the Everlasting Fire at Baku.

While streams of carnage, in his noon-tide blaze,
Smoke up to heaven—hot as that crimson haze,
By which the prostrate caravan is awed,
In the red Desert, when the wind 's abroad!
"On, Swords of God!" the panting Caliph calls,—
"Thrones for the living—heaven for him who falls!"—
"On, brave avengers, on," Mokanna cries,
"And Eblis blast the recreant slave that flies!"
Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—
They clash—they strive—the Caliph's troops give way!
Mokanna's self plucks the black Banner down,
And now the Orient World's imperial crown
Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that shout!
Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslems' rout,
And now they turn—they rally—at their head
A warrior, (like those angel youths, who led,
In glorious panoply of heaven's own mail,
The Champions of the Faith through Beder's vale,[1])
Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives
At once the multitudinous torrent back,
While hope and courage kindle in his track,
And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
Terrible vistas through which victory breaks!
In vain Mokanna, 'midst the general flight,
Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,
Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,
Leave only her unshaken in the sky!—
In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
Deals death promiscuously to all about,
To foes that charge and coward friends that fly,
And seems of *all* the great Arch-enemy!
The panic spreads—"a miracle!" throughout
The Moslem ranks, "a miracle!" they shout,
All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems
A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams;
And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
The needle tracks the loadstar, following him!

Right tow'rds Mokanna now he cleaves his path,
Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath
He bears from heaven withheld its awful burst
From weaker heads, and souls but half-way curst,
To break o'er him, the mightiest and the worst!

[1] In the great victory gained by Mahomed at Beder he was assisted, say the Mussulmans, by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel mounted on his horse Hiazum.—The Koran and its Commentators.

But vain his speed—though, in that hour of blood,
Had all God's seraphs round Mokanna stood,
With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
Mokanna's soul would have defied them all;—
Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
For human force, hurries even *him* along;
In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged array
Of flying thousands,—he is borne away;
And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
In this forced flight is—murdering, as he goes!
As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,
Turns, even in drowning, on the wretched flocks
Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,
And, to the last, devouring on his way,
Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay!

"Alla illa Alla!"—the glad shout renew—
"Alla Akbar!"[1]—the Caliph 's in Merou.
Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,
And light your shrines and chaunt your ziraleets:[2]
The Swords of God have triumph'd—on his throne
Your Caliph sits, and the Veil'd Chief hath flown.
Who does not envy that young warrior now,
To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,
In all the graceful gratitude of power,
For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?
Who doth not wonder, when, amidst th' acclaim
Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name—
'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,
Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,
Like music round a planet as it rolls!—
He turns away coldly, as if some gloom
Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can illume;—
Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze
Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays!
Yes, wretched Azim! thine is such a grief,
Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;
A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,
Or warm or brighten,—like that Syrian Lake,[3]
Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead!—

[1] The Tecbir, or cry of the Arabs. "Alla Acbar!" says Ockley, "means God is most mighty."

[2] The ziraleet is a kind of chorus, which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions.—Russel.

[3] The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.

Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of woe
Came, by long use of suffering, tame and slow;
But thine, lost youth! was sudden—over thee
It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy;
When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy past
Melt into splendour, and Bliss dawn at last—
'Twas then, even then, o'er joys so freshly blown,
This mortal blight of misery came down;
Even then, the full, warm gushings of thy heart
Were check'd—like fount-drops, frozen as they start!
And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,
Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang!

One sole desire, one passion now remains,
To keep life's fever still within his veins,—
Vengeance!—dire vengeance on the wretch who cast
O'er him and all he loved that ruinous blast.
For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight
Far, far away, after that fatal night,—
Rumours of armies, thronging to th' attack
Of the Veil'd Chief,—for this he wing'd him back,
Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,
And came when all seem'd lost, and wildly hurl'd
Himself into the scale, and saved a world!
For this he still lives on, careless of all
The wreaths that glory on his path lets fall;
For this alone exists—like lightning-fire
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil lives;
With a small band of desperate fugitives,
The last sole stubborn fragment left unriven
Of the proud host that late stood fronting heaven,
He gain'd Merou—breathed a short curse of blood
O'er his lost throne—then pass'd the Jihon's flood,[1]
And gathering all, whose madness of belief
Still saw a saviour in their down-fallen Chief,
Raised the white banner within Neksheb's gates,[2]
And there, untamed, th' approaching conqueror waits.

Of all his haram, all that busy hive,
With music and with sweets sparkling alive,
He took but one, the partner of his flight,
One, not for love—not for her beauty's light—
For Zelica stood withering midst the gay,
Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday

[1] The ancient Oxus. [2] A city of Transoxiana.

From th' Alma tree and dies, while overhead
To-day's young flower is springing in its stead![1]
No, not for love—the deepest damn'd must be
Touch'd with heaven's glory, ere such fiends as he
Can feel one glimpse of love's divinity!
But no, she is his victim;—*there* lie all
Her charms for him—charms that can never pall,
As long as hell within his heart can stir,
Or one faint trace of heaven is left in her.
To work an angel's ruin,—to behold
As white a page as virtue e'er unroll'd
Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul—
This is his triumph; this the joy accursed,
That ranks him among demons all but first!
This gives the victim, that before him lies
Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,
A light like that with which hell-fire illumes
The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes!

But other tasks now wait him—tasks that need
All the deep daringness of thought and deed
With which the Dives[2] have gifted him—for mark,
Over yon plains, which night had else made dark,
Those lanterns, countless as the wingèd lights
That spangle India's fields on showery nights,[3]
Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,
Glimmering along th' horizon's dusky line,
And thence in nearer circles, till they shine
Among the founts and groves, o'er which the town
In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.
Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements
Mokanna views that multitude of tents;
Nay, smiles to think that, though entoil'd, beset,
Not less than myriads dare to front him yet:—
That friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,
Even thus a match for myriads such as they!
"Oh! for a sweep of that dark Angel's wing,
Who brush'd the thousands of th' Assyrian king[4]

[1] "You never can cast your eyes on this tree, but you meet there either blossoms or fruit; and as the blossom drops underneath on the ground (which is frequently covered with these purple-coloured flowers), others come forth in their stead," &c., &c.—Nieuhoff.

[2] The demons of the Persian mythology.

[3] Carreri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season.—*Vide* his Travels.

[4] Sennacherib, called by the Orientals King of Moussal.—D'Herbelot.

To darkness in a moment, that I might
People hell's chambers with yon host to-night!
But come what may, let who will grasp the throne,
Caliph or prophet, Man alike shall groan;
Let who will torture him, priest—caliph—king—
Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring
With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave,—
Sounds, that shall glad me even within my grave!"
Thus to himself—but to the scanty train
Still left around him, a far different strain:—
"Glorious defenders of the sacred crown
I bear from heaven, whose light nor blood shall drown
Nor shadow of earth eclipse;—before whose gems
The paly pomp of this world's diadems,
The crown of Gerashid, the pillar'd throne
Of Parviz,[1] and the heron crest that shone,[2]
Magnificent, o'er Ali's beauteous eyes,[3]
Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies:
Warriors rejoice—the port, to which we've pass'd
O'er destiny's dark wave, beams out at last!
Victory's our own—'tis written in that book
Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,
That Islam's sceptre shall beneath the power
Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,
When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,
From Neksheb's Holy Well portentously shall rise!
Now turn and see!"——

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,
A sudden splendour all around them broke,
And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
Rise from the Holy Well, and cast its light
Round the rich city and the plain for miles,[4]—
Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles
Of many a dome and fair-roof'd imaret,
As autumn suns shed round them when they set!
Instant from all who saw th' illusive sign
A murmur broke—"Miraculous! divine!"

1 Chosroes. For the description of his throne or palace, *vide* Gibbon and D'Herbelot.

2 "The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the heron tuft of thy turban."—From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery of Abbas's tomb.—Chardin.

3 The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable, that whenever the Persians would describe anything as very lovely, they say it is Ayn Hali, or the Eyes of Ali.—Chardin.

4 "Il amusa pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Nekhscheb en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fonds d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable à la Lune, qui portoit sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles."—D'Herbelot. Hence he was called Suzendéh Mah, or the Moon-maker.

The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol star
Had waked, and burst impatient through the bar
Of midnight, to inflame him to the war!
While he of Moussa's creed saw, in that ray,
The glorious light which, in his freedom's day,
Had rested on the Ark,[1] and now again
Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain!

"To victory!" is at once the cry of all—
Nor stands Mokanna loitering at that call;
But instant the huge gates are flung aside,
And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide
Into the boundless sea, they speed their course
Right on into the Moslem's mighty force.
The watchmen of the camp,—who, in their rounds,
Had paused and even forgot the punctual sounds
Of the small drum with which they count the night,[2]
To gaze upon that supernatural light,—
Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,
And in a death-groan give their last alarm.
"On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen,[3]
Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean;
There rests the Caliph—speed—one lucky lance
May now achieve mankind's deliverance!"
Desperate the die—such as they only cast,
Who venture for a world, and stake their last.
But Fate 's no longer with him—blade for blade
Springs up to meet them through the glimmering shade,
And, as the clash is heard, new legions soon
Pour to the spot,—like bees of Kauzeroon[4]
To the shrill timbrel's summons,—till, at length,
The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,
And back to Neksheb's gates, covering the plain
With random slaughter, drives the adventurous train;
Among the last of whom, the Silver Veil
Is seen glittering at times, like the white sail
Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,
Catching the tempest's momentary light!

And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit low,
Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring? No!

[1] Shechinah, called Sakinat in the Koran.—Sale's Note, chap. ii.

[2] The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums.—Burder's Oriental Customs, vol. i. p. 119.

[3] The Surrapurda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to enclose a considerable space round the royal tents.—Notes on the Bahardanush.

[4] "From the groves of orange-trees at Kauzeroon the bees cull a celebrated honey."—Morier's Travels.

Though half the wretches, whom at night he led
To thrones and victory, lie disgraced and dead,
Yet morning hears him, with unshrinking crest,
Still vaunt of thrones and victory to the rest;—
And they believe him!—oh! the lover may
Distrust that look which steals his soul away;—
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With heaven's rainbow;—alchymists may doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out;—
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well th' impostor knew all lures and arts,
That Lucifer e'er taught to tangle hearts;
Nor, 'mid these last bold workings of his plot
Against men's souls, is Zelica forgot.
Ill-fated Zelica! had reason been
Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,
Thou never couldst have borne it—death had come
At once, and taken thy wrung spirit home.
But 'twas not so—a torpor, a suspense
Of thought, almost of life, came o'er th' intense
And passionate struggles of that fearful night,
When her last hope of peace and heaven took flight:
And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke,—
As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke
Ominous flashings now and then will start,
Which show the fire 's still busy at its heart;
Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in sullen gloom,—
Not such as Azim's, brooding o'er its doom,
And calm without, as is the brow of death,
While busy worms are gnawing underneath!—
But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
From thought or pain, a seal'd up apathy,
Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill,
The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again, as in Merou, he had her deck'd
Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect;
And led her glittering forth before the eyes
Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice;
Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride
Of the fierce Nile, when, deck'd in all the pride
Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide![1]

[1] "A custom still subsisting at this day seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the God of the Nile; for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river."—Savary.

And while the wretched maid hung down her head,
And stood, as one just risen from the dead,
Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell
His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell
Possess'd her now,—and from that darken'd trance
Should dawn ere long their faith's deliverance.
Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,
Her soul was roused, and words of wildness came,
Instant the bold blasphemer would translate
Her ravings into oracles of fate,
Would hail heaven's signals in her flashing eyes,
And call her shrieks the language of the skies!

But vain at length his arts—despair is seen
Gathering around; and famine comes to glean
All that the sword had left unreap'd:—in vain
At morn and eve across the northern plain
He looks impatient for the promised spears
Of the wild hordes and Tartar mountaineers;
They come not—while his fierce beleaguerers pour
Engines of havoc in, unknown before,
And horrible as new;[1]—javelins, that fly
Enwreathed with smoky flames through the dark sky,
And red-hot globes that, opening as they mount,
Discharge, as from a kindled naphtha fount,
Showers of consuming fire o'er all below;
Looking, as through th' illumined night they go,
Like those wild birds[2] that by the Magians oft,
At festivals of fire, were sent aloft
Into the air, with blazing faggots tied
To their huge wings, scattering combustion wide!
All night, the groans of wretches who expire,
In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
Ring through the city—while, descending o'er
Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore;—
Its lone bazars, with their bright cloths of gold,
Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd;—
Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets
Now gush with blood;—and its tall minarets,

[1] The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by the emperors to their allies. "It was," says Gibbon, "either launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil."

[2] "At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb Sezé, they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and earth appeared one great illumination; and as these terrified creatures naturally fled to the wood for shelter, it is easy to conceive the conflagrations they produced."—Richardson's Dissertation.

That late have stood up in the evening glare
Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer;—
O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fall,
And death and conflagration throughout all
The desolate city hold high festival!

Mokanna sees the world is his no more;—
One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
"What! drooping now?"—thus, with unblushing cheek,
He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,
Of all those famish'd slaves around him lying,
And by the light of blazing temples dying;—
"What!—drooping now?—now, when at length we press
Home o'er the very threshold of success;
When Alla from our ranks hath thinn'd away
Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray
Of favour from us, and we stand at length
Heirs of his light and children of his strength,
The chosen few, who shall survive the fall
Of kings and thrones, triumphant over all!
Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you are,
All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star?
Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid
Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither
Millions of such as yonder chief brings hither?
Long have its lightnings slept—too long—but now
All earth shall feel th' unveiling of this brow!
To-night—yes, sainted men! this very night,
I bid you all to a fair festal rite,
Where,—having deep refresh'd each weary limb
With viands, such as feast heaven's cherubim,
And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,
With that pure wine the Dark-eyed Maids above
Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those they love,[1]—
I will myself uncurtain in your sight
The wonders of this brow's ineffable light;
Then lead you forth, and, with a wink disperse
Yon myriads, howling through the universe!"

Eager they listen—while each accent darts
New life into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts;—
Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies
To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies!
Wildly they point their lances to the light
Of the fast-sinking sun, and shout "To-night!"—

[1] "The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine, sealed; the seal whereof shall be musk."—Koran, chap. lxxxiii.

"To-night," their Chief re-echoes, in a voice
Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice!
Deluded victims—never hath this earth
Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth!
Here, to the few whose iron frames had stood
This racking waste of famine and of blood,
Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout
Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out;—
There, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,
Danced, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
Among the dead and dying, strew'd around;—
While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his wound
Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
In ghastly transport waved it o'er his head!

'Twas more than midnight now—a fearful pause
Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,
That lately from those Royal Gardens burst,
Where the Veil'd Demon held his feast accurst,
When Zelica—alas, poor ruin'd heart,
In every horror doom'd to bear its part!—
Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,
Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave
Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat
His message through, fell lifeless at her feet!
Shuddering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,
A presage, that her own dark doom was near,
Roused every feeling, and brought reason back
Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.
All round seem'd tranquil—even the foe had ceased,
As if aware of that demoniac feast,
His fiery bolts; and though the heavens look'd red,
'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread.
But hark!—she stops—she listens—dreadful tone!
'Tis her Tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,
A long death-groan, comes with it—can this be
The place of mirth, the bower of revelry?
She enters—holy Alla, what a sight
Was there before her! By the glimmering light
Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands
That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,
She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead—
The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd,
All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught?
Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,
With their swollen heads sunk blackening on their breasts,

Or looking pale to heaven with glassy glare,
As if they sought but saw no mercy there;
As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,
Remorse the deadlier torment of the two!
While some, the bravest, hardiest in the train
Of their false Chief, who, on the battle-plain,
Would have met death with transport by his side,
Here mute and helpless gasp'd;—but, as they died,
Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,
And clench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,
The stony look of horror and despair,
Which some of these expiring victims cast
Upon their souls' tormentor to the last;—
Upon that mocking fiend, whose Veil, now raised,
Show'd them, as in death's agony they gazed,
Not the long-promised light, the brow, whose beaming
Was to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming,
But features horribler than hell e'er traced
On its own brood;—no demon of the waste,[1]
No churchyard ghole, caught lingering in the light
Of the bless'd sun, e'er blasted human sight
With lineaments so foul, so fierce, as those
Th' impostor now, in grinning mockery, shows—
"There, ye wise saints, behold your Light, your Star,—
Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.
Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill
Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?
Swear that the burning death ye feel within,
Is but the trance, with which heaven's joys begin;
That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgraced
Even monstrous man, is—after God's own taste;
And that—but see!—ere I have half-way said
My greetings through, th' uncourteous souls are fled.
Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,
If Eblis loves you half so well as I.—
Ha, my young bride!—'tis well—take thou thy seat;
Nay, come—no shuddering—didst thou never meet
The dead before?—they graced our wedding, sweet;
And these, my guests to-night, have brimm'd so true
Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one too.

[1] "The Afghauns believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Ghoolee Beeabau, or Spirit of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe, by saying they are wild as the Demon of the Waste."—Elphinstone's Caubul.

But—how is this?—all empty? all drunk up?
Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,
Young bride,—yet stay—one precious drop remains,
Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins;——
Here, drink—and should thy lover's conquering arms
Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,
Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,
And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss!

"For *me*—I too must die—but not like these
Vile, ranklings things, to fester in the breeze;
To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,
With all death's grimness added to its own,
And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes
Of slaves, exclaiming, 'There his Godship lies!'—
No—cursèd race—since first my soul drew breath,
They've been my dupes, and *shall* be, even in death.
Thou see'st yon cistern in the shade—'tis fill'd
With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd;—
There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame—
Fit bath to lave a dying prophet's frame!—
There perish, all—ere pulse of thine shall fail—
Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.
So shall my votaries, wheresoe'er they rave,
Proclaim that Heaven took back the saint it gave;—
That I've but vanish'd from this earth awhile,
To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile!
So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel;
Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,
Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell
The sail he spreads for heaven with blasts from hell!
So shall my banner, through long ages, be
The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy;—
Kings yet unborn shall rue Mokanna's name,
And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,
Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,
And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life!
But, hark! their battering engine shakes the wall—
Why, *let* it shake—thus I can brave them all.
No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,
And I can trust thy faith, for—thou'lt be dumb.
Now mark how readily a wretch like me,
In one bold plunge, commences Deity!"—

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said—
Quick closed the burning waters o'er his head,

And Zelica was left—within the ring
Of those wide walls the only living thing;
The only wretched one, still cursed with breath,
In all that frightful wilderness of death!
More like some bloodless ghost,—such as, they tell,
In the lone Cities of the Silent[1] dwell,
And there, unseen of all but Alla, sit
Each by its own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
Throughout the camp of the beleaguerers.
Their globes of fire (the dread artillery, lent
By Greece to conquering Mahadi) are spent;
And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent
From high balistas, and the shielded throng
Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,—
All speak th' impatient Islamite's intent
To try, at length, if tower and battlement
And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,
Less tough to break down, than the hearts within.
First in impatience and in toil is he,
The burning Azim—oh! could he but see
Th' impostor once alive within his grasp,
Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boa's clasp,
Could match that gripe of vengeance, or keep pace
With the fell heartiness of hate's embrace!

Loud rings the ponderous ram against the walls;
Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,
But still no breach—"once more, one mighty swing
Of all your beams, together thundering!"
There—the wall shakes—the shouting troops exult—
"Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult
Right on that spot, and Neksheb is our own!"—
'Tis done—the battlements come crashing down,
And the huge wall, by that stroke riven in two,
Yawning, like some old crater, rent anew,
Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through!
But strange! no signs of life—nought living seen
Above, below—what can this stillness mean?
A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes—
"In through the breach," impetuous Azim cries;
But the cool Caliph, fearful of some wile
In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile.—

[1] "They have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes."—Elphinstone.

Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanced
Forth from the ruin'd walls; and, as there glanced
A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see
The well-known Silver Veil!—"'Tis he, 'tis he,
Mokanna, and alone!" they shout around;
Young Azim from his steed springs to the ground—
"Mine, holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task
To crush yon daring wretch—'tis all I ask."
Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
Who, still across wide heaps of ruin, slow
And falteringly comes, till they are near;
Then, with a bound, rushes on Azim's spear,
And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows—
Oh!—'tis his Zelica's life-blood that flows!

"I meant not, Azim," soothingly she said,
As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,
And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear—
"I meant not *thou* shouldst have the pain of this;—
Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss
Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but know
How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!
But the fiend's venom was too scant and slow;—
To linger on were maddening—and I thought
If once that Veil—nay, look not on it—caught
The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be
Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.
But this is sweeter—oh! believe me, yes—
I would not change this sad, but dear caress,
This death within thy arms I would not give
For the most smiling life the happiest live!
All, that stood dark and drear before the eye
Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by;
A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,
Like the first dawn of mercy from above;
And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiven,
Angels will echo the blest words in heaven!
But live, my Azim;—oh! to call thee mine
Thus once again! *my* Azim—dream divine!
Live, if thou ever lovedst me, if to meet
Thy Zelica hereafter would be sweet,—
Oh, live to pray for her—to bend the knee
Morning and night before that Deity,
To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,
As thine are, Azim, never breathed in vain,—
And pray that He may pardon her,—may take
Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,

And, nought remembering but her love to thee,
Make her all thine, all His, eternally!
Go to those happy fields where first we twined
Our youthful hearts together—every wind
That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flowers,
Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours
Back to thy soul, and thou mayst feel again
For thy poor Zelica as thou didst then.
So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
To heaven upon the morning's sunshine, rise
With all love's earliest ardour to the skies!
And should they—but alas! my senses fail—
Oh, for one minute!—should thy prayers prevail—
If pardon'd souls may from that World of Bliss
Reveal their joy to those they love in this,—
I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and tell—
O Heaven—I die—dear love! farewell, farewell."

Time flected—years on years had pass'd away,
And few of those who, on that mournful day,
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
Were living still—when, by a rustic grave
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
An aged man, who had grown aged there
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
For the last time knelt down—and, though the shade
Of death hung darkening over him, there play'd
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
That brighten'd even death—like the last streak
Of intense glory on th' horizon's brim,
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim,—
His soul had seen a vision, while he slept;
She for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
So many years, had come to him, all dress'd
In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!
For this the old man breathed his thanks, and died.—
And there, upon the banks of that loved tide,
He and his Zelica sleep side by side.

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear Fadladeen's criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the

first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the Royal Table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible. In the next place the elephant, laden with his fine antique porcelain, had in an unusual fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces;—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to Fadladeen, who, though professing to hold with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

"In order," said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, "to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever"—— "My good Fadladeen!" exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, "we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition." "If that be all," replied the critic, evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about everything but the subject immediately before him;—"if that be all that is required, the matter is easily dispatched." He then proceeded to analyse the poem, in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi) whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face;—a young lady, whose reason went and came according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise;—and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the afore-

said gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected?—after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberds of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aqua-fortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling."[1]

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter;—it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's[2] apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licences too in which it indulged were unpardonable; for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such;—

Like the faint exquisite music of a dream.

"What critic that can count," said Fadladeen, "and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?"—He here looked round and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus:—"notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man:—so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally

[1] "La lecture de ces Fables plaisoit si fort aux Arabes, que, quand Mahomet les entretenoit de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Testament, ils les méprisoient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontoient étoient beaucoup plus belles. Cette préference attira à Nasser la malediction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples."—D'Herbelot.

[2] The blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia.

alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him."

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before Lalla Rookh could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion;—to *one* heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome —but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for Fadladeen, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere), felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient;—the ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what Fadladeen said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep;—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. Lalla Rookh alone —and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi,—"Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed for ever!"—that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. "It is true," she said, "few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth:[1]—it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever:—but still there are some, as delightful perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short," continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, "it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic for ever, like the old Man of the Sea, upon his back!"[2]—Fadladeen, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind

[1] The Huma. [2] The Story of Sinbad.

as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued; and the Princess, glancing a look at Feramorz, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion has ever consecrated; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair, to the *Cámalatá*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented. As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and Lalla Rookh remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay, or of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost,—the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly that he remembered a Story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. "It is," said he, with an appealing look to Fadladeen, "in a lighter and humbler strain than the other;" then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy!" exclaim'd this child of air,
Are the holy spirits who wander there,

"'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me.
One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!
Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,[1]
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall:
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods, that thitherward stray,[2]
Yet—oh, 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flower, which—Brahmins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise!
"Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;—
'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the sun:—
Fleeter than the starry brands,
Flung at night from angel hands[3]
At those dark and daring sprites,
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,

1 "Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane-trees upon it."—Forster.

2 "The Altan Kol, or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it."—Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.

3 "The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyreum, or verge of the heavens."—Fryer.

Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for heaven?—"I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;[1]—
I know where the Isles of Perfume are
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright Araby;[2]—
I know too where the Genii hid
The jewell'd cup of their king Jamshid,[3]
With life's elixir sparkling high—
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Alla's wonderful Throne?
And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades—
Thy cavern shrines, and idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?

[1] The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace, and the edifices at Balbec, were built by genii for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there.—D'Herbelot, Volney.

[2] The Isles of Panchaia.

[3] "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."—Richardson.

'Tis he of Gazna[1]—fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved Sultana;[2]—
Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to th' invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell!—
Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill,
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss!
Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,

[1] Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the eleventh century.—*Vide* his history in Dow and Sir J. Malcolm.

[2] "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmoud was so magnificent, that he kept 400 greyhounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls."—Universal History, vol. iii.

'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the brave
Who die thus for their native land.—
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than e'en this drop the boon must be,
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,[1]
Far to the south, the Peri lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile![2]
Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grots, and sepulchres of kings,[3]
The exiled Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale[4]—now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.[5]
'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heaven's serenest light;—
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds;[6]—

1 "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to rise."—Bruce.

2 "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy, or the Giant."—Asiat. Research. vol. i. p. 387.

3 Vide Perry's View of the Levant for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grots, covered all over with hieroglyphics, in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

4 "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves."—Sonnini.

5 Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mœris.

6 "The superb date-tree, whose head languishingly reclines like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep."—Dafard el Hadad.

Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved sun 's awake ;—
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream ;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheathe its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd sultana[1] sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering, like an idol bird !—
Who could have thought, that there, e'en there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red desert's sands of flame !
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering !

The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again !
And oh ! to see th' unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey !
Only the fiercer hyæna stalks[2]
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies—
Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes[3]
Amid the darkness of the streets !

" Poor race of Men !" said the pitying Spirit,
Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—

[1] "That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana."—Sonnini.

[2] Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary when he was there, says, "The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyænas on the contrary, visited the cemeteries," &c.

[3] Bruce.

Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit.
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept—the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there 's a magic in each tear,
Such kindly spirits weep for man!

Just then, beneath some orange-trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stolen to die alone.
One who in life, where'er he moved,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With e'en a sprinkle from that lake,
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well known through many a day,
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard.
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she, whom he for years had known,
And loved, and might have call'd his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?

'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
He knew his own betrothèd bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside!—
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone—
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without shame.
"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air, that 's breathed by thee,
And, whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side!
Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
That must be hers, when thou art gone?
That I can live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself?—No, no—
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before like thee I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there!"
She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,

So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!
One struggle—and his pain is past—
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
"Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
Th' enchanted pile of that holy bird,
Who sings at the last his own death lay,[1]
And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping;—
While that benevolent Peri beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken!

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the Throne of Alla swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take![2]

[1] "In the East, they suppose the Phœnix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself."—Richardson.

[2] "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave."—From Chateaubriand's Description of the Mahometan Paradise, in his Beauties of Christianity.

But ah! even Peris' hopes are vain—
Again the Fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed—"not yet,"
The Angel said as, with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
"True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er Alla's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses[1]
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls;—
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls[2]
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright,
As they were all alive with light;—
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of Peristan!
And then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed,[3] with hum

[1] Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose for which that country has been always famous; hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

[2] "The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec, amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings, were covered with them."—Bruce.

[3] The Syrinx, or Pan's pipe, is still a pastoral instrument in Syria.—Russel.

Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banqueting through the flowery vales;—
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great Temple, once his own,[1]
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those chambers of the sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon,
An erring Spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope, she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of even
In the rich west begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,[2]
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems:—
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,

1 The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

2 "You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels."—Sonnini.

Though never yet hath daybeam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh, 'twas a sight—that heaven—that child—
A scene, which might have well beguiled
E'en haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,

Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
"When, young and haply pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
"There 's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land,[1] of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"
And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!

[1] The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,[1]
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!
"Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh!—
My feast is now of the tooba tree,[2]
Whose scent is the breath of eternity!
"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's Throne,[3]
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!"

"And this," said the Great Chamberlain, "is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!" After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, Fadladeen kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand streams of Basra.[4] They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success; —as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a

[1] The Country of Delight—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

[2] The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise in the palace of Mahomet.—Sale's Prelim. Disc. "Touba," says D'Herbelot, "signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness."

[3] Mahomet is described, in the 53rd chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

[4] "It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Belal ben Abi Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams."—Ebn Haukal.

victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the licence and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence;—who, like them, flung the jereed [1] carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark;—"and who," said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, "contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they have allowed themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who has the ingenuity to move as if her limbs were fettered, in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam!"

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven, but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies,—a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel's "radiant hand" he professed himself at a loss to discover; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. "But, in short," said he, "it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital for Sick Insects [2] should undertake."

In vain did Lalla Rookh try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent commonplaces,—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them;—that severity often destroyed every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman,—no one had ever yet reached its summit. [3] Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one

[1] The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise.—Castellan, Mœurs des Othomans, tom. iii. p. 161.

[2] For a description of this Hospital of the Banyans, *vide* Parson's Travels, p. 262.

[3] "Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism, the Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit."—Kinneir.

instant the elevation of Fadladeen's eyebrows, or charm him into anything like encouragement, or even toleration, of her Poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of Fadladeen:—he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal, too, was the same in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters,—worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mauloseums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death seemed to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of Lalla Rookh, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were making in the saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence,—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure,—convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young Feramorz. The veil, which this passion wears at first, had fallen off, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love *without* knowing it had been delicious. Feramorz, too,—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers;—if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone![1] She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. Feramorz must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clew was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she

[1] The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them.—P. Vanslebe, Relat. d'Egypte.

had to offer to the King of Bucharia might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only try to forget the short vision of happiness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever![1]

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The rajas and omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionery among the people; while the artizans, in chariots adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment;—particularly on the day when Lalla Rookh set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads[2] as they went, and then threw them to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. Lalla Rookh, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel as usual to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary;—Fadladeen felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees,[3] at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere;—while the ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to Fadladeen, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were tasteless enough to wish for the Poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian pal-

[1] Sale's Koran, note, vol. ii. p. 484.
[2] Ferishta.
[3] The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, planted with trees on each side.

frey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words :—

Tell me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the love
Which enslaves our souls in this!

Tell me not of Houris' eyes;—
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Wound like some that burn below!

Who that feels what love is here,
All its falsehood—all its pain—
Would, for even elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to Lalla Rookh's heart;—and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it as a sad but sweet certainty that Feramorz was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra,—that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.[1] In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood there was a tank surrounded by small mangoe-trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus; while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. Lalla Rookh guessed in vain, and the all-pretending Fadladeen, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi,

[1] The Baya, or Indian Gross-Beak.—Sir W. Jones.

was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the ladies suggested, that perhaps Feramorz could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might be a relic of some of those dark superstitions which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for Feramorz, who, in a very few minutes, appeared before them,—looking so pale and unhappy in Lalla Rookh's eyes, that she already repented of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors, preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostacy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Bakou,[1] when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers, and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that Feramorz had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before Fadladeen, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!"—while Feramorz, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those brave struggles

[1] The "Ager ardens," described by Kempfer, Amænitat. Exot.

of the Fire-worshippers of Persia against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for Lalla Rookh to refuse; he had never before looked half so animated, and when he spoke of the Holy Valley his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted, and while Fadladeen sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers:—

'Tis moonlight over Oman's Sea;[1]
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's[2] walls,
And through her Emir's porphyry halls,
Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel,[3]
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell;—
The peaceful sun, whom better suits
The music of the bulbul's nest,
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
To sing him to his golden rest!
All hush'd—there 's not a breeze in motion;
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven;—
The wind-tower on the Emir's dome[4]
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Even he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
Calm, while a nation round him weeps;
While curses load the air he breathes,
And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
Are starting to avenge the shame
His race hath brought on Iran's[5] name.
Hard, heartless Chief, unmoved alike
'Mid eyes that weep, and swords that strike;—

1 The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.
2 The present Gombaroon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.
3 A Moorish instrument of music.
4 "At Gombaroon, and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses."—Le Bruyn.
5 "Iran is the true general name for the empire of Persia."—Asiat. Res. Disc. 5.

One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies their directest path to heaven.
One, who will pause and kneel unshod
In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
To mutter o'er some text of God
Engraven on his reeking sword;[1]—
Nay, who can coolly note the line,
The letter of those words divine,
To which his blade, with searching art,
Had sunk into its victim's heart!

Just Alla! what must be thy look,
When such a wretch before thee stands
Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,—
Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,
And wresting from its page sublime
His creed of lust and hate and crime?
Even as those bees of Trebizond,—
Which from the sunniest flowers that glad
With their pure smile the gardens round,
Draw venom forth that drives men mad![2]

Never did fierce Arabia send
A satrap forth more direly great;
Never was Iran doom'd to bend
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fallen—her pride was crush'd—
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,
In their own land,—no more their own,—
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
Her towers, where Mithra once had burn'd,
To Moslem shrines—oh, shame!—were turn'd
Where slaves, converted by the sword,
Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,
And cursed the faith their sires adored.
Yet has she hearts, 'mid all this ill,
O'er all this wreck high buoyant still
With hope and vengeance;—hearts that yet,—
Like gems, in darkness issuing rays
They've treasured from the sun that 's set,—
Beam all the light of long-lost days!

[1] "On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed."—Russel.

[2] "There is a kind of Rhododendros about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad."—Tournefort.

And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
To second all such hearts can dare;
As he shall know, well, dearly know,
Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
Tranquil as if his spirit lay
Becalm'd in Heaven's approving ray!
Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine
Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine.
Sleep on, and be thy rest unmoved
By the white moonbeam's dazzling power;—
None but the loving and the loved
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see—where, high above those rocks
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
Yon turret stands;—where ebon locks,
As glossy as a heron's wing
Upon the turban of a king,[1]
Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—
'Tis she, that Emir's blooming child,
All truth and tenderness and grace,
Though born of such ungentle race;—
An image of Youth's fairy Fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain![2]

Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty, curtain'd from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
The flower, that blooms beneath the sea
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity!
So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrined.
And oh, what transport for a lover
To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—
Like those who, all at once, discover
In the lone deep some fairy shore,
Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No lip had ever breathed but theirs!

1 "Their kings wear plumes of black herons' feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty."—Hanway.

2 "The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East."—Richardson.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
On summer eves, through Yemen's[1] dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils;—
And brides, as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,
Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,
Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,
Before their mirrors count the time,
And grow still lovelier every hour.
But never yet hath bride or maid
In Araby's gay harams smiled,
Whose boasted brightness would not fade
Before Al Hassan's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness;—
With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark vice would turn abash'd away,
Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze![2]—
Yet, fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this!
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's soften'd glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere!

Such is the maid who, at this hour,
Hath risen from her restless sleep,
And sits alone in that high bower,
Watching the still and shining deep.
Ah! 'twas not thus,—with tearful eyes
And beating heart,—she used to gaze
On the magnificent earth and skies,
In her own land, in happier days.

[1] Arabia Felix.
[2] "They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of those stones (emeralds), he immediately becomes blind."—Ahmed ben Abdalaziz, Treatise on Jewels.

Why looks she now so anxious down
Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
Blackens the mirror of the deep?
Whom waits she all this lonely night?
Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
For man to scale that turret's height!—

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
When high, to catch the cool night-air,
After the daybeam's withering fire,[1]
He built her bower of freshness there,
And had it deck'd with costliest skill,
And fondly thought it safe as fair:—
Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,
Nor wake to learn what Love can dare—
Love, all-defying Love, who sees
No charm in trophies won with ease;—
Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
Are pluck'd on danger's precipice!
Bolder than they, who dare not dive
For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,
Love, in the tempest most alive,
Hath ever held that pearl the best
He finds beneath the stormiest water!
Yes—Araby's unrivall'd daughter,
Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
There 's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
Would climb th' untrodden solitude
Of Ararat's tremendous peak,[2]
And think its steeps, though dark and dread,
Heaven's pathways, if to thee they led!
E'en now thou seest the flashing spray,
That lights his oar's impatient way;—
E'en now thou hear'st the sudden shock
Of his swift bark against the rock,
And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
As if to lift him from below!
Like her to whom, at dead of night,
The bridegroom, with his locks of light,[3]
Came, in the flush of love and pride,
And scaled the terrace of his bride;—

[1] At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus it is sometimes so hot, that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water.—Marco Polo.

[2] This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible.

[3] In one of the books of the Shâh Nâmeh, when Zal (a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair) comes to the terrace of his mistress Rodahver at night, she lets down her long tresses to assist him in his ascent; he, however, manages it in a less romantic way—by fixing his crook in a projecting beam.—Champion's Ferdosi.

When, as she saw him rashly spring,
And midway up in danger cling,
She flung him down her long black hair,
Exclaiming breathless, "There, love, there!"
And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
The hero Zal in that fond hour,
Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,
Now climbs the rocks to Hinda's bower.
See—light as up their granite steeps
The rock-goats of Arabia clamber,[1]
Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
And now is in the maiden's chamber.

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,
Nor what his race, nor whence he came;—
Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
Some beauteous bird, without a name,
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
From isles in th' undiscover'd seas,
To show his plumage for a day
To wondering eyes, and wing away!
Will *he* thus fly—her nameless lover?
Alla forbid! 'twas by a moon
As fair as this, while singing over
Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,[2]
Alone, at this same witching hour,
She first beheld his radiant eyes
Gleam through the lattice of the bower,
Where nightly now they mix their sighs;
And thought some spirit of the air
(For what could waft a mortal there?)
Was pausing on his moonlight way
To listen to her lonely lay!
This fancy ne'er hath left her mind:
And—though, when terror's swoon had past,
She saw a youth, of mortal kind,
Before her in obeisance cast,—
Yet often since, when he hath spoken
Strange, awful words,—and gleams have broken
From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,
Oh! she hath fear'd her soul was given
To some unhallow'd child of air,
Some erring spirit, cast from heaven,

[1] "On the lofty hills of Arabia Petræa are rock-goats."—Niebuhr.
[2] "Canun, espèce de psalterion, avec des cordes de boyaux; les dames en touchent dans le serrail, avec des décailles armées de pointes de coco."—Toderini, translated by De Cournand.

Like those angelic youths of old,
Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,
Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes!
Fond girl! nor fiend nor angel he,
Who woos thy young simplicity;
But one of earth's impassion'd sons,
As warm in love, as fierce in ire
As the best heart whose current runs
Full of the Day-god's living fire!

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,
And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow;—
Never before, but in her dreams,
Had she beheld him pale as now:
And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
From which 'twas joy to wake and weep;
Visions, that will not be forgot,
But sadden every waking scene,
Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot
All wither'd where they once have been!

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that tranquil flood—
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
To-night upon yon leafy isle!
Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
And we, within its fairy bowers,
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
And we might live, love, die alone!
Far from the cruel and the cold,—
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Should come around us, to behold
A paradise so pure and lonely!
Would this be world enough for thee?"
Playful she turn'd, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she mark'd how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And, bursting into heart-felt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
My dreams, have boded all too right—
We part—for ever part—to-night!—

I knew, I knew it *could* not last—
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!
Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now too—the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
Oh, misery! must I lose *that* too?
Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;—
Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—
No, never come again—though sweet,
Though heaven, it may be death to thee.
Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger!
Better to sit and watch that ray,
And think thee safe, though far away,
Than have thee near me, and in danger!"

"Danger! oh, tempt me not to boast—"
The youth exclaim'd—"thou little know'st
What he can brave, who, born and nurst
In Danger's paths, has dared her worst!
Upon whose ear the signal-word
Of strife and death is hourly breaking;
Who sleeps with head upon the sword
His fever'd hand must grasp in waking!
Danger!—"
"Say on—thou fear'st not then,
And we may meet—oft meet again?"

"Oh! look not so,—beneath the skies
I now fear nothing but those eyes.
If aught on earth could charm or force
My spirit from its destined course,—
If aught could make this soul forget
The bond to which its seal is set,
'Twould be those eyes;—they, only they,
Could melt that sacred seal away!
But no—'tis fix'd—*my* awful doom
Is fix'd—on this side of the tomb
We meet no more—why, why did Heaven
Mingle two souls that earth has riven,

Has rent asunder, wide as ours?
O Arab maid! as soon the powers
Of light and darkness may combine,
As I be link'd with thee or thine!
Thy Father——"

"Holy Alla save
His grey head from that lightning glance!
Thou know'st him not—he loves the brave;
Nor lives there under heaven's expanse
One who would prize, would worship thee,
And thy bold spirit, more than he.
Oft when, in childhood, I have play'd
With the bright falchion by his side,
I've heard him swear his lisping maid
In time should be a warrior's bride.
And still, whene'er, at haram hours,
I take him cool sherbets and flowers,
He tells me, when in playful mood,
A hero shall my bridegroom be,
Since maids are best in battle woo'd,
And won with shouts of victory!
Nay, turn not from me—thou alone
Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.
Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know'st
Th' unholy strife these Persians wage:—
Good Heaven, that frown!—even now thou glow'st
With more than mortal warrior's rage.
Haste to the camp by morning's light,
And, when that sword is raised in fight,
Oh, still remember Love and I
Beneath its shadow trembling lie!
One victory o'er those Slaves of Fire,
Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
Abhors——"

"Hold, hold—thy words are death—"
The stranger cried, as wild he flung
His mantle back, and show'd beneath
The Gheber belt that round him clung.[1]—
"Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see
All that thy sire abhors in me!
Yes—*I* am of that impious race,
Those Slaves of Fire, who, morn and even,

[1] "They (the Ghebers) lay so much stress on their cushee or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it."—Grose's Voyage. "Le jeune homme nia d'abord la chose; mais, ayant été dépouillé de sa robe, et la large ceinture qu'il portoit comme Ghebr," &c., &c.—D'Herbelot, art. Aguuani.

Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of heaven![1]
Yes—*I* am of that outcast few,
To Iran and to vengeance true,
Who curse the hour your Arabs came
To desolate our shrines of flame,
And swear, before God's burning eye,
To break our country's chains, or die!
Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not—
He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,
With me is sacred as the spot
From which our fires of worship rise!
But know—'twas him I sought that night,
When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
I caught this turret's glimmering light,
And up the rude rocks desperately
Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—
I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
And found a trembling dove within;—
Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
If Love hath made one thought his own,
That vengeance claims first—last—alone!
Oh! had we never, never met,
Or could this heart e'en now forget
How link'd, how bless'd, we might have been,
Had fate not frown'd so dark between!
Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
Through the same fields in childhood play'd,
At the same kindling altar knelt,—
Then, then, while all those nameless ties,
In which the charm of country lies,
Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
Till Iran's cause and thine were one;—
While in thy lute's awakening sigh
I heard the voice of days gone by,
And saw in every smile of thine
Returning hours of glory shine!—
While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land
Lived, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through thee,—
God! who could then this sword withstand?
Its very flash were victory!
But now—estranged, divorced for ever,
Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;

[1] They suppose the Throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary.—Hanway.

Our only ties what love has wove,—
  Faith, friends, and country, sunder'd wide;—
And then, then only, true to love,
  When false to all that 's dear beside!
Thy father Iran's deadliest foe—
Thyself, perhaps, e'en now—but no—
Hate never look'd so lovely yet!
  No—sacred to thy soul will be
The land of *him* who could forget
  All but that bleeding land for thee!
When other eyes shall see, unmoved,
  Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
Thou'lt think how well one Gheber loved,
  And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all!
But look——"
  With sudden start he turn'd
  And pointed to the distant wave,
Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd
  Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave;
And fiery darts, at intervals,[1]
  Flew up all sparkling from the main,
As if each star that nightly falls,
  Were shooting back to heaven again.

"My signal-lights!—I must away—
Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.
Farewell—sweet life! thou cling'st in vain—
Now—Vengeance!—I am thine again."
Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,
Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd
Down mid the pointed crags beneath,
As if he fled from love to death.
While pale and mute young Hinda stood,
Nor moved, till in the silent flood
A momentary plunge below
Startled her from her trance of woe;—
Shrieking she to the lattice flew,
  "I come—I come—if in that tide
Thou sleep'st to-night—I'll sleep there too,
  In death's cold wedlock by thy side.
Oh! I would ask no happier bed
  Than the chill wave my love lies under;—
Sweeter to rest together dead,
  Far sweeter, than to live asunder!"

[1] "The Mameluks that were in the other boat, when it was dark, used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air, which in some measure resembled lightning or falling stars."—Baumgarten.

But no—their hour is not yet come—
Again she sees his pinnace fly,
Wafting him fleetly to his home,
Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie;
And calm and smooth it seem'd to win
Its moonlight way before the wind,
As if it bore all peace within,
Nor left one breaking heart behind!

THE Princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that Feramorz had chosen a less melancholy story; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme; for when he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country;—through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff, with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that in that very spot the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was therefore with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath the shade, some pious hands had erected pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain, which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here, while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with Fadladeen in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story:—

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea[1] palely shines,
Revealing Bahrein's[2] groves of palm,
And lighting Kishma's[2] amber vines.

[1] The Persian Gulf.—"To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Gulf."—Sir W. Jones.
[2] Islands in the Gulf.

Fresh smell the shores of Araby,
While breezes from the Indian sea
Blow round Selama's [1] sainted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath,—
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,
Had toward that holy headland cast—
Oblations to the Genii there
For gentle skies and breezes fair!
The nightingale now bends her flight
From the high trees, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with none to listen;
And hides her from the morning star
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
The best and brightest scimitar [2]
That ever youthful Sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign!

And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the east he springs.
Angel of light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!
Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When Iran, like a sun-flower, turn'd
To meet that eye, where'er it burn'd?—
When, from the banks of Bendemeer
To the nut-groves of Samarcand
Thy temples flamed o'er all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of them
Who, on Cadessia's [3] bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
From Iran's broken diadem,
And bind her ancient faith in chains:—
Ask the poor exile, cast alone
On foreign shores, unloved, unknown,

[1] Or Selemeh, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musseldom. "The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoa-nuts, fruits, or flowers into the sea to secure a propitious voyage."—Morier.

[2] In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Francklin says, "The dew is of such a pure nature, that if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust."

[3] The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,[1]
Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,
Far from his beauteous land of dates,
Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains!
Yet happier so than if he trod
His own beloved but blighted sod,
Beneath a despot stranger's nod!—
Oh! he would rather houseless roam
Where freedom and his God may lead,
Than be the sleekest slave at home
That crouches to the conqueror's creed!
Is Iran's pride then gone for ever,
Quench'd with the flame in Mithra's caves?—
No—she has sons that never—never—
Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
While heaven has light or earth has graves.
Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
But flash resentment back for wrong;
And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds
Of vengeance ripen into deeds,
Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
They burst, like Zeilan's giant palm,[2]
Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pigmy forests round!
Yes, Emir! he, who scaled that tower,
And, had he reach'd thy slumbering breast,
Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power
How safe even tyrant heads may rest—
Is one of many, brave as he,
Who loathe thy haughty race and thee;
Who, though they know the strife is vain,
Who, though they know the riven chain
Snaps but to enter in the heart
Of him who rends its links apart,
Yet dare the issue,—blest to be
Even for one bleeding moment free,
And die in pangs of liberty!
Thou know'st them well—'tis some moons since
Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,
Thou satrap of a bigot prince!
Have swarm'd among these Green Sea crags;

1 Derbend. "Les Turcs appellent cette ville Demir Capi, Porte de Fer; ce sont les Caspiæ Portæ des anciens."—D'Herbelot.

2 The Talpot or Talipot tree. "This beautiful palm-tree, which grows in the heart of the forests, may be classed among the loftiest trees, and becomes still higher when on the point of bursting forth from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelopes the flower is very large, and when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon."—Thunberg.

Yet here, even here, a sacred band,
Ay, in the portal of that land
Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,
Their spears across thy path have thrown;
Here—ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er—
Rebellion braved thee from the shore.

Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame!
As exhalations, when they burst
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs and sink again;—
But, if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head,
Become enthroned in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there!

And who is he, that wields the might
Of freedom on the Green Sea brink,
Before whose sabre's dazzling light
The eyes of Yemen's warriors wink?
Who comes embower'd in the spears
Of Kerman's hardy mountaineers?—
Those mountaineers, that truest, last,
Cling to their country's ancient rites,
As if that God, whose eyelids cast
Their closing gleam on Iran's heights,
Among her snowy mountains threw
The last light of his worship too!

'Tis Hafed—name of fear, whose sound
Chills like the muttering of a charm;—
Shout but that awful name around,
And palsy shakes the manliest arm.
'Tis Hafed, most accurst and dire
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire!
Of whose malign, tremendous power
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
That each affrighted sentinel

Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
Lest Hafed in the midst should rise!
A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
A mingled race of flame and earth,
Sprung from those old, enchanted kings,[1]
Who in their fairy helms, of yore,
A feather from the mystic wings
Of the Simoorgh resistless wore;
And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,
With charms that, all in vain withstood,
Would drown the Koran's light in blood!

Such were the tales that won belief,
And such the colouring fancy gave
To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—
One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul adored,
For happy homes, and altars free,—
His only talisman, the sword,
His only spell-word, Liberty!
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine
Names that have sanctified their blood;
As Lebanon's small mountain-flood
Is render'd holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks![2]
'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
Tamely to Moslem tyranny;—
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past,
Whose melancholy spirit, fed
With all the glories of the dead,
Though framed for Iran's happiest years,
Was born among her chains and tears!—
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd
Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,
Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—
No—far he fled—indignant fled
The pageant of his country's shame;
While every tear her children shed
Fell on his soul, like drops of flame;

[1] Tahmuras, and other ancient kings of Persia; whose adventures in Fairy Land, among the Peris and Dives, may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterward to his descendants.

[2] This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River from the "cedar-saints" among which it rises.

And, as a lover hails the dawn
Of a first smile, so welcomed he
The sparkle of the first sword drawn
For vengeance and for liberty!

But vain was valour—vain the flower
Of Kerman, in that deathful hour,
Against Al Hassan's whelming power.—
In vain they met him, helm to helm,
Upon the threshold of that realm
He came in bigot pomp to sway,
And with their corpses block'd his way—
In vain—for every lance they raised,
Thousands around the conqueror blazed;
For every arm that lined their shore,
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd
As dates beneath the locust-cloud!

There stood—but one short league away
From old Harmozia's sultry bay—
A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
Of Oman beetling awfully.
A last and solitary link
Of those stupendous chains that reach
From the broad Caspian's reedy brink
Down winding to the Green Sea beach.
Around its base the bare rocks stood,
Like naked giants, in the flood,
As if to guard the gulf across;
While, on its peak, that braved the sky,
A ruin'd temple tower'd, so high
That oft the sleeping albatross[1]
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering
Started—to find man's dwelling there
In her own silent fields of air!
Beneath, terrific caverns gave
Dark welcome to each stormy wave
That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in;—
And such the strange, mysterious din
At times throughout those caverns roll'd,—
And such the fearful wonders told
Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
That bold were Moslem, who would dare,

[1] These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good Hope.

At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side, those towers sublime,
That seem'd above the grasp of Time,
Were sever'd from the haunts of men
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
So fathomless, so full of gloom,
No eye could pierce the void between;
It seem'd a place where Gholes might come,
With their foul banquets from the tomb,
And in its caverns feed unseen.
Like distant thunder, from below,
The sound of many torrents came;
Too deep for eye or ear to know
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,
Or floods of ever-restless flame.
For each ravine, each rocky spire,
Of that vast mountain stood on fire;[1]
And, though for ever past the days,
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
That from its lofty altar shone,—
Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,
Still did the mighty flame burn on
Through chance and change, through good and ill,
Like its own God's eternal will,
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!

Thither the vanquish'd Hafed led
His little army's last remains;—
"Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
"Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
Is heaven to him who flies from chains!"
O'er a dark, narrow bridgeway, known
To him and to his chiefs alone,
They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers;—
"This home," he cried, "at least is ours—
Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;
Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
To quiver to the Moslem's tread.
Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks
Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,
Here,—happy that no tyrant's eye
Gloats on our torments—we may die!"

[1] The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterraneous fires.

'Twas night when to those towers they came,
And gloomily the fitful flame,
That from the ruin'd altar broke,
Glared on his features, as he spoke:—
"'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've done—
If Iran *will* look tamely on,
And see her priests, her warriors, driven
Before a sensual bigot's nod,
A wretch, who takes his lusts to heaven,
And makes a pander of his God!
If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
Men, in whose veins—O last disgrace!
The blood of Zal and Rustam[1] rolls,—
If they *will* court this upstart race,
And turn from Mithra's ancient ray,
To kneel at shrines of yesterday!—
If they *will* crouch to Irān's foes,
Why, let them—till the land's despair
Cries out to heaven, and bondage grows
Too vile for e'en the vile to bear!
Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
Their inmost core, and conscience turns
Each coward tear the slave lets fall
Back on his heart in drops of gall!
But *here*, at least, are arms unchain'd,
And souls that thraldom never stain'd;—
This spot, at least, no foot of slave
Or satrap ever yet profaned;
And, though but few—though fast the wave
Of life is ebbing from our veins,
Enough for vengeance still remains.
As panthers, after set of sun,
Rush from the roots of Lebanon
Across the dark sea-robber's way,[2]
We'll bound upon our startled prey;—
And when some hearts that proudest swell
Have felt our falchion's last farewell;
When hope's expiring throb is o'er,
And e'en despair can prompt no more,
This spot shall be the sacred grave
Of the last few who, vainly brave,
Die for the land they cannot save!"

[1] Ancient heroes of Persia. "Among the Guebres there are some who boast their descent from Rustam."—Stephen's Persia.

[2] Vide Russel's account of the panthers attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore about the roots of Lebanon.

His chiefs stood round—each shining blade
Upon the broken altar laid—
And though so wild and desolate
Those courts, where once the mighty sate;
Nor longer on those mouldering towers
Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
With which of old the Magi fed
The wandering spirits of their dead;[1]
Though neither priest nor rites were there,
Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate;[2]
Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet;[3]
Yet the same God that heard their sires
Heard *them*, while on that altar's fires
They swore the latest, holiest deed
Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,
Should be, in Iran's injured name,
To die upon that Mount of Flame—
The last of all her patriot line,
Before her last untrampled shrine!
Brave, suffering souls! they little knew
How many a tear their injuries drew
From one meek maid, one gentle foe,
Whom Love first touch'd with others' woe—
Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
Slept like a lake, till Love threw in
His talisman, and woke the tide,
And spread its trembling circles wide.
Once, Emir! thy unheeding child,
'Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smiled,—
Tranquil as on some battle-plain
The Persian lily shines and towers,
Before the combat's reddening stain
Hath fall'n upon her golden flowers.
Light-hearted maid, unawed, unmoved,
While heaven but spared the sire she loved,
Once at thy evening tales of blood
Unlistening and aloof she stood—

[1] "Among other ceremonies the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves."—Richardson.

[2] In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their fire, as described by Lord, "the Daroo," he says, "giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness."

[3] "Early in the morning, they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the Sun, to whom upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic, resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censer in their hands, and offer incense to the sun."—Rabbi Benjamin.

And oft, when thou hast paced along
Thy haram halls with furious heat,
Hast thou not cursed her cheerful song,
That came across thee, calm and sweet,
Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near
Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear?
Far other feelings love hath brought—
Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,
She now has but the one dear thought,
And thinks that o'er, almost to madness!
Oft doth her sinking heart recall
His words—"for *my* sake weep for all;"
And bitterly, as day on day
Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,
She weeps a lover snatch'd away
In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
There 's not a sabre meets her eye,
But with his life-blood seems to swim;
There 's not an arrow wings the sky,
But fancy turns its point to him.
No more she brings with footstep light
Al Hassan's falchion for the fight;
And,—had he look'd with clearer sight,
Had not the mists, that ever rise
From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes,—
He would have mark'd her shuddering frame,
When from the field of blood he came,
The faltering speech—the look estranged—
Voice, step, and life, and beauty changed—
He would have mark'd all this, and known
Such change is wrought by love alone!

Ah! not the love that should have bless'd
So young, so innocent a breast;
Not the pure, open, prosperous love,
That, pledged on earth and seal'd above,
Grows in the world's approving eyes,
In friendship's smile and home's caress,
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness!
No, Hinda, no—thy fatal flame
Is nursed in silence, sorrow, shame.—
A passion, without hope or pleasure,
In thy soul's darkness buried deep,
It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—
Some idol, without shrine or name,
O'er which its pale-eyed votaries keep
Unholy watch, while others sleep!

Seven nights have darken'd Oman's Sea,
Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
She saw his light oar rapidly
Hurry her Gheber's bark away,—
And still she goes, at midnight hour,
To weep alone in that high bower,
And watch, and look along the deep
For him whose smiles first made her weep,—
But watching, weeping, all was vain,
She never saw his bark again.
The owlet's solitary cry,
The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
And oft the hateful carrion-bird,
Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,
Which reek'd with that day's banqueting—
Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn—Al Hassan's brow
Is brighten'd with unusual joy—
What mighty mischief glads him now,
Who never smiles but to destroy?
The sparkle upon Herkend's Sea,
When toss'd at midnight furiously,[1]
Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,
More surely than that smiling eye!
"Up, daughter, up—the kerna's[2] breath
Has blown a blast would waken death,
And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see
This blessed day for heaven and me,
A day more rich in Pagan blood
Than ever flash'd o'er Oman's flood.
Before another dawn shall shine,
His head—heart—limbs—will all be mine;
This very night his blood shall steep
These hands all over ere I sleep!"—
"*His* blood!" she faintly scream'd—her mind
Still singling *one* from all mankind.
"Yes—spite of his ravines and towers,
Hafed, my child, this night is ours.
Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
Without whose aid the links accursed,
That bind these impious slaves, would be
Too strong for Alla's self to burst!

1 "It is observed, with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds, it sparkles like fire."—Travels of Two Mohammedans.

2 A kind of trumpet;—it "was that used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles."—Richardson.

That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
My path with piles of Moslem dead,
Whose baffling spells had almost driven
Back from their course the Swords of Heaven,
This night, with all his band, shall know
How deep an Arab's steel can go,
When God and vengeance speed the blow.
And—Prophet!—by that holy wreath
Thou wor'st on Ohod's field of death,[1]
I swear, for every sob that parts
In anguish from these heathen hearts,
A gem from Persia's plunder'd mines
Shall glitter on thy shrine of shrines.
But ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—
Those livid lips—my child, my child,
This life of blood befits not thee,
And thou must back to Araby.
Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
In scenes that man himself might dread,
Had I not hoped our every tread
Would be on prostrate Persian necks—
Cursed race, they offer swords instead!
But cheer thee, maid,—the wind that now
Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,
To-day shall waft thee from the shore;
And, ere a drop of this night's gore
Have time to chill in yonder towers,
Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers!"

His bloody boast was all too true—
There lurk'd one wretch among the few
Whom Hafed's eagle eye could count
Around him on that Fiery Mount,—
One miscreant, who for gold betray'd
The pathway through the valley's shade
To those high towers where Freedom stood
In her last hold of flame and blood.
Left on the field last dreadful night,
When, sallying from their sacred height,
The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,
He lay—but died not with the brave;
That sun, which should have gilt his grave,
Saw him a traitor and a slave;—
And, while the few, who thence return'd
To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd

[1] "Mohammed had two helmets, an interior and exterior one, the latter of which, called Al Mawashah, the fillet, wreath, or wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of Ohod."—Universal History.

For him among the matchless dead
They left behind on glory's bed,
He lived, and, in the face of morn,
Laugh'd them and Faith and Heaven to scorn!

Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim,—
With hopes, that but allure to fly,
With joys, that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
While lakes that shone in mockery nigh
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

LALLA ROOKH had had a dream the night before, which, in spite of the impending fate of poor Hafed, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bid-musk has just passed over. She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern ocean, where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water, enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders annually send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but, on coming nearer——

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her

ladies, when Feramorz appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, everything else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets;—the violet sherbets were hastily handed round, and, after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued:—

THE day is lowering—stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
Dispersed and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shatter'd canopy!
There 's not a cloud in that blue plain
But tells of storm to come or past;—
Here, flying loosely as the mane
Of a young war-horse in the blast;—
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!
While some, already burst and riven,
Seem melting down the verge of heaven;
As though the infant storm had rent
The mighty womb that gave him birth,
And, having swept the firmament,
Was now in fierce career for earth.
On earth 'twas yet all calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest's sound.
The diver steer'd for Ormus' bowers,
And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours;
The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land;—upon the beach
The pilot oft had paused, with glance
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse;
And all was boding, drear and dark
As her own soul, when Hinda's bark
Went slowly from the Persian shore—
No music timed her parting oar,[1]
Nor friends upon the lessening strand
Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,
Or speak the farewell, heard no more;—
But lone, unheeded, from the bay
The vessel takes its mournful way,

1 "The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music."—Harmer.

Like some ill-destined bark that steers
In silence through the Gate of Tears.[1]

And where was stern Al Hassan then?
Could not that saintly scourge of men
From bloodshed and devotion spare
One minute for a farewell there?
No—close within, in changeful fits
Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
In savage loneliness to brood
Upon the coming night of blood,
With that keen, second-scent of death,
By which the vulture snuffs his food
In the still warm and living breath![2]
While o'er the wave his weeping daughter
Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter,—
As a young bird of Babylon,[3]
Let loose to tell of victory won,
Flies home, with wing, ah! not unstain'd
By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks
Light up no gladness on her cheeks?
The flowers she nursed—the well-known groves,
Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—
Once more to see her dear gazelles
Come bounding with their silver bells;
Her birds' new plumage to behold,
And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
She left, all filleted with gold,
Shooting around their jasper fount.[4]—
Her little garden mosque to see,
And once again, at evening hour,
To tell her ruby rosary
In her own sweet acacia bower.—
Can these delights, that wait her now,
Call up no sunshine on her brow?

"The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for, all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic ocean."—Richardson.

2 "I have been told that whensoever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear."—Pennant.

3 "They fasten some writing to the wings of a Bagdat, or Babylonian pigeon."—Travels of certain Englishmen.

4 "The Empress of Jehan-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by fillets of gold, which she caused to be put round them."—Harris.

No—silent, from her train apart,—
As if even now she felt at heart
The chill of her approaching doom,—
She sits, all lovely in her gloom
As a pale angel of the grave;
And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,
Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,
Where, in a few short awful hours,
Blood, blood, in steaming tides shall run,
Foul incense for to-morrow's sun!
"Where art thou, glorious stranger! thou,
So loved, so lost, where art thou now?
Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er
Th' unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd to bear,
Still glorious—still to this fond heart
Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art!
Yes—Alla, dreadful Alla! yes—
If there be wrong, be crime in this,
Let the black waves, that round us roll,
Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
Forgetting faith,—home,—father,—all,—
Before its earthly idol fall,
Nor worship even Thyself above him.—
For oh! so wildly do I love him,
Thy Paradise itself were dim
And joyless, if not shared with him!"

Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes upturn'd,
Dropping their tears like moonlight rain;
And, though her lip, fond raver! burn'd
With words of passion, bold, profane,
Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which show'd—though wandering earthward now,—
Her spirit's home was in the skies.
Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,
Is always pure, even while it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot
All thoughts but one, she heeded not
The rising storm—the wave that cast
A moment's midnight, as it pass'd—
Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
Of gathering tumult o'er her head—
Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie
With the rude riot of the sky.—

But hark!—that war-whoop on the deck—
That crash, as if each engine there,
Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,
Mid yells and stampings of despair!
Merciful Heaven! what *can* it be?
'Tis not the storm, though fearfully
The ship has shudder'd as she rode
O'er mountain waves.—"Forgive me, God!
Forgive me!"—shriek'd the maid and knelt,
Trembling all over,—for she felt
As if her judgment-hour was near;
While crouching round, half dead with fear,
Her handmaids clung, nor breathed, nor stirr'd—
When, hark!—a second crash—a third—
And now, as if a bolt of thunder
Had riven the labouring planks asunder,
The deck falls in—what horrors then!
Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men
Come mix'd together through the chasm;—
Some wretches in their dying spasm
Still fighting on—and some that call
"For God and Iran!" as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
The perils of th' infuriate fray,
And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
This wilderment of wreck and death?
She knew not—for a faintness came
Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
Amid the ruins of that hour
Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,
Beneath the red volcano's shower!
But oh! the sights and sounds of dread
That shock'd her, ere her senses fled!
The yawning deck—the crowd that strove
Upon the tottering planks above—
The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,
Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash
Of sabres, and the lightning's flash
Upon their blades, high toss'd about
Like meteor brands[1]—as if throughout
The elements one fury ran,
One general rage, that left a doubt
Which was the fiercer, Heaven or Man!

[1] The meteors that Pliny calls "faces."

Once too—but no—it could not be—
'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought
While yet her fading eyes could see,
High on the ruin'd deck she caught
A glimpse of that unearthly form,
That glory of her soul,—even then,
Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,
Shining above his fellow men,
As, on some black and troublous night,
The Star of Egypt,[1] whose proud light
Never hath beam'd on those who rest
In the White Islands of the West,[2]
Burns through the storm with looks of flame
That put heaven's cloudier eyes to shame!
But no—'twas but the minute's dream—
A fantasy—and ere the scream
Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,
A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
Of soul and sense, its darkness spread
Around her, and she sunk, as dead!

How calm, how beautiful, comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone!
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm!—
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere the lightning-gem[3]
Whose liquid flame is born of them!
When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—
As if the loveliest plants and trees

1 "The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates."—Brown.
2 *Vide* Wilford's learned Essays on the Sacred Isles in the West.
3 A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and the author of the Dissertation in Harris's Voyages supposes it to be the opal.

Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest!

Such was the golden hour, that broke
Upon the world, when Hinda woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the water's sound
Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,
The same, that from Harmozia's bay
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
The sea-dog tracks?—no—strange and new
Is all that meets her wondering view.
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.
Shuddering she look'd around—there lay
A group of warriors in the sun
Resting their limbs, as for that day
Their ministry of death were done.
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
Lost in unconscious reverie;
And some, who seem'd but ill to brook
That sluggish calm, with many a look
To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest Alla! who shall save her now?
There 's not in all that warrior-band
One Arab sword, one turban'd brow
From her own faithful Moslem land.

Their garb—the leathern belt[1] that wraps
Each yellow vest[2]—that rebel hue—
The Tartar fleece upon their caps[3]—
Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
And Heaven hath, in this dreadful hour,
Abandon'd her to Hafed's power;—
Hafed, the Gheber!—at the thought
Her very heart's blood chills within;
He, whom her soul was hourly taught
To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
Some minister, whom Hell had sent
To spread its blast, where'er he went,
And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
His shadow betwixt man and God!
And she is now his captive,—thrown
In his fierce hands, alive, alone;
His the infuriate band she sees,
All infidels—all enemies!
What was the daring hope that then
Cross'd her like lightning, as again,
With boldness that despair had lent,
She darted through that armed crowd
A look so searching, so intent,
That e'en the sternest warrior bow'd
Abash'd, when he her glances caught,
As if he guess'd whose form they sought.
But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,—
The vision, that before her shone
Through all the maze of blood and storm,
Is fled—'twas but a phantom form—
One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul!

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion—
The oars are out, and with light sound
Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.

[1] D'Herbelot, art. Agduani.
[2] "The Guebres are known by a dark yellow colour, which the men affect in their clothes."—Thevenot.
[3] "The Kolah, or cap, worn by the Persians, is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary."—Waring.

And now she sees—with horror sees—
Their course is toward that mountain hold,—
Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,
Where Mecca's godless enemies
Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd
In their last deadly, venomous fold!
Amid th' illumined land and flood
Sunless that mighty mountain stood;
Save where, above its awful head,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
As 'twere the flag of destiny
Hung out to mark where death would be!

Had her bewilder'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow;
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone.—
But every thought was lost in fear,
When, as their bounding bark drew near
The craggy base, she felt the waves
Hurry them toward those dismal caves
That from the deep in windings pass
Beneath that mount's volcanic mass—
And loud a voice on deck commands
To lower the mast and light the brands!—
Instantly o'er the dashing tide
Within a cavern's mouth they glide,
Gloomy as that eternal porch,
Through which departed spirits go;—
Not e'en the flare of brand and torch
Its flickering light could further throw
Than the thick flood that boil'd below.
Silent they floated—as if each
Sat breathless, and too awed for speech
In that dark chasm, where even sound
Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around
The goblin echoes of the cave
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
As 'twere some secret of the grave!
But soft—they pause—the current turns
Beneath them from its onward track;—
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
The vexèd tide, all foaming, back,
And scarce the oar's redoubled force
Can stem the eddy's whirling force;

When, hark!—some desperate foot has sprung
Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
The oars are up—the grapple clings,
And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.
Just then, a daybeam through the shade
Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid
Can see from whence the brightness steals,
Upon her brow she shuddering feels
A viewless hand, that promptly ties
A bandage round her burning eyes;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng,
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine! genial Day,
What balm, what life, is in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb!
E'en Hinda, though she saw not where
Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew by that awakening air,
Which suddenly around her glow'd,
That they had risen from darkness then,
And breathed the sunny world again!

But soon this balmy freshness fled—
For now the steepy labyrinth led
Through damp and gloom—'mid crash of boug!
And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep,
Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
And long is heard from steep to steep,
Chasing them down their thundering way!
The jackal's cry—the distant moan
Of the hyæna, fierce and lone;—
And that eternal, saddening sound
Of torrents in the glen beneath,
As 'twere the ever-dark profound
That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!
All, all is fearful—e'en to see,
To gaze on those terrific things
She now but blindly hears, would be
Relief to her imaginings!

Since never yet was shape so dread,
But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
And by such sounds of horror fed,
Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has fear again
Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
Or did a voice, all music, then
Come from the gloom, low whispering near—
"Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here?"
She *does* not dream—all sense, all ear,
She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."
'Twas his own voice—she could not err—
Throughout the breathing world's extent
There was but *one* such voice for her,
So kind, so soft, so eloquent!
Oh! sooner shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
And to some meaner minstrel's lay
Open her bosom's glowing veil,[1]
Than love shall ever doubt a tone,
A breath of the beloved one!
Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think
She has that one beloved near,
Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,
Hath power to make e'en ruin dear,—
Yet soon this gleam of rapture, cross'd
By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.
How shall the ruthless Hafed brook
That one of Gheber blood should look,
With aught but curses in his eye,
On her—a maid of Araby—
A Moslem maid—the child of him,
Whose bloody banner's dire success
Hath left their altars cold and dim,
And their fair land a wilderness!
And, worse than all, that night of blood
Which comes so fast—oh! who shall stay
The sword, that once hath tasted food
Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?
What arm shall then the victim cover,
Or from her father shield her lover?

"Save him, my God!" she inly cries—
"Save him this night—and if thine eyes

[1] A frequent image among the Oriental poets. "The nightingales warb'ed their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rosebud and the rose."—Jami.

Have ever welcomed with delight
The sinner's tears, the sacrifice
Of sinners' hearts—guard him this night,
And here, before thy throne, I swear
From my heart's inmost core to tear,
Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
Link'd with each quivering life-string there,
And give it bleeding all to Thee!
Let him but live, the burning tear,
The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,
Which have been all too much his own,
Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.
Youth pass'd in penitence, and age
In long and painful pilgrimage,
Shall leave no traces of the flame
That wastes me now—nor shall his name
E'er bless my lips, but when I pray
For his dear spirit, that away
Casting from its angelic ray
Th' eclipse of earth, he too may shine
Redeem'd, all glorious and all thine!
Think—think what victory to win
One radiant soul like his from sin;—
One wandering star of virtue back
To its own native, heaven-ward track!
Let him but live, and both are thine,
Together thine—for, bless'd or cross'd,
Living or dead, his doom is mine,
And if *he* perish, both are lost!"

THE next evening Lalla Rookh was entreated by her ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of Hinda and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind;—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.

Fadladeen, whose wrath had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this most heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the

infliction; and took his seat this evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the Poet continued his profane and seditious story thus:—

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
That lay beneath that mountain's height,
Had been a fair, enchanting sight.
'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves
At its calm setting—when the west
Opens her golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last,
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!

'Twas stillness all—the winds that late
Had rush'd through Kerman's almond groves,
And shaken from her bowers of date
That cooling feast the traveller loves,[1]
Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
Were melted all to form the stream;
And her fair islets, small and bright,
With their green shores reflected there,
Look like those Peri isles of light,
That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did those glories burst
On Hinda's dazzled eyes, when first
The bandage from her brow was taken,
And pale and awed as those who waken
In their dark tombs—when, scowling near,
The Searchers of the Grave[2] appear,—
She shuddering turn'd to read her fate
In the fierce eyes that flash'd around;
And saw those towers all desolate,
That o'er her head terrific frown'd,

[1] "In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers."—Ebn Haukal.

[2] The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called "the Searchers of the Grave" in the "Creed of the Orthodox Mahometans" given by Ockley, vol. ii.

As if defying e'en the smile
Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.
In vain, with mingled hope and fear,
She looks for him whose voice so dear
Had come, like music, to her ear—
Strange, mocking dream! again 'tis fled.
And oh! the shoots, the pangs of dread
That through her inmost bosom run,
When voices from without proclaim
"Hafed, the Chief"—and, one by one,
The warriors shout that fearful name!
He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
How shall she dare to lift her head,
Or meet those eyes, whose scorching glare
Not Yemen's boldest sons can bear?
In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
As in those hellish fires that light
The mandrake's charnel leaves at night![1]
How shall she bear that voice's tone,
At whose loud battle-cry alone
Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
Scatter'd, like some vast caravan,
When, stretch'd at evening round the well,
They hear the thirsting tiger's yell!

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,
Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
Is flashing o'er her fiercely now;
And shuddering, as she hears the tread
Of his retiring warrior band.—
Never was pause so full of dread;
Till Hafed with a trembling hand
Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,
"Hinda!"—that word was all he spoke,
And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke
From her full bosom told the rest—
Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
The maid but lifts her wondering eyes,
To hide them on her Gheber's breast!
'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood.
The fellest of the Fire-fiend's brood,
Hafed, the demon of the fight,
Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight,—

[1] The Arabians call the mandrake "the devil's candle," on account of its shining appearance in the night."—Richardson.

Is her own lovèd Gheber, mild
And glorious as when first he smiled
In her lone tower, and left such beams
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
That she believèd her bower had given
Rest to some wanderer from heaven!

Moments there are, and this was one,
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
Amid the black simoom's eclipse—
Or like those verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater's burning lips,
Sweetening the very edge of doom!
The past—the future—all that fate
Can bring of dark or desperate
Around such hours, but makes them cast
Intenser radiance while they last!

E'en he, this youth—though dimm'd and gone
Each star of hope that cheer'd him on—
His glories lost—his cause betray'd—
Iran, his dear-loved country, made
A land of carcases and slaves,
One dreary waste of chains and graves!—
Himself but lingering, dead at heart,
To see the last, long-struggling breath
Of Liberty's great soul depart,
Then lay him down, and share her death—
E'en he, so sunk in wretchedness,
With doom still darker gathering o'er him,
Yet, in this moment's pure caress,
In the mild eyes that shone before him,
Beaming that blest assurance, worth
All other transports known on earth,
That he was loved—well, warmly loved—
Oh! in this precious hour he proved
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of woe;—
How exquisite one single drop
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow on the draught!

She too, while gazing on those eyes
That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,
Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,

Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!
The mighty ruins where they stood,
Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,
Lay open towards the ocean flood,
Where lightly o'er th' illumined surge
Many a fair bark that, all the day,
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay,
Now bounded on and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the evening gales;
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
The beauteous clouds, though daylight's star
Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,
Were still with lingering glories bright,—
As if, to grace the gorgeous west,
The Spirit of departing Light
That eve had left his sunny vest
Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.
Never was scene so form'd for love!
Beneath them, waves of crystal move
In silent swell—heaven glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like heaven!
But, ah! too soon that dream is past—
Again, again her fear returns;—
Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,
More faintly the horizon burns,
And every rosy tint that lay
On the smooth sea hath died away.
Hastily to the darkening skies
A glance she casts—then wildly cries,
"At night, he said—and, look, 'tis near—
Fly, fly—if yet thou lov'st me, fly—
Soon will his murderous band be here,
And I shall see thee bleed and die.—
Hush!—heard'st thou not the tramp of men
Sounding from yonder fearful glen?—
Perhaps e'en now they climb the wood—
Fly, fly—though still the west is bright,
He'll come—oh! yes—he wants thy blood—
I know him—he'll not wait for night!"

In terrors e'en to agony
She clings around the wondering Chief—
"Alas, poor wilder'd maid! to me
Thou ow'st this raving trance of grief.

Lost as I am, nought ever grew
Beneath my shade but perish'd too—
My doom is like the Dead-Sea air,
And nothing lives that enters there!
Why were our barks together driven
Beneath this morning's furious heaven?
Why, when I saw the prize that chance
Had thrown into my desperate arms,—
When, casting but a single glance
Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er
Thy safety through that hour's alarms)
To meet th' unmanning sight no more—
Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow?
Why weakly, madly, met thee now?—
Start not—that noise is but the shock
Of torrents through yon valley hurl'd—
Dread nothing here—upon this rock
We stand above the jarring world,
Alike beyond its hope—its dread—
In gloomy safety, like the dead!
Or, could e'en earth and hell unite
In league to storm this sacred height,
Fear nothing now—myself, to-night,
And each o'erlooking star that dwells
Near God will be thy sentinels;—
And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
Back to thy sire——"

"To-morrow!—no—"

The maiden scream'd—"thou'lt never see
To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
The night-cry through each reeking tower,
Unless we fly, aye, fly this hour!
Thou art betray'd—some wretch who knew
That dreadful glen's mysterious clew—
Nay, doubt not—by yon stars, 'tis true—
Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire;
This morning, with that smile so dire
He wears in joy, he told me all,
And stamp'd in triumph through our hall,
As though thy heart already beat
Its last life-throb beneath his feet!
Good Heaven, how little dream'd I then
His victim was my own loved youth!—
Fly—send—let some one watch the glen—
By all my hopes of heaven 'tis truth!"

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.
He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
As if the tale had frozen his blood,
So mazed and motionless was he;—
Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
Or some mute, marble habitant
Of the still Halls of Ishmonie![1]

But soon the painful chill was o'er,
And his great soul, herself once more,
Look'd from his brow in all the rays
Of her best, happiest, grandest days!
Never, in moment most elate,
Did that high spirit loftier rise;—
While bright, serene, determinate,
His looks are lifted to the skies,
As if the signal-lights of fate
Were shining in those awful eyes!
'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom
In Iran's sacred cause is come;
And, though his life hath pass'd away
Like lightning on a stormy day,
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
Of glory, permanent and bright,
To which the brave of after-times,
The suffering brave, shall long look back
With proud regret,—and by its light
Watch through the hours of slavery's night
For vengeance on th' oppressor's crimes!
This rock, his monument aloft,
Shall speak the tale to many an age;
And hither bards and heroes oft
Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
And bring their warrior sons, and tell
The wondering boys where Hafed fell.
And swear them on those lone remains
Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
Never—while breath of life shall live
Within them—never to forgive

[1] For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, &c., to be seen to this day, *vide* Perry's View of the Levant.

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

"Hafed, my own beloved lord!"
She kneeling cries—"first, last, adored!"—P. 399.

Th' accursèd race, whose ruthless chain
Hath left on Iran's neck a stain
Blood, blood alone can cleanse again!

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
Enthrone themselves on Hafed's brow;
And ne'er did saint of Issa[1] gaze
On the red wreath, for martyrs twined,
More proudly than the youth surveys
That pile, which through the gloom behind,
Half lighted by the altar's fire,
Glimmers,—his destined funeral pyre!
Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,
Of every wood of odorous breath,
There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
Ready to fold in radiant death
The few still left of those who swore
To perish there, when hope was o'er—
The few, to whom that couch of flame,
Which rescues them from bonds and shame,
Is sweet and welcome as the bed
For their own infant Prophet spread,
When pitying Heaven to roses turn'd
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd![2]

With watchfulness the maid attends
His rapid glance, where'er it bends—
Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?
What plans he now? what thinks or dreams?
Alas! why stands he musing here,
When every moment teems with fear?
"Hafed, my own beloved lord,"
She kneeling cries—"first, last adored!
If in that soul thou'st ever felt
Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
Here, on my knees that never knelt
To any but their God before,
I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—
Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh.
Oh, haste—the bark that bore me hither
Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea
East—west—alas, I care not whither,
So thou art safe, and I with thee!

1 Jesus.

2 The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great Prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into "a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed."—Tavernier.

Go where we will, this hand in thine,
Those eyes before me smiling thus,
Through good and ill, through storm and shine,
The world 's a world of love for us!
On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,
Where 'tis no crime to love too well;—
Where thus to worship tenderly
An erring child of light like thee
Will not be sin—or, if it be,
Where we may weep our faults away,
Together kneeling, night and day,
Thou, for *my* sake, at Alla's shrine,
And I—at *any* God's, for thine!"

Wildly these passionate words she spoke—
Then hung her head, and wept for shame;
Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke
With every deep-heaved sob that came.
While he, young, warm—oh! wonder not
If, for a moment, pride and fame,
His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,
And Iran's self are all forgot
For her whom at his feet he sees
Kneeling in speechless agonies.
No, blame him not, if Hope awhile
Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile
O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights
Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
Which she, who bends all beauteous there,
Was born to kindle and to share!
A tear or two, which, as he bow'd
To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud
Of softness passing o'er his soul.
Starting, he brush'd the drops away,
Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray;—
Like one who, on the morn of fight,
Shakes from his sword the dews of night,
That had but dimm'd, not stain'd, its light.

Yet, though subdued th' unnerving thrill,
Its warmth, its weakness, linger'd still
So touching in each look and tone,
That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
Half counted on the flight she pray'd.
Half thought the hero's soul was grown
As soft, as yielding as her own,
And smiled and bless'd him, while he said,—

"Yes—if there be some happier sphere,
Where fadeless truth like ours is dear;—
If there be any land of rest
For those who love and ne'er forget,
Oh! comfort thee—for safe and blest
We'll meet in that calm region yet!"

Scarce had she time to ask her heart
If good or ill these words impart,
When the roused youth impatient flew
To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
A ponderous sea-horn[1] hung, and blew
A signal, deep and dread as those
The storm-fiend at his rising blows.—
Full well his chieftains, sworn and true
Through life and death, that signal knew;
For 'twas th' appointed warning-blast,
Th' alarm, to tell when hope was past
And the tremendous death-die cast!
And there, upon the mouldering tower,
Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,
Ready to sound o'er land and sea
That dirge-note of the brave and free.

They came—his chieftains at the call
Came slowly round, and with them all—
Alas, how few!—the worn remains
Of those who late o'er Kerman's plains
Went gaily prancing to the clash
Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
Catching new hope from every flash
Of their long lances in the sun—
And, as their coursers charged the wind,
And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,[2]
Looking as if the steeds they rode
Were wing'd, and every chief a god!
How fallen, how alter'd now! how wan
Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,
As round the burning shrine they came;—
How deadly was the glare it cast,
As mute they paused before the flame
To light their torches as they pass'd!

1 "The shell called Siiankos, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms, or giving signals: it sends forth a deep and hollow sound."—Pennant.

2 "The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies."—Thevenot.

'Twas silence all—the youth had plann'd
The duties of his soldier-band;
And each determined brow declares
His faithful chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—
And oh, how soon, ye blessed eyes,
That look from heaven, ye may behold
Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!
Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
The maiden sees the veteran group
Her litter silently prepare,
And lay it at her trembling feet;—
And now the youth, with gentle care,
Hath placed her in the shelter'd seat,
And press'd her hand—that lingering press
Of hands, that for the last time sever;
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.
And yet to *her* this sad caress
Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!
'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—
Their happy flight's dear harbinger;
'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—
'Twas anything but leaving her.

"Haste, haste!" she cried, "the clouds grow dark,
But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark;
And, by to-morrow's dawn—oh, bliss!
With thee upon the sunbright deep,
Far off, I'll but remember this,
As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep!
And thou——" but ha!—he answers not—
Good Heaven!—and does she go alone?
She now has reach'd that dismal spot,
Where, some hours since, his voice's tone
Had come to soothe her fears and ills,
Sweet as the angel Israfil's,[1]
When every leaf on Eden's tree
Is trembling to his minstrelsy—
Yet now—oh, now, he is not nigh—
"Hafed! my Hafed! if it be
Thy will, thy doom, this night to die,
Let me but stay to die with thee,
And I will bless thy loved name,
'Till the last life-breath leave this frame.

[1] "The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures."—Sale.

Oh! let our lips, our cheeks, be laid
But near each other while they fade;
Let us but mix our parting breaths,
And I can die ten thousand deaths!
You too, who hurry me away
So cruelly, one moment stay—
Oh! stay—one moment is not much—
He yet may come—for *him* I pray—
Hafed! dear Hafed!—" all the way
In wild lamentings, that would touch
A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name
To the dark woods—no Hafed came:—
No—hapless pair—you've look'd your last;
Your hearts should both have broken then:
The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—
You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!—
Still halfway down the steep he stands,
Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes
The glimmer of those burning brands,
That down the rocks, with mournful ray,
Light all he loves on earth away!
Hopeless as they who, far at sea,
By the cold moon have just consign'd
The corse of one, loved tenderly,
To the bleak flood they leave behind;
And on the deck still lingering stay,
And long look back, with sad delay,
To watch the moonlight on the wave,
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he then?
That dreadful shout!—across the glen
From the land side it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,
Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell,
Had all in one dread howl broke out,
So loud, so terrible, that shout!
"They come—the Moslems come!"—he cries,
His proud soul mounting to his eyes,—
"Now, spirits of the brave, who roam
Enfranchised through yon starry dome,
Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
Are on the wing to join your choir!"

He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound
To their young loves, reclimb'd the steep
And gain'd the shrine—his chiefs stood round—
Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
Together, at that cry accursed,
Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.
And hark!—again—again it rings;
Near and more near its echoings
Peal through the chasm—oh! who that then
Had seen those listening warrior-men,
With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame
Turn'd on their Chief—could doubt the shame,
Th' indignant shame, with which they thrill
To hear those shouts and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts—they were his own—
"What! while our arms can wield these blades
Shall we die tamely? die alone?
Without one victim to our shades,
One Moslem heart where, buried deep,
The sabre from its toil may sleep?
No—God of Iran's burning skies!
Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice.
No—though of all earth's hopes bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
Tell of the Ghebers' bloody glen.
Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
Our refuge still from life and chains;
But his the best, the holiest bed,
Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!"

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,
While vigour, more than human, strung
Each arm and heart.—Th' exulting foe
Still through the dark defiles below,
Track'd by his torches' lurid fire,
Wound slow, as through Golconda's vale[1]
The mighty serpent, in his ire,
Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.
No torch the Ghebers need—so well
They know each mystery of the dell,
So oft have, in their wanderings,
Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell,

[1] *Vide* Hoole upon the Story of Sinbad.

The very tigers from their delves
Look out, and let them pass, as things
Untamed and fearless like themselves!

There was a deep ravine, that lay
Yet darkling in the Moslems' way;—
Fit spot to make invaders rue
The many fallen before the few.
The torrents from that morning's sky
Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,
And, on each side, aloft and wild,
Huge cliffs and toppling crags were piled.
The guards, with which young Freedom lines
The pathways to her mountain shrines.
Here, at this pass, the scanty band
Of Iran's last avengers stand;—
Here wait, in silence like the dead,
And listen for the Moslems' tread
So anxiously, the carrion-bird
Above them flaps his wings unheard!

They come—that plunge into the water
Gives signal for the work of slaughter.
Now, Ghebers, now—if e'er your blades
Had point or prowess, prove them now!—
Woe to the file that foremost wades!
They come—a falchion greets each brow,
And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,
Beneath the gory waters sunk,
Still o'er their drowning bodies press
New victims quick and numberless;
Till scarce an arm in Hafed's band,
So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
But listless from each crimson hand
The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.
Never was horde of tyrants met
With bloodier welcome—never yet
To patriot vengeance hath the sword
More terrible libations pour'd!
All up the dreary, long ravine,
By the red, murky glimmer seen
Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood
Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,
What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,
In that thick pool of slaughter stand;—

Wretches who, wading, half on fire
From the toss'd brands that round them fly,
'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire;—
And some who, grasp'd by those that die,
Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er
In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed;—
Countless as towards some flame at night
The north's dark insects wing their flight,
And quench or perish in its light,
To this terrific spot they pour—
Till, bridged with Moslem bodies o'er,
It bears aloft their slippery tread,
And o'er the dying and the dead,
Tremendous causeway! on they pass.—
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
What hope was left for you? for you,
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
Is smoking in their vengeful eyes—
Whose swords how keen, how fierce, they knew,
And burn with shame to find how few.
Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
Some found their graves where first they stood;
While some with hardier struggle died,
And still fought on by Hafed's side,
Who, fronting to the foe, trod back
Towards the high towers his gory track;
And, as a lion, swept away
By sudden swell of Jordan's pride
From the wild covert where he lay,[1]
Long battles with th' o'erwhelming tide,
So fought he back with fierce delay,
And kept both foes and fate at bay!

But whither now? their track is lost,
Their prey escaped—guide, torches gone—
By torrent-beds and labyrinths cross'd,
The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on—
"Curse on those tardy lights that wind,"
They panting cry, "so far behind—
Oh, for a bloodhound's precious scent,
To track the way the Gheber went!"

[1] "In this thicket, upon the banks of the Jordan, several sorts of wild beasts are wont to harbour themselves, whose being washed out of the covert by the overflowings of the river gave occasion to that allusion of Jeremiah, 'He shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.'"—Maundrell's Aleppo.

Vain wish—confusedly along
They rush, more desperate as more wrong;
Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,
Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,
Their footing, mazed and lost, they miss,
And down the darkling precipice
Are dash'd into the deep abyss;—
Or midway hang, impaled on rocks,
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
Of ravening vultures,—while the dell
Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,
That e'er shall ring in Hafed's ear,—
Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,
Upon the steep way breathless thrown,
He lay beside his reeking blade,
Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,
Its last blood-offering amply paid,
And Iran's self could claim no more.
One only thought, one lingering beam,
Now broke across his dizzy dream
Of pain and weariness—'twas she
His heart's pure planet, shining yet
Above the waste of memory,
When all life's other lights were set.
And never to his mind before
Her image such enchantment wore.
It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,
Each fear that chill'd, their loves was past,
And not one cloud of earth remain'd
Between him and her glory cast;—
As if to charms, before so bright,
New grace from other worlds was given,
And his soul saw her by the light
Now breaking o'er itself from heaven!

A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone
Of a loved friend, the only one
Of all his warriors, left with life
From that short night's tremendous strife.—
"And must we then, my Chief, die here?—
Foes round us, and the shrine so near!"
These words have roused the last remains
Of life within him—"what! not yet
Beyond the reach of Moslem chains!"
The thought could e'en make Death forget
His icy bondage—with a bound
He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,

And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown
E'en feebler, heavier, than his own,
And up the painful pathway leads,
Death gaining on each step he treads.
Speed them, thou God, who heard'st their vow!
They mount—they bleed—oh, save them now!—
The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,
The rock-weed 's dripping with their gore—
Thy blade too, Hafed, false at length,
Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength—
Haste, haste—the voices of the Foe
Come near and nearer from below—
One effort more—thank Heaven! 'tis past,
They've gain'd the topmost steep at last,
And now they touch the temple's walls,
Now Hafed sees the Fire divine—
When, lo! his weak, worn comrade falls
Dead on the threshold of the shrine.
"Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!
And must I leave thee withering here,
The sport of every ruffian's tread,
The mark for every coward's spear?
No, by yon altar's sacred beams!"
He cries, and, with a strength that seems
Not of this world, uplifts the frame
Of the fallen chief, and towards the flame
Bears him along;—with death-damp hand
The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
Then lights the consecrated brand,
And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze
Like lightning bursts o'er Oman's Sea.—
"Now, Freedom's God! I come to Thee,"
The youth exclaims, and with a smile
Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
In that last effort, ere the fires
Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on Oman's tide?
It came from yonder drifting bark,
That just has caught upon her side
The death-light—and again is dark.
It is the boat—ah, why delay'd?—
That bears the wretched Moslem maid;
Confided to the watchful care
Of a small veteran band, with whom
Their generous Chieftain would not share
The secret of his final doom;

But hoped when Hinda, safe and free,
Was render'd to her father's eyes.
Their pardon, full and prompt, would be
The ransom of so dear a prize.—
Unconscious, thus, of Hafed's fate,
And proud to guard their beauteous freight,
Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves
That foam around those frightful caves.
When the curst war-whoops, known so well,
Came echoing from the distant dell—.
Sudden each oar, upheld and still,
Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,
And, driving at the current's will,
They rock'd along the whispering tide,
While every eye, in mute dismay,
Was toward that fatal mountain turn'd,
Where the dim altar's quivering ray
As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.

Oh! 'tis not, Hinda, in the power
Of fancy's most terrific touch
To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—
Thy silent agony—'twas such
As those who feel could paint too well,
But none e'er felt and lived to tell!
'Twas not alone the dreary state
Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,
When, though no more remains to dread,
The panic chill will not depart;—
When, though the inmate Hope be dead.
Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart.
No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The wretch may bear, and yet live on,
Like things, within the cold rock found
Alive, when all 's congeal'd around.
But there 's a blank repose in this,
A calm stagnation, that were bliss
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
Now felt through all thy breast and brain—
That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
That breathless, agonized suspense,
From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching,
The heart hath no relief but breaking!

Calm is the wave—heaven's brilliant lights
Reflected dance beneath the prow;—
Time was when, on such lovely nights,
She who is there, so desolate now,

Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
And ask no happier joy than seeing
The starlight o'er the waters thrown—
No joy but that to make her blest,
And the fresh, buoyant sense of being
That bounds in youth's yet careless breast,—
Itself a star, not borrowing light,
But in its own glad essence bright.
How different now!—but, hark, again
The yell of *havoc rings—brave men!*
In vain, *with beating hearts, ye stand*
On the bark's *edge—in vain each hand*
Half draws the *falchion from its sheath;*
All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie;—
He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
E'en now, this night, himself must die!
Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
And ask, and wondering guess what means
The battle-cry at this dead hour—
Ah! she could tell you—she, who leans
Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
With brow against the dew-cold mast—
Too well she knows—her more than life,
Her soul's first idol and its last,
Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see—what moves upon the height?
Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.
What bodes its solitary glare?
In gasping silence toward the shrine
All eyes are turn'd—thine, Hinda, thine
Fix their last failing life-beams there.
'Twas but a moment—fierce and high
The death-pile blazed into the sky,
And far away o'er rock and flood
Its melancholy radiance sent;
While Hafed, like a vision, stood
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
Shrined in its own grand element!
"'Tis he!" the shuddering maid exclaims.—
But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;
High burst in air the funeral flames,
And Iran's hopes and hers are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave—
Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,
Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—

Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again!

Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea)
No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south[1] o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star[2] to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,[3]
The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero! forget thee,—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;[4]
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber,
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

1 "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts."—Stephen's Persia.

2 "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays."—Mirza Abu Taleb.

3 For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, *vide* Kempfer, Amœnitat. Exot.

4 Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds.—*Vide* Trevoux, Chambers.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian[1] are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.

THE singular placidity with which Fadladeen had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and Feramorz exceedingly; and even inclined towards him the hearts of these unsuspicious young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organizing, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the Poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital,—which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles, for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the chabuk[2] would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the King of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel: and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion (that is, if he did not give the chabuk to Feramorz, and a place to Fadladeen), there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out, like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled next evening in the pavilion, and Lalla Rookh expected to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the

[1] "The bay Kieselarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire."—Struy.
[2] "The application of whips or rods."—Dubois.

acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian Queen,—he agreeably disappointed her by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal; and then suddenly passing off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and imperial master, Aurungzebe,—the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur,—who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, Fadladeen, the very profitable posts of Betel-carrier and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms,[1] and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that forbidden river,[2] beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdaul, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehan-Guire, wandered with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would Lalla Rookh have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world, for Feramorz and love in this sweet lonely valley. The time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer,—or see him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment was an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy,—resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge, who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.[3]

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a freer range than they could safely be indulged

[1] Kempfer mentions such an officer among the attendants of the King of Persia and calls him "formæ corporis estimator." His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the haram by a sort of regulation-girdle, whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed. If any of them outgrew this standard of shape, they were reduced by abstinence till they came within its bounds.

[2] The Attock.

[3] The star Soheil, or Canopus.

with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows, lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While Fadladeen, beside the spiritual comfort he derived from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the saint from whom the valley is named, had opportunities of gratifying, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards, which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill;—taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the faithful say their prayers!

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens, which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basons filled with the pure water of those hills, was to Lalla Rookh all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, "it was too delicious;"—and here in listening to the sweet voice of Feramorz, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal,—the Light of the Haram,[1] who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basons, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond,[2]—the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather rhapsody, of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconcilement of a sort of lovers' quarrel, which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere; and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida, which was so happily made up by the soft strains of the musician, Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and Feramorz had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of Lalla Rookh's little Persian slave, and thus began:—

[1] Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards called Nourjohan, or the Light of the World.

[2] *Vide* note, p. 383.

WHO has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,[1]
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?
Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.[2]
Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet.
From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet.—
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the sun.
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his haram of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
The young aspen-trees[3] till they tremble all over.
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,
Shines in through the mountainous portal[4] that opes,
Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world!

But never yet, by night or day,
In dew of spring or summer's ray,
Did the sweet Valley shine so gay

1 "The rose of Kashmire, for its brilliancy and delicacy of odour, has long been proverbial in the East."—Forster.

2 "Tied round her waist the zone of bells, that sounded with ravishing melody."—Song of Jayadeva.

3 "The little isles in the Lake of Cachemire are set with arbours and large-leaved aspen-trees, slender and tall."—Bernier.

4 "The Tuckt Suliman, the name bestowed by the Mahometans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake."—Forster.

As now it shines—all love and light,
Visions by day and feasts by night!
A happier smile illumes each brow,
With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
And all is ecstasy,—for now
The Valley holds its Feast of Roses.[1]
That joyous time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round, and in their shower
Hearts open, like the season's rose.—
The floweret of a hundred leaves,[2]
Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives!

'Twas when the hour of evening came
Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
When Day had hid his sultry flame
Behind the palms of Baramoule.[3]
When maids began to lift their heads,
Refresh'd, from their embroider'd beds,
Where they had slept the sun away,
And waked to moonlight and to play.
All were abroad—the busiest hive
On Bela's[4] hills is less alive
When saffron beds are full in flower,
Than look'd the Valley in that hour.
A thousand restless torches play'd
Through every grove and island shade;
A thousand sparkling lamps were set
On every dome and minaret;
And fields and pathways, far and near,
Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
That you could see, in wandering round,
The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
Yet did the maids and matrons leave
Their veils at home, that brilliant eve;
And there were glancing eyes about,
And cheeks, that would not dare shine out
In open day, but thought they might
Look lovely then, because 'twas night!
And all were free, and wandering,
And all exclaim'd to all they met

1 "The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom."—Pietro de la Valle.

2 "Gul sad berk, the Rose of a hundred leaves. I believe a particular species."—Ouseley.

3 Bernier.

4 A place mentioned in the Toozek Jehangeery, or Memoirs of Jehan-Guire, where there is an account of the beds of saffron flowers about Cashmere.

That never did the summer bring
So gay a Feast of Roses yet;—
The moon had never shed a light
So clear as that which bless'd them there;
The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flowers!
It seem'd as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.
The Lake too like a garden breathes,
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fallen upon it from the sky!
And then the sounds of joy,—the beat
Of tabors and of dancing feet;—
The minaret-crier's chaunt of glee
Sung from his lighted gallery,[1]
And answer'd by a ziraleet
From neighbouring haram, wild and sweet;—
The merry laughter, echoing
From gardens, where the silken swing
Wafts some delighted girl above
The top leaves of the orange grove;
Or, from those infant groups at play
Among the tents [2] that line the way,
Flinging, unawed by slave or mother,
Handfuls of roses at each other!—
And the sounds from the Lake,—the low whisp'ring in boats,
As they shoot through the moonlight;—the dipping of oars,
And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere floats,
Through the groves, round the islands, as if all the shores
Like those of Kathay utter'd music, and gave
An answer in song to the kiss of each wave![3]

[1] "It is the custom among the women to employ the Maazeen to chaunt from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the house respond at intervals with a ziraleet or joyous chorus."—Russel.

[2] "At the keeping of the Feast of Roses we beheld an infinite number of tents pitched, with such a crowd of men, women, boys and girls, with music, dances." &c., &c.—Herbert.

[3] "An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and being charmed with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed King or musical instruments of them."—Grosier.

But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feeling,
That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,—
Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power
Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.
Oh! best of delights as it everywhere is
To be near the loved *One*,—what a rapture is his,
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
O'er the Lake of Cashmere, with that *One* by his side!
If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a heaven she must make of Cashmere!

So felt the magnificent Son of Acbar,[1]
When from power and pomp and the trophies of war
He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all
With the Light of the Haram, his young Nourmahal.
When free and uncrown'd as the conqueror roved
By the banks of that Lake, with his only beloved,
He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd
Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world!

There 's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.
This *was* not the beauty—oh! nothing like this,
That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss;
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes,
Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint has of heaven in his dreams!
When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face;
And when angry,—for e'en in the tranquillest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes—
The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.
If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings!
Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in spring;—

[1] Jehan-Guire was the son of the great Acbar.

Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages.[1]
While her laugh, full of life, without any control
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
In lip, cheek or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.
Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that gave
Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for her slave;
And though bright was his haram,—a living parterre
Of the flowers[2] of this planet—though treasures were there,
For which Soliman's self might have given all the store
That the navy from Ophir e'er wing'd to his shore,
Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
And the Light of his Haram was young Nourmahal!

But where is she now, this night of joy,
When bliss is every heart's employ?
When all around her is so bright,
So like the visions of a trance,
That one might think, who came by chance
Into the vale this happy night,
He saw that City of Delight[3]
In Fairy-land, whose streets and towers
Are made of gems and light and flowers!—
Where is the loved sultana? where,
When mirth brings out the young and fair,
Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,
In melancholy stillness now?

Alas—how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships, that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something, light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.

[1] In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners, "they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours."—Richardson.

[2] In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

[3] The capital of Shadukiam.—Vide note 1, p. 352.

And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

O you, that have the charge of Love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the Fields of Bliss above
He sits, with flowerets fetter'd round;[1]—
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings;
For even an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light.
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
Is found beneath far eastern skies,—
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies![2]

Some difference, of this dangerous kind,—
By which, though light, the links that bind
The fondest hearts may soon be riven;
Some shadow in love's summer heaven,
Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
May yet in awful thunder burst;—
Such cloud it is, that now hangs over
The heart of the imperial lover,
And far hath banish'd from his sight
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light!
Hence is it, on this happy night,
When Pleasure through the fields and groves
Has let loose all her world of loves,
And every heart has found its own,—
He wanders, joyless and alone,

[1] See the representation of the Eastern Cupid, pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in Picart's Cérémonies Religieuses.

[2] "Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they lose all their splendour."—Grosier.

And weary as that bird of Thrace,
Whose pinion knows no resting-place.[1]
In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
This Eden of the earth supplies
Come crowding round—the cheeks are pale,
The eyes are dim—though rich the spot
With every flower this earth has got,
What is it to the nightingale,
If there his darling rose is not?[2]
In vain the Valley's smiling throng
Worship him, as he moves along;
He heeds them not—one smile of hers
Is worth a world of worshippers.
They but the star's adorers are,
She is the heaven that lights the star!

Hence is it too that Nourmahal,
Amid the luxuries of this hour,
Far from the joyous festival,
Sits in her own sequester'd bower,
With no one near, to soothe or aid,
But that inspired and wondrous maid,
Namouna, the enchantress;—one,
O'er whom his race the golden sun
For unremember'd years has run,
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
Nay, rather, as the west-wind's sigh
Freshens the flower it passes by,
Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,
To leave her lovelier than before.
Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
Of other worlds, there came a light
From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
That all believed nor man nor earth
Were conscious of Namouna's birth!

All spells and talismans she knew,
From the great Mantra,[3] which around
The Air's sublimer spirits drew,
To the gold gems[4] of Afric, bound

[1] "As these birds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest, they are called by the French 'les ames damnées'"—Dalloway.

[2] "You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose."—Jami.

[3] "He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations."—Wilford.

[4] "The gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs El Herrez, from the supposed charm they contain."—Jackson.

Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
To keep him from the Siltim's [1] harm.
And she had pledged her powerful art,
Pledged it with all the zeal and heart
Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
What 'twas to lose a love so dear,
To find some spell that should recall
Her Selim's [2] smile to Nourmahal!

'Twas midnight—through the lattice, wreathe
With woodbine, many a perfume breathed
From plants that wake when others sleep,
From timid jasmine buds, that keep
Their odour to themselves all day,
But, when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about;—
When thus Namouna:—"'Tis the hour
That scatters spells on herb and flower,
And garlands might be gather'd now,
That, twined around the sleeper's brow,
Would make him dream of such delights,
Such miracles and dazzling sights,
As Genii of the Sun behold,
At evening, from their tents of gold,
Upon th' horizon—where they play
Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
Their sunny mansions melt away!
Now, too, a chaplet might be wreathed
Of buds o'er which the moon has breathed,
Which worn by her, whose love has stray'd,
Might bring some Peri from the skies,
Some sprite, whose very soul is made
Of flowerets' breaths and lovers' sighs,
And who might tell——"

"For me, for me,"
Cried Nourmahal impatiently,—
"Oh! twine that wreath for me to-night."
Then, rapidly, with foot as light
As the young musk-roe's, out she flew
To cull each shining leaf that grew
Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams
For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.

[1] "A demon, supposed to haunt woods, &c., in a human shape."—Richardson.
[2] The name of Jehan-Guire before his accession to the throne.

Anemones and Seas of Gold,[1]
And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flowerets, that unfold
Their buds on Camadeva's quiver;[2]—
The tube-rose, with her silvery light,
That in the gardens of Malay
Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,[3]
So like a bride, scented and bright,
She comes out when the sun 's away.—
Amaranths, such as crown the maids
That wander through Zamara's shades;[4]—
And the white moon-flower, as it shows
On Serendib's high crags to those
Who near the isle at evening sail,
Scenting her clove-trees in the gale;—
In short, all flowerets and all plants,
From the divine Amrita tree,[5]
That blesses heaven's inhabitants
With fruits of immortality,
Down to the basil[6] tuft, that waves
Its fragrant blossom over graves,
And to the humble rosemary,
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert[7] and the dead,—
All in that garden bloom, and all
Are gather'd by young Nourmahal,
Who heaps her baskets with the flowers
And leaves, till they can hold no more;
Then to Namouna flies, and showers
Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight th' Enchantress views
So many buds, bathed with the dews

1 "Hemasagara, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold colour."—Sir W. Jones.

2 "This tree (the Nagacesara) is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odour of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver of Camadeva, or the God of Love."—Id.

3 "The Malayans style the tube-rose (Polianthes tuberosa) Sandal Malam, or the Mistress of the Night."—Pennant.

4 The people of the Batta country in Sumatra (of which Zamara is one of the ancient names) "when not engaged in war, lead an idle, inactive life, passing the day in playing on a kind of lute, crowned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe-amaranthus, a native of the country, mostly prevails."—Marsden.

5 "The largest and richest sort (of the Jambu or rose-apple) is called Amrita or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to a celestial tree, bearing ambrosial fruit."—Sir W. Jones.

6 Sweet basil, called Rayhan in Persia, and generally found in churchyards.

7 "In the Great Desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary."—Asiat. Res.

And beams of that bless'd hour!—her glance
Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,
As, in a kind of holy trance,
She hung above those fragrant treasures,
Bending to drink their balmy airs,
As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.
And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed
From flowers and scented flame that fed
Her charmèd life—for none had e'er
Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.
Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,
Th' Enchantress now begins her spell,
Thus singing, as she winds and weaves
In mystic form the glittering leaves:—

I know where the wingèd visions dwell
That around the night-bed play;
I know each herb and floweret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough.[1]
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain-herb,[2] that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.

1 "The almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches."—Hasselquist.

2 An herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to communicate a yellow golden hue to the teeth of the goats and other animals that graze upon it.

The phantom shapes—oh, touch not them—
That appal the murderer's sight,
Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
That shrieks, when torn at night!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injured, patient mind,
That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

No sooner was the flowery crown
Placed on her head, than sleep came down,
Gently as nights of summer fall,
Upon the lids of Nourmahal;—
And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,
As full of small, rich harmonies
As ever wind, that o'er the tents
Of Azab[1] blew, was full of scents,
Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,
Like the first air of morning creeping
Into those wreathy, Red-Sea shells,
Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping;[2]—
And now a spirit form'd, 'twould seem,
Of music and of light, so fair,
So brilliantly his features beam,
And such a sound is in the air
Of sweetness, when he waves his wings,
Hovers around her, and thus sings:—

From Chindara's[3] warbling fount I come,
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song!

[1] The myrrh country.

[2] "This idea (of deities living in shells) was not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the young Nerites, one of the Cupids, as living in shells on the shores of the Red Sea."—Wilford.

[3] "A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing."—Richardson.

Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there 's a magic in music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too!

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
The Spirits of past Delight obey;—
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
And mine is the gentle song, that bears
From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.[1]

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
When memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tone that 's still in the ear;
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near!

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
Can as downy soft and as yielding be
As his own white plume, that high amid death
Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath.
And, oh, how the eyes of beauty glisten,
When music has reach'd her inmost soul,
Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
While heaven's eternal melodies roll!
So hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there 's a magic in music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

[1] "The Pompadour pigeon is the species, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—Brown's Illustr. tab. 19.

* * * * * * *

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,[1]
As if the morn had waked, and then
Shut close her lids of light again.
And Nourmahal is up, and trying
The wonders of her lute, whose strings—
O bliss!—now murmur like the sighing
From that ambrosial spirit's wings!
And then, her voice—'tis more than human—
Never, till now, had it been given
To lips of any mortal woman
To utter notes so fresh from heaven;
Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
When angel sighs are most divine.—
"Oh! let it last till night," she cries,
"And he is more than ever mine."
And hourly she renews the lay,
So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness
Should, ere the evening, fade away,—
For things so heavenly have such fleetness!
But, far from fading, it but grows
Richer, diviner, as it flows;
Till rapt she dwells on every string,
And pours again each sound along,
Like Echo, lost and languishing
In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening (trusting that his soul
Might be from haunting love released
By mirth, by music, and the bowl)
Th' imperial Selim held a feast
In his magnificent Shalimar;—
In whose saloons, when the first star
Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
The Valley's loveliest all assembled;
All the bright creatures that, like dreams,
Glide through its foliage, and drink beams
Of beauty from its founts and streams.[2]
And all those wandering minstrel-maids,
Who leave—how *can* they leave?—the shades

[1] "They have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim, and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real daybreak."—Waring.

[2] "The waters of Cachemir are the more renowned from its being supposed that the Cachemirians are indebted for their beauty to them."—Ali Yezdi.

Of that dear Valley, and are found
Singing in gardens of the south[1]
Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound
As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.
There too the haram's inmates smile;—
Maids from the west, with sun-bright hair,
And from the Garden of the Nile,
Delicate as the roses there;[2]—
Daughters of Love from Cyprus' rocks,
With Paphian diamonds in their locks;[3]—
Light Peri forms, such as there are
On the gold meads of Candahar;[4]
And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,[5]
That they might fancy the rich flowers,
That round them in the sun lay sighing,
Had been by magic all set flying!
Everything young, everything fair
From east and west is blushing there,
Except—except—O Nourmahal!
Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
The one, whose smile shone out alone,
Amidst a world the only one!
Whose light, among so many lights,
Was like that star, on starry nights,
The seaman singles from the sky,
To steer his bark for ever by!
Thou wert not there—so Selim thought,
And everything seem'd drear without thee;
But, ah! thou wert, thou wert—and brought
Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.
Mingling unnoticed with a band
Of lutanists from many a land,

1 "From him I received the following Gazzel or Love-song, the notes of which he committed to paper from the voice of one of those singing girls of Cashmere, who wander from that delightful valley over the various parts of India."—Persian Miscellanies.

2 "The roses of the Jinan Nile, or Garden of the Nile (attached to the Emperor of Marocco's palace), are unequalled, and mattrasses are made of their leaves for the men of rank to recline upon."—Jackson.

3 "On the side of a mountain near Paphos, there is a cavern which produces the most beautiful rock crystal. On account of its brilliancy it has been called the Paphian diamond."—Mariti.

4 "There is a part of Candahar called Peria, or Fairy-land."—Thevenot. In some of those countries to the north of India, vegetable gold is supposed to be produced.

5 "These are the butterflies, which are called in the Chinese language Flying Leaves. Some of them have such shining colours, and are so variegated, that they may be called Flying Flowers; and indeed they are always produced in the finest flower-gardens."—Dunn.

And veil'd by such a mask as shades
The features of young Arab maids,[1]—
A mask that leaves but one eye free,
To do its best in witchery,—
She roved, with beating heart, around,
And waited, trembling, for the minute,
When she might try if still the sound
Of her loved lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine,
With grapes of gold, like those that shine
On Casbin's hills;[2]—pomegranates full
Of melting sweetness, and the pears
And sunniest apples[3] that Caubul
In all its thousand gardens[4] bears.
Plantains, the golden and the green,
Malaya's nectar'd mangusteen;[5]
Prunes of Bokara, and sweet nuts
From the far groves of Samarcand,
And Basra dates, and apricots,
Seed of the sun,[6] from Iran's land;—
With rich conserve of Visna cherries,[7]
Of orange flowers, and of those berries
That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
Feed on in Erac's rocky dells.[8]
All these in richest vases smile,
In baskets of pure santal-wood,
And urns of porcelain from that isle[9]
Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
Whence oft the lucky diver brings
Vases to grace the halls of kings.

[1] "The Arabian women wear black masks with little clasps, prettily ordered."—Carreri. Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation.

[2] "The golden grapes of Casbin."—Description of Persia.

[3] "The fruits exported from Caubul are apples, pears, pomegranates," &c.—Elphinstone.

[4] "We sat down under a tree, listened to the birds, and talked with the son of our Mehmoundar about our country and Caubul, of which he gave an enchanting account: that city and its 100,000 gardens," &c.—Id.

[5] "The Mangu-teen, the most delicate fruit in the world; the pride of the Malay Islands."—Marsden.

[6] "A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians tokm-ek-shems, signifying sun's seed."—Description of Persia.

[7] "Sweetmeats in a crystal cup, consisting of rose-leaves in conserve, with lemon or Visna cherry, orange flowers," &c.—Russel.

[8] "Antelopes cropping the fresh berries of Erac."—The Moallakat, Poem of Tarafa.

[9] Mauri-ga-Sima, an island near Formosa, supposed to have been sunk in the sea for the crimes of its inhabitants. The vessels which the fishermen and divers bring up from it are sold at an immense price in China and Japan.—Kempfer.

Wines too, of every clime and hue,
Around their liquid lustre threw;
Amber Rosolli,[1]—the bright dew
From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing;[2]
And Shiraz wine, that richly ran
As if that jewel, large and rare,
The ruby, for which Kublai-Khan
Offer'd a city's wealth,[3] was blushing
Melted within the goblets there!

And amply Selim quaffs of each,
And seems resolved the floods shall reach
His inward heart,—shedding around
A genial deluge, as they run,
That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,
For Love to rest his wings upon.
He little knew how blest the boy
Can float upon a goblet's streams,
Lighting them with his smile of joy;—
As bards have seen him, in their dreams,
Down the blue Ganges laughing glide
Upon a rosy lotus wreath,[4]
Catching new lustre from the tide
That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups, without the aid
Of song to speed them as they flow?
And see—a lovely Georgian maid,
With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow,
Of her own country maidens' looks,
When warm they rise from Teflis' brooks;[5]
And with an eye, whose restless ray,
Full, floating, dark,—oh, he, who knows
His heart is weak, of heaven should pray
To guard him from such eyes as those!—
With a voluptuous wildness flings
Her snowy hand across the strings
Of a syrinda,[6] and thus sings:—

[1] Persian Tales.
[2] The white wine of Kishma.
[3] "The King of Zeilan is said to have the very finest ruby that was ever seen. Kublai-Khan sent and offered the value of a city for it; but the King answered he would not give it for the treasure of the world."—Marco Polo.
[4] The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges on the Nymphæa Nelumbo.—Pennant.
[5] Teflis is celebrated for its natural warm baths.—Ebn Haukal.
[6] "The Indian syrinda or guitar."—Symes.

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss;
And oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
As the flower of the Amra just oped by a bee;[1]
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,[2]
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth,
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss;
And own if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this!

Here sparkles the nectar that, hallow'd by love,
Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,
Who for wine of this earth[3] left the fountains above,
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.
And, bless'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,
What spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?
For, oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
When the same measure, sound for sound,
Was caught up by another lute,
And so divinely breathed around,
That all stood hush'd and wondering,
And turn'd and look'd into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing
Of Israfil.[4] the Angel, there;—
So powerfully on every soul
That new, enchanted measure stole.
While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float

1 "Delightful are the flowers of the Amra trees on the mountain-tops, while the murmuring bees pursue their voluptuous toil."—Song of Jayadeva.

2 "The Nisan or drops of spring rain, which they believe to produce pearls if they fall into shells."—Richardson.

3 For an account of the share which wine had in the fall of the angels, *vide* Mariti.

4 The Angel of Music, vide note, p. 402.

Along its chords, and so entwine
Its sound with theirs, that none knew whether
The voice or lute was most divine,
So wondrously they went together:—

There 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there *be* an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips, that gave such power
As music knew not till that hour.
At once a hundred voices said,
"It is the mask'd Arabian maid!"
While Selim, who had felt the strain
Deepest of any, and had lain
Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o'er,
Too inly touch'd for utterance,
Now motion'd with his hand for more:—

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then, come—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years!

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.[1]

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

There was a pathos in this lay,
That, e'en without enchantment's art,
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into Selim's burning heart;
But breathing, as it did, a tone
To earthly lutes and lips unknown;
With every chord fresh from the touch
Of Music's spirit,—'twas too much!
Starting, he dash'd away the cup,—
Which, all the time of this sweet air,
His hand had held, untasted, up,
As if 'twere fix'd by magic there,—

[1] The Hudhud, or Lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground

And naming her, so long unnamed,
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,
" O Nourmahal! O Nourmahal!
Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
I could forget—forgive thee all,
And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—
And Selim to his heart has caught,
In blushes, more than ever bright,
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light!
And well do vanish'd frowns enhance
The charm of every brighten'd glance;
And dearer seems each dawning smile
For having lost its light awhile;
And, happier now for all her sighs,
As on his arm her head reposes,
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
" Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!"

FADLADEEN, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry,—of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets, "frivolous"—"inharmonious"—"nonsensical," he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, to which the Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream,[1]—a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this Poet had ready on all occasions,—not to mention dews, gems, &c.—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion,—these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage

[1] *Vide* page 381.

of the Unfaithful, wine; "being, perhaps," said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the haram on this point, "one of those bards, whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain, so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it." Upon the whole it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that—whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess—poetry was by no means his proper avocation: "and indeed," concluded the critic, "from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet."

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains, which separate Cashmere from the rest of India; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and Lalla Rookh saw no more of Feramorz. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful Lalla Rookh, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor, he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled,—to hide himself in her heart!

If anything could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequalled.[1] But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains,

[1] Kachmire be Nazeer.—Forster.

which make every spot of that region holy ground;—neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers, appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre;—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-she loff Pegu. Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fireworks would break out so sudden and so brilliant, that a Bramin might think he saw that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth.—While, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fireworks delighted the ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and, with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could Lalla Rookh herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her;—but she also felt how painful is the gratitude which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that imperial palace beyond the Lake, called the Shalimar. Though a night of more wakeful and anxious thought had never been passed in the Happy Valley before, yet, when she rose in the morning and her

ladies came round her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul in the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake;—first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian which her father had hung about her neck at parting.

The morning was as fair as the maid upon whose nuptials it rose, and the shining Lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she, who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To Lalla Rookh alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of Feramorz. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed, at which her heart did not flutter with a momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell!—In the barge immediately after the Princess was Fadladeen, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, "concerning Feramorz, and literature, and the chabuk, as connected therewith."

They had now entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and glided on through gardens ascending from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she walked up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of

the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Koolburga, on one of which sat Aliris, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world.—Immediately upon the entrance of Lalla Rookh into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but, scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise and fainted at his feet. It was Feramorz himself that stood before her!—Feramorz was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a king.

The consternation of Fadladeen at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly; he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the monarch, Aliris, and ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of Lalla Rookh, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than Feramorz.

THE

"TWOPENNY POST-BAG;"

OR,

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

PREFACE TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION.

THE Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the S—pp—ss—n of V—e, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that institution, immediately took it to his employers and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and, accordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (if I may use so profane a simile), who "fell at odds about the sweet-bag of a bee,"[1] those venerable Suppressors almost fought with each other for the honour and delight of first ransacking the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out, upon examination, that the discoveries of profligacy which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with. In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. H—tch—d's counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had been just then seized with an ambition (having never tried the strength of my wing but in a newspaper) to publish something or other in the shape of a book; and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these Twopenny

1 Herrick.

Post Epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not think it prudent, however, to give too many Letters at first, and, accordingly, have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles which had already appeared in the public journals. As in the battles of ancient times, the shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might remedy the thinness of my ranks, by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerons to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents that led to the present publication; and as this is the first time my Muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out the many living instances there are, of Muses that have suffered severely in their heads from taking too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a book is so very different a thing from a newspaper!—in the former, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak white page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a speech of Mr. St—ph—n's, or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pié* —so that, in general, the very reverse of "laudatur et alget" is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters should have the effect of sending me to the Post-Bag for more.

March 4, 1813.

LETTER I.

FROM THE PR—NC—SS CH———E OF W——S TO THE LADY B—RB—A A—SHL—Y.[1]

My dear Lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your Ponies have made;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date),
No nags ever made such a stir in the State!

Lord Eld—n first heard—and as instantly pray'd he
To God and his King—that a Popish young lady
(For though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand a year,
It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear)
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Two priest-ridden Ponies, just landed from Rome,
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from their kicks!

Off at once to Papa, in a flurry, he flies—
For Papa always does what these statesmen advise,
On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
As, in no case whate'er, to advise him *too right*—
"Pretty doings are here, sir," he angrily cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise;
"'Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!
To ride over your most Royal Highness rough-shod—
Excuse, sir, my tears—they're from loyalty's source—
Bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sack'd by a *Horse*,
But for us to be ruin'd by *Ponies* still worse!"

Quick a Council is call'd—the whole Cabinet sits—
The Archbishops declare, frighten'd out of their wits,
That if vile Popish Ponies should eat at my manger,
From that awful moment the Church is in danger!
As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
Will suit their proud stomachs but those at St. Paul's.

The Doctor and he, the devout Man of Leather,
V—ns—tt—t, now laying their Saint-heads together,
Declare that these skittish young *a*-bominations
Are clearly foretold in Chap. vi. Revelations—
Nay, they verily think they could point out the one
Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter upon!

[1] This young lady, who is a Roman Catholic, has lately made a present of some beautiful Ponies to the Pr—nc—ss.

Lord H—rr—by, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these said creatures been Asses, not Ponies,
The Court would have started no sort of objection,
As Asses were, *there*, always sure of protection.

"If the Pr—nc—ss *will* keep them," says Lord C—stl—
r—gh,
"To make them quite harmless the only true way
Is (as certain Chief-Justices do with their wives)
To flog them within half an inch of their lives—
If they've any bad Irish blood lurking about,
This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it out."
Or—if this be thought cruel—his Lordship proposes
"The new *Veto* snaffle to bind down their noses—
A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains;
Which, however high-mettled, their gamesomeness checks,"
Adds his Lordship, humanely, "or else break their necks!"

This proposal received pretty general applause
From the Statesmen around—and the neck-breaking clause
Had a vigour about it, which soon reconciled
Even Eld—n himself to a measure so mild.
So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to, nem. con.
And my Lord C—stl—r—gh, having so often shone
In the *fettering* line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these *Vetos* some day,
But, at present, adieu!—I must hurry away
To go see my Mamma, as I'm suffer'd to meet her
For just half an hour by the Qu—n's best repeater.

C———E.

LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M'M—H—N TO G—LD FR—NC—S L—CKIE, ESQ.

DEAR sir, I've just had time to look
Into your very learned book,[1]
Wherein—as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek—
You prove that we can ne'er intrench
Our happy isles against the French,

[1] See the last number of the Edinburgh Review.

Till Royalty in England 's made
A much more independent trade—
In short, until the House of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself!

All that can well be understood
In this said book is vastly good;
And, as to what 's incomprehensible,
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But—to your work's immortal credit—
The P——e, good sir, the P——e has read it;
(The only book, himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs. Clarke's.)
Last Levee-morn he look'd it through,
During that awful hour or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,
Sends forth, announced by trump and drum,
The best-wigg'd P——e in Christendom!

He thinks with you, th' imagination
Of *partnership* in legislation
Could only enter in the noddles
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
Whose heads on *firms* are running so,
They e'en must have a King and Co.;
And hence, too, eloquently show forth
On *checks* and *balances*, and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a
Better and more royal era;
When England's monarch need but say,
"Whip me those scoundrels, C—stl—r—gh!"
Or—"Hang me up those Papists, Eld—n!"
And 'twill be done—aye, faith, and well done.

With view to which, I've his command
To beg, sir, from your travell'd hand
(Round which the foreign graces swarm)
A plan of radical Reform;
Compiled and chosen, as best you can,
In Turkey or at Ispahan,
And quite upturning, branch and root,
Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot!

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write
Somewhat more brief than Major C—rtwr—ght.

Else, though the P——e be long in rigging,
'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wigging,—
Two wigs to every paragraph—
Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily—
As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
His Highness, heated by your work,
Already thinks himself Grand Turk!
And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen how
He scared the Ch—nc—ll—r just now,
When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he
Slapp'd his back and call'd him "Mufti!"

The tailors, too, have got commands,
To put directly into hands
All sorts of dulimans and pouches,
With sashes, turbans, and paboutches
(While Y—rm—th 's sketching out a plan
Of new *Moustaches à l'Ottomane*),
And all things fitting and expedient
To *turkify* our gracious R—g—nt!

You, therefore, have no time to waste—
So, send your System.—
Yours, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

Before I send this scrawl away,
I seize a moment, just to say,
There 's some parts of the Turkish system
So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.
For instance—in *Seraglio* matters—
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
Would fill his haram (tasteless fool!)
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school;
But *here* (as in that fairy land,
Where Love and Age went hand in hand;[1]
Where lips, till sixty, shed no honey,
And grandams were worth any money)
Our Sultan has much riper notions;
So, let your list of *she*-promotions

[1] The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place:—"A score of old women and the same number of old men played here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing, others at tip-cat, or at cockles." And again:—"There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles," &c., &c.—See Tales of the East, vol. iii. pp. 607, 608.

Include those only, plump and sage,
Who've reach'd the *regulation*-age;
That is—as near as one can fix
From Peerage dates—full fifty-six.

This rule 's for *fav'rites*—nothing more—
For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,
Though not decidedly *without* them,
Need never care one curse about them!

LETTER III.

FROM G. R. TO THE E—— OF Y———.[1]

We miss'd you last night at the "hoary old sinner's,"
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners—
His soups scientific—his fishes quite *prime*—
His pates superb—and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E———gh,
Who *set to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,
And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, "a *He*-Cook, of course!—
"While you live—(What's there under that cover, pray, look)—
While you live—(I'll just taste it)—ne'er keep a She-Cook.
'Tis a sound Salic Law—(a small bit of that toast)—
Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast;
For Cookery 's a secret—(this turtle 's uncommon)—
Like Masonry, never found out by a woman!"
The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
Of *my* brilliant triumph and H—nt's condemnation;
A compliment, too, to his Lordship the J——e
For his speech to the J—y—and zounds! who would grudge
Turtle-soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,
To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul?
We were all in high gig—Roman punch and Tokay
Travell'd round, till our heads travell'd just the same way;
And we cared not for juries or libels—no—damme! nor
E'en for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner!
More good things were eaten than said—but TomT—rrh—t
In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit,
And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
Say—sated with turtle—"I'll now try the beef"—
Tommy whisper'd him (giving his Lordship a sly hit)
"I fear 'twill be *hung*-beef, my Lord, if you *try* it!

[1] This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner given by the M———— of H—d—t.

And C—md—n was there, who, that morning, had gone
To fit his new Marquis's coronet on;
And the dish set before him—oh, dish well-devised!—
Was, what old Mother Glasse calls, "a calf's-head surprised!"
The *brains* were near ———; and *once* they'd been fin,
But, of late, they had lain so long soaking in wine,
That, however we still might, in courtesy, call
Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains at all

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one
In a bumper, "the venial delights of Crim. Con."
At which H—d—t with warm reminiscences gloated,
And E—b'r—h chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
For we drank—and you'll own 'twas benevolent too—
To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or peers,
Whom we've, any time, honour'd by kissing their dears:
This museum of wittols was comical rather;
Old H—d—t gave M——y, and *I* gave ———.

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge—
We were all fun and frolic!—and even the J——e
Laid aside, for the time, his juridicial fashion,
And through the whole night was *not once* in a passion!

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are airing,
And M—c has a sly dose of jalap preparing
For poor T—mmy T—rr—t at breakfast to quaff—
As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,
And there 's nothing so good as old T—mmy, kept close
To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose!

LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. P—TR—CK D—G—N—N, TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR J—HN N—CH—L.

Dublin.[1]

Last week, dear N—ch—l, making merry
At dinner with our Secretary,
When all were drunk, or pretty near
(The time for doing business here),
Says he to me, "Sweet Bully Bottom!
These Papist dogs—hiccup—od rot 'em!

[1] This letter, which contained some very heavy inclosures, seems to have been sent to London by a private hand, and then put into the Twopenny Post-Office, to save trouble.—See the Appendix.

Deserve to be bespatter'd—hiccup—
With all the dirt e'en *you* can pick up—
But, as the P——e—(here 's to him—fill—
Hip, hip, hurra!)—is trying still
To humbug them with kind professions,
And, as you deal in *strong* expressions—
'*Rogue*' '*traitor*'—hiccup—and all that—
You must be muzzled, Doctor Pat!—
You must indeed—hiccup—that 's flat."—

Yes—"muzzled" was the word, Sir John—
These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on
The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er
With slaver of the times of yore![1]—
Was it for this that back I went
As far as Lateran and Trent,
To prove that they, who damn'd us then,
Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again?—
The silent victim still to sit
Of Gr—tt—n's fire and C—nn—g's wit,
To hear e'en noisy M—th—w gabble on,
Nor mention once the W—e of Babylon?
Oh! 'tis too much—who now will be
The Nightman of No-Popery?
What courtier, saint, or even bishop,
Such learned filth will ever fish up?
If there among our ranks be one
To take my place, 'tis *thou*, Sir John—
Thou—who, like me, art dubb'd Right Hon.
Like me, too, art a Lawyer Civil
That wishes Papists at the devil!

To whom then but to thee, my friend,
Should Patrick[2] his portfolio send?
Take it—'tis thine—his learn'd portfolio,
With all its theologic olio
Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman,—
Of Doctrines, now believed by no man—
Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
Yet always ending in damnation—
(Which shows that, since the world's creation,
Your priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
Have always had a taste for damning)

[1] In sending this sheet to the press, however, I learn that the "muzzle" has been taken off, and the Right Hon. Doctor let loose again.

[2] This is a bad name for poetry; but D—gen—n is worse. As Prudentius says upon a very different subject—

"torquetur Apollo
Nomine percussus."

And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what we've long proved perhaps)
That, mad as Christians used to be
About the Thirteenth Century,
There's *lots* of Christians to be had
In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!

Farewell—I send with this, dear N—ch—l!
A rod or two I've had in pickle
Wherewith to trim old Gr—tt—n's jacket.—
The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D.

Among the inclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following "Unanswerable Argument against the Papists."

* * *

We're told the ancient Roman nation
Made use of spittle in lustration.[1]—
(Vide Lactantium ap. Gallæum—[2]
i. e. you need not *read* but *see* 'em)
Now, Irish Papists (fact surprising!)
Make use of spittle in baptizing,
Which proves them all, O'Finns, O'Fagans,
Connors, and Tooles, all downright Pagans!
This fact 's enough—let no one tell us
To free such sad, *salivous* fellows—
No—no—the man, baptized with spittle,
Hath no truth in him—not a tittle!

* * *

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C——— TO LADY ———.

My dear Lady ———! I've been just sending out
About five hundred cards for a snug little rout—
(By the bye, you've seen Rokeby?—this moment got mine—
The Mail-Coach edition[3]—prodigiously fine!)

[1] ——— lustralibus antè salivis
Expiat.—Pers. Sat. 2.

[2] I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once, correct. The following are the words of his indignant referee Gallæus:—"Asserere non veremur sacrum baptismum a Papistis profanari, et spuli usum in peccatorum expiatione a Paganis non a Christianis *manasse*."

[3] See Mr. Murray's advertisement about the Mail-Coach copies of Rokeby.

But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;
As, unless the thermometer 's near boiling heat,
One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet—
(Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see Townsend, last night,
Escort to their chairs, with his staff so polite,
The "three maiden Miseries," all in a fright!
Poor Townsend, like Mercury filling two posts,
Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief usher of *ghosts!*)
But, my dear Lady ———! can't you hit on some notion,
At least for one night to set London in motion?—
As to having the R—g—nt, *that* show is gone by—
Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)
The Marchesa and he, inconvenient in more ways,
Have taken much lately to whispering in doorways;
Which—considering, you know, dear, the *size* of the two—
Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get through.
And a house such as mine is, with doorways so small,
Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all!—
(Apropos, though, of love-work—you've heard it, I hope,
That Napoleon's old Mother 's to marry the Pope,—
What a comical pair!)—but, to stick to my rout,
'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.
Is there no Algerine, no Kamchatkan, arrived?
No Plenipo Pacha, three-tail'd and ten-wived?
No Russian, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of Fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
When—provided their wigs were but decently black—
A few patriot monsters, from Spain, were a sight
That would people one's house for one, night after night.
But—whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too much—
(And you know how they spoil whatsoever they touch)
Or whether Lord G—rge (the young man about town)
Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down—
One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage,
And the only stray patriot seen for an age
Has been at such places (think, how the fit cools)
As old Mrs. V——n's or Lord L—v—rp—l's!

But, in short, my dear, names like Wintztschitstopschin-
zoudhoff
Are the only things now make an evening go smooth off—
So, get me a Russian—till death I'm your debtor—
If he brings the whole alphabet, so much the better.
And—Lord! if he would but, *in character*, sup
Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!

Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave you in haste—
Little Gunter has brought me the liqueurs to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend that can construe
That Latin account, t'other day, of a Monster?[1]
If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin
Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH,[2] IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN, IN ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, Mohassan, (happy thou!)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King—our Asia's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort! Rose of Pleasure!—
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses;—
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders!—
Through London streets, with turban fair,
And caftan, floating to the air,
I saunter on—the admiration
Of this short-coated population—
This sew'd-up race—this button'd nation—
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty,
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches!

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans fetter
(They're Christians, and they know no better[3]),
In *some* things they're a thinking nation—
And, on Religious Toleration,
I own I like their notions *quite*,
They are so Persian and so right!

[1] Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin advertisement of a Lusus Naturæ in the newspapers lately.

[2] I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is. From his notions of religious liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers; and he is arrived just in time to assist the P——e and Mr. L—ck—e in their new Oriental plan of reform.—See the second of these Letters. How Abdallah's epistle to Ispahan found its way into the Twopenny Post-Bag is more than I can pretend to account for.

[3] "C'est un honnête homme," said a Turkish governor of De Ruyter, "c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chrétien."

You know our Sunnites,[1] hateful dogs!
Whom every pious Shiite flogs
Or longs to flog[2]—'tis true, they pray
To God, but in an ill-bred way;
With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces
Stuck in their right, canonic places![3]
'Tis true they worship Ali's name—[4]
Their heaven and *ours* are just the same—
(A Persian's heaven is easily made,
'Tis but—black eyes and lemonade).
Yet—though we've tried for centuries back—
We can't persuade the stubborn pack,
By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,
To wear th' establish'd pea-green slippers![5]
Then—only think—the libertines!
They wash their toes—they comb their chins[6]—
With many more such deadly sins!
And (what 's the worst, though last I rank it)
Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
(Which *must*, at bottom, be seditious;
As no man living would refuse
Green slippers, but from treasonous views;
Nor wash his toes, but with intent
To overturn the Government!)
Such is our mild and tolerant way,
We only curse them twice a day
(According to a form that 's set),
And, far from torturing, only let
All orthodox believers beat 'em,
And twitch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.

[1] Sunnites and Shiites are the two leading sects into which the Mahometan world is divided; and they have gone on cursing and persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years. The Sunni is the established sect in Turkey, and the Shia in Persia; and the differences between them turn chiefly upon those important points which our pious friend Abdallah in the true spirit of Shiite ascendancy, reprobates in this letter.

[2] "Les Sunnites, qui étoient comme les Catholiques de Musulmanisme."—D'Herbelot.

[3] "In contradistinction to the Sounis, who in their prayers cross their hands on the lower part of the breast, the Schiahs drop their arms in straight lines; and as the Sounis, at certain periods of the prayer, press their foreheads on the ground or carpet, the Schiahs," &c., &c.—Forster's Voyage.

[4] "Les Turcs ne détestent pas Ali réciproquement; au contraire, ils le reconnoissent," &c., &c.—Chardin.

[5] "The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination."—Mariti.

[6] For these points of difference, as well as for the Chapter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having the book by me) to Picart's Account of the Mahometan Sects.

As to the rest, they're free to do
Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,
Provided they make nothing of it
Towards rank or honour, power or profit;
Which things, we naturally expect,
Belong to us, the Establish'd sect,
Who disbelieve (the Lord be thankèd!)
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.

The same mild views of Toleration
Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,
Whose Papists (full as given to rogue,
And only Sunnites with a brogue)
Fare just as well, with all their fuss,
As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I enclose
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose—
Take it when night begins to fall,
And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we pass'd,
That hour, the happiest and the last!—
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
To summer bees, at break of morn,
Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
To camels' ears the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather, heart to heart,
United live and die—
Like those sweet birds, that fly together,
With feather always touching feather,
Link'd by a hook and eye![1]

[1] This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the Jufták, of which I find the following account in Richardson:—"A sort of bird, that is said to have but one wing: on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together."

LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO. TO
————— ————, ESQ.[1]

Per post, sir, we send your MS.—look'd it through—
Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twouldn't do.
Clever work, sir!—would *get up* prodigiously well—
Its only defect is—it never would sell!
And though *Statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,
In an *Author*, we think, sir, that 's *rather* a fault.

Hard times, sir,—most books are too dear to be read—
Though the *gold* of Good Sense and Wit's *small change* are fled,
Yet the *paper* we publishers pass, in their stead,
Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it)
Not even such names as F—tzg—r—d's can sink it!

However, sir—if you're for trying again,
And at somewhat that 's vendible—we are your men.

Since the Chevalier C—rr took to marrying lately,
The trade is in want of a *Traveller* greatly—
No job, sir, more easy—your *Country* once plann'd,
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
Puts your quarto of Travels, sir, clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet 's a thing that would tell—
And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.
Or—supposing you've nothing *original* in you—
Write Parodies, sir, and such fame it will win you,
You'll get to the Blue-stocking Routs of Alb—n—a![2]
(Mind—*not* to her *dinners*—a *second-hand* Muse
Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues*.)
Or—in case nothing else in this world you can do—
The deuce is in 't, sir, if you cannot *review!*

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a scheme to suggest—Mr. Sc—tt, you must know,
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the Row*[3]),
Having quitted the borders, to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long quarto stages, to town;

[1] From motives of delicacy, and indeed, of *fellow-feeling*, I suppress the name of the author, whose rejected manuscript was inclosed in this letter.—See the Appendix.

[2] This alludes, I believe, to a curious correspondence, which is said to have passed lately between Alb—n—a, Countess of B—ck—gh—ms—e, and a certain ingenious parodist.

[3] Paternoster Row

And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay)
Means to *do* all the gentlemen's seats on the way.
Now, the scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)
To start a fresh poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches—
May do a few villas, before Sc—tt approaches—
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not cursed shabby,
He'll reach, without foundering, at least Woburn Abbey.

Such, sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak.
'Tis a match! and we'll put you *in training* next week—
At present, no more—in reply to this letter, a
Line will oblige very much

Yours, et cetera.

Temple of the Muses.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO ——— ———, ESQ.

Come to our fête,[1] and bring with thee
Thy newest, best embroidery!
Come to our fête, and show again
That pea-green coat, thou pink of men!
Which charm'd all eyes, that last survey'd it;
When B——l's self inquired "who made it?"—
When cits came wondering, from the East,
And thought thee Poet Pye *at least!*

Oh! come—(if haply 'tis thy week
For looking pale)—with paly cheek;
Though more we love thy roseate days,
When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze
Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread,
Tips e'en thy whisker-tops with red—
Like the last tints of dying day
That o'er some darkling grove delay!

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander!
(That lace, like H—rry Al—x—nd—r,
Too precious to be wash'd!)—thy rings,
Thy seals—in short, thy prettiest things!
Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
And yield, in frogs and fringe, to none
But the great R—g—t's self alone!

[1] This letter inclosed a card for the grand fête on the 5th of February.

Who—by particular desire—
For that night only, means to hire
A dress from Romeo C—tes, Esquire—
Something between ('twere sin to hack it)
The Romeo robe and Hobby jacket!
Hail, first of actors![1] best of R—g—ts!
Born for each other's fond allegiance!
Both gay Lotharios—*both* good dressers—
Of Serious Farce *both* learn'd Professors—
Both circled round, for use or show,
With cock's-combs, wheresoe'er they go!

Thou know'st the time, thou man of lore!
It takes to chalk a ball-room floor—
Thou know'st the time too, well-a-day!
It takes to dance that chalk away.[2]
The ball-room opens—far and nigh
Comets and suns beneath us lie;
O'er snowy moons and stars we walk,
And the floor seems a sky of chalk!
But soon shall fade the bright deceit,
When many a maid, with busy feet
That sparkle in the lustre's ray,
O'er the white path shall bound and play
Like nymphs along the Milky Way!—
At every step a star is fled,
And suns grow dim beneath their tread!
So passeth life—(thus Sc—tt would write,
And spinsters read him with delight)—
Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
Time is not chalk, yet time 's soon gone![3]

But, hang this long digressive flight!
I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,
What falsehood rankles in their hearts,
Who say the P——e neglects the arts—

"Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem *placido lumine*, videris," &c.—Horace.
The Man upon whom thou hast deign'd to look funny,
Thou great Tragic Muse! at the hour of his birth—
Let them say what they will, that 's the Man for *my* money,
Give others thy tears, but let *me* have thy mirth!
The assertion that follows, however, is not verified in the instance before us:
"Illum ——————————
—————— non equus impiger
Curru ducet *Achaico*."

[1] To those who neither go to balls nor read the Morning Post, it may be necessary to mention that the floors of ball-rooms, in general, are chalked, for safety and for ornament, with various fanciful devices.

[3] Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent,
Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent.
After all, however, Mr. Sc—tt may well say to the Colonel (and, indeed, to much better wags than the Colonel), ραον μωμεισθαι η μωμεισθαι.

Neglects the arts!—no St——g! no;
Thy Cupids answer "'tis not so:"
And every floor, that night, shall tell
How quick thou daubest, and how well!
Shine as thou may'st in French vermillion,
Thou'rt *best*—beneath a French cotillion;
And still com'st off, whate'er thy faults,
With *flying colours* in a waltz!
Nor need'st thou mourn the transient date
To thy best works assign'd by fate—
While *some* chef-d'œuvres live to weary one,
Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
Their hour of glory past and gone
With "Molly, put the kettle on!"

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
Of paper left—so, must be brief.

This festive fête, in fact, will be
The former fête's *fac-simile*;[1]
The same long masquerade of rooms,
Trick'd in such different, quaint costumes,
(These, P—rt—r, are thy glorious works!)
You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and Turks,
Bearing good taste some deadly malice
Had clubb'd to raise a pic-nic palace;
And each, to make the oglio pleasant,
Had sent a state-room as a present!—
The same *fauteuils* and girandoles—
The same gold asses,[2] pretty souls!
That, in this rich and classic dome,
Appear so perfectly at home!
The same bright river 'mongst the dishes,
But *not*—ah! not the same dear fishes—
Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones!—
So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones
(It being rather hard to raise
Fish of that *specie* now-a-days),
Some Sprats have been, by Y—rm—th's wish,
Promoted into *Silver* Fish,
And Gudgeons (so V—ns—tt—t told
The R—g—t) are as good as *Gold!*

So, prythee, come—our fête will be
But half a fête, if wanting thee!

J. T.

[1] "C—rl—t—n H—— e will exhibit a complete *fac simile*, in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last fête. The same splendid draperies," &c., &c.—Morning Post.

[2] The salt-cellars on the P——e's *own* table were in the form of an ass with panniers.

TRIFLES.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

"It would be impossible for his Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it."—Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon Colonel M'Mahon's Appointment.

Last night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep—at length I said,
"I'll think of Viscount C—stl—r—gh,
And of his speeches—that's the way:"
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be.
And then I dream'd—O frightful dream!
Fuseli has no such theme;
——— never wrote or borrow'd
Any horror, half so horrid!

Methought the P——e, in whisker'd state,
Before me at his breakfast sate;
On one side lay unread Petitions,
On t'other, Hints from five Physicians—
Here tradesmen's bills, official papers,
Notes from my Lady, drams for vapours—
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post.

When lo! the papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves,
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advanced, O jacobinic papers!
As though they said, "Our sole design is
To suffocate his Royal Highness!"

The leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic Petition,
With grievances so full and heavy,
It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.
Then Common-Hall Addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the R—g—t's well-dress'd head,
As if *determined* to be read!
Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly,
And Tradesmen's Bills, we know, mount high;
Nay, e'en Death-Warrants thought they'd best
Be lively too, and join the rest.

But, oh, the basest of defections!
His Letter about "predilections"—
His own dear Letter, void of grace,
Now flew up in its parent's face!
Shock'd with this breach of filial duty,
He just could murmur "*et tu Brute?*"
Then sunk, subdued upon the floor
At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I waked—and pray'd with lifted hand,
"Oh! never may this dream prove true;
Though Paper overwhelms the land,
Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

PARODY OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.

At length, dearest Freddy, the moment is nigh,
When, with P—rc—v—l's leave, I may throw my chains by;
And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do,
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.

* * * *

I meant before now to have sent you this Letter,
But Y—rm—th and I thought perhaps 'twould be better
To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—
That is, till both Houses had prosed and divided,
With all due appearance of thought and digestion—
For, though H—rtf—rd House had long settled the question,
I thought it but decent, between me and you,
That the two *other* Houses should settle it too.

I need not remind you how cursedly bad
Our affairs were all looking when Father went mad;

A strait waistcoat on him and restrictions on me,
A more *limited* Monarchy could not well be.
I was call'd upon then, in that moment of puzzle,
To choose my own Minister—just as they muzzle
A playful young bear, and then mock his disaster,
By bidding him choose out his own dancing-master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,
Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have done.
So I sent word to say, I would keep the whole batch in,
The same chest of tools, without cleansing or patching;
For tools of this kind, like Martinus's sconce,[1]
Would lose all their beauty if purified once;
And think—only think—if our Father should find,
Upon graciously coming again to his mind,
That improvement had spoil'd any favourite adviser—
That R—se was grown honest, or W—stm—rel—nd wiser—
That R—d—r was, e'en by one twinkle, the brighter—
Or L—v—rp—l's speeches but half a pound lighter—
What a shock to his old royal heart it would be!
No!—far were such dreams of improvement from me:
And it pleased me to find, at the house, where, you know,
There 's such good mutton cutlets and strong curaçoa,[2]
That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old boy,
And my Y—rm—th's red whiskers grew redder for joy!

You know, my dear Freddy, how oft, if I *would*,
By the law of last Sessions I *might* have done good.
I *might* have withheld these political noodles
From knocking their heads against hot Yankee Doodles;
I *might* have told Ireland I pitied her lot,
Might have sooth'd her with hope—but you know I did not.
And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old fellows
Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jealous,
But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf,
We've been all of us nearly as mad as himself.
You smile at my hopes—but the Doctors and I,
Are the last that can think the K—ng *ever* will die!

A new era 's arrived—though you'd hardly believe it—
And all things, of course, must be new to receive it.
New villas, new fêtes (which e'en Waithman attends)—
New saddles, new helmets, and—why not *new friends?*

* * * *

[1] The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which, upon scouring, turned out to be only an old sconce.

[2] The letter-writer's favourite luncheon.

I repeat it, "New Friends"—for I cannot describe
The delight I am in with this P—rc—v—l tribe.
Such capering!—Such vapouring!—Such rigour!—Such vigour!
North, South, East, and West, they have cut such a figure,
That soon they will bring the whole world round our ears.
And leave us no friends—but Old Nick and Algiers,
When I think of the glory they've beam'd on my chains,
'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains!
It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches,
But think how we furnish our Allies with breeches!
We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis granted,
But then we've got Java, an island much wanted,
To put the last lingering few who remain,
Of the Walcheren warriors, out of their pain.
Then how Wellington fights! and how squabbles his brother!
For Papist the one, and *with* Papists the other;
One crushing Napoleon by taking a city,
While t'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic committee!
Oh, deeds of renown!—shall I boggle or flinch,
With such prospects before me? by Jove, not an inch.
No—let *England's* affairs go to rack, if they will,
We'll look after th' affairs of the *Continent* still,
And, with nothing at home but starvation and riot,
Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.
I am proud to declare I have no predilections,
My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections
Are just danced about for a moment or two,
And the *finer* they are, the more sure to run through:
Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill
To mortal—except (now I think on't) Beau Br—mm—l,
Who threaten'd, last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut *me*, and bring the old K—ng into fashion.
This is all I can lay to my conscience at present,
When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant,
So royally free from all troublesome feelings,
So little encumber'd by faith in my dealings
(And that I'm consistent the world will allow,
What I was at Newmarket, the same I am now).
When such are my merits (you know I hate cracking),
I hope, like the vender of Best Patent Blacking,
"To meet with the generous and kind approbation
Of a candid, enlighten'd, and liberal nation."

By the bye, ere I close this magnificent letter
(No man, except Pole, could have writ you a better),

'Twould please me if those, whom I've humbugg'd so long
With the notion (good men!) that I knew right from wrong,
Would a few of them join me—mind, only a few—
To let *too* much light in on me never would do;
But even Grey's brightness sha'n't make me afraid,
While I've C—md—n and Eld—n to fly to for shade;
Nor will Holland's clear intellect do us much harm,
While there's W—stm—rel—nd near him to weaken the charm.
As for Moira's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,
Sure joining with H—rtf—rd and Y—rm—th will do it!
Between R—d—r and Wh—rt—n let Sheridan sit,
And the fogs will soon quench even Sheridan's wit;
And against all the pure public feeling that glows
E'en in Whitbread himself we've a host in G—rge R—se!
So, in short, if they wish *to* have places, they may,
And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to Grey,
Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to lose),
By the twopenny post to tell Grenville the news;
And now, dearest Fred (though I've no predilection),
Believe me yours always with truest affection.

P.S. A copy of this is to P—rc—v—l going—
Good Lord! how St. Stephens will ring with his crowing!

ANACREONTIC

TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan!
Best of Plumists, if you can
With your art so far presume,
Make for me a P——e's Plume—
Feathers soft and feathers rare,
Such as suits a P——e to wear!

First, thou downiest of men!
Seek me out a fine Pea-hen;
Such a Hen, so tall and grand,
As by Juno's side might stand,
If there were no Cocks at hand!
Seek her feathers, soft as down,
Fit to shine on P——e's crown;
If thou canst not find them, stupid!
Ask the way of Prior's Cupid.

Ranging these in order due,
Pluck me next an old Cuckoo

Emblem of the happy fates
Of easy, kind, cornuted mates;
Pluck him well—be sure you do—
Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,
Thus to have his plumage blest,
Beaming on a R—y—l crest?

Bravo, Plumist!—now what bird
Shall we find for Plume the third?
You must get a learned Owl,
Bleakest of black-letter fowl—
Bigot bird, that hates the light,
Foe to all that 's fair and bright!
Seize his quills (so form'd to pen
Books, that shun the search of men;
Books, that, far from every eye,
In "swelter'd venom sleeping" lie!)
Stick them in between the two,
Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo.

Now you have the triple feather,
Bind the kindred stems together
With a silken tie, whose hue
Once was brilliant Buff and Blue;
Sullied now—alas, how much!
Only fit for Y—rm—th's touch.

There—enough—thy task is done;
Present worthy G——ge's Son!
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
Write "I serve" and all 's complete.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday.

Through M—nch—st—r Square took a canter just now—
Met the *old yellow chariot*, and made a low bow.
This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil,
But got such a look, oh, 'twas black as the devil!
How unlucky!—*incog.* he was travelling about,
And I, like a noodle, must go find him out!

Mem.—When next by the old yellow chariot I ride,
To remember there *is* nothing princely inside.

Thursday.

At levee to-day made another sad blunder—
What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder?

The P——e was as cheerful, as if all his life,
He had never been troubled with friends or a wife—
"Fine weather," says he—to which I, who *must* prate,
Answer'd, "Yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather, of late."
He took it, I fear, for he look'd somewhat gruff,
And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,
That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come off,
And then, Lord! how Geramb would triumphantly scoff!
Mem.—To buy for son Dicky some unguent or lotion
To nourish his whiskers—sure road to promotion![1]

Saturday.

Last night a Concert—vastly gay—
Given by Lady C—stl—r—gh.
My Lord loves music, and we know,
Has two strings always to his bow.
In choosing songs, the R—g—t named
"*Had I a heart for falsehood framed.*"
While gentle H—rtf—d begg'd and pray'd
For "*Young I am and sore afraid.*"

EPIGRAM.[2]

What news to-day?—"Oh! worse and worse—
M—c is the Pr——e's Privy Purse!"—
The Pr——ce's *Purse!* no, no, you fool,
You mean the Pr——ce's *Ridicule.*

KING CRACK[3] AND HIS IDOLS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOCIATION FOR A NEW M—N—STRY.

King Crack was the best of all possible Kings
(At least, so his courtiers would swear to you gladly),
But Crack now and then would do het'rodox things,
And, at last, took to worshipping *Images* sadly.

[1] England is not the only country where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. "I remember," says Tavernier, "to have seen one of the King of Persia's porters, whose mustaches were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension."

[2] This is a bon-mot, attributed, I know not how truly, to the Pr—c—ss of W—rs. I have merely versified it.

[3] One of those antediluvian princes with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his History, we should find, I dare say, that Crack was only a Regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last King of the Antedi'uvian Dynasty.

Some broken-down Idols, that long had been placed
In his Father's old *Cabinet*, pleased him so much,
That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though—such was his taste!—
They were monstrous to look at, and rotten to touch!

And these were the beautiful Gods of King Crack!—
Till his people, disdaining to worship such things,
Cried aloud, one and all, "Come, your Godships must pack—
You will not do for *us*, though you *may* do for *Kings*."

Then, trampling the gross Idols under their feet,
They sent Crack a petition, beginning "Great Cæsar!
We are willing to worship, but only entreat
That you'll find us some *decenter* Godheads than these are."

"I'll try," says King Crack—then they furnish'd him models
Of better-shaped Gods, but he sent them all back;
Some were chisell'd too fine, some had heads 'stead of noddles,
In short, they were all *much* too godlike for Crack!

So he took to his darling old Idols again,
And, just mending their legs and new bronzing their faces,
In open defiance of Gods and of men,
Set the monsters up grinning once more in their places!

WHAT 'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest. Why is a Pump like V—sc—nt C—stl—r—gh?
Answ. Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CATHOLIC DELEGATE AND HIS R—Y—L H—GHN—SS THE D——E OF C—B—L—D.

Said his Highness to Ned, with that grim face of his,
"Why refuse us the *Veto*, dear Catholic Neddy?"—
"Because, Sir," said Ned, looking full in his phiz,
"You're *forbidding* enough, in all conscience, already!"

WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

AN ANACREONTIC.

HITHER, Flora, Queen of Flowers!
Haste thee from Old Brompton's bowers—
Or (if sweeter that abode)
From the King's well-odour'd Road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud!
Hither come, and gaily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those who rule us,
Those who rule and (some say) fool us—
Flora, sure, will love to please
England's Household Deities![1]

First you must then, willy-nilly,
Fetch me many an Orange lily—
Orange of the darkest dye
Irish G—ff—rd can supply!
Choose me out the longest sprig,
And stick it in old Eld—n's wig!

Find me next a Poppy posy,
Type of his harangues so dozy,
Garland gaudy, dull and cool
For the head of L—v—rp—l!
'Twill console his brilliant brows
For that loss of laurel boughs,
Which they suffer'd (what a pity)
On the road to Paris city.

Next, our C—stl—r—gh to crown,
Bring me, from the county Down,
Wither'd Shamrocks, which have been
Gilded o'er, to hide the green
(Such as H—df—t brought away
From Pall-Mall last Patrick's Day[2])—
Stitch the garland through and through
With shabby threads *of every hue*—
And as, Goddess!—entre nous—
His Lordship loves (though best of men)
A little *torture*, now and then,

[1] The ancients, in like manner, crowned their Lares, or Household Gods. See Juvenal, Sat. ix. v. 138. Plutarch, too, tells us that household gods were then, as they are now, "much given to war and penal statutes." Ρινναδεις και ποινιμους δαιμονας.

[2] Certain tinsel imitations of the Shamrock which are distributed by the servants of C———n House every St. Patrick's Day.

Crimp the leaves, thou first of Syrens!
Crimp them with thy curling-irons.

That 's enough—away, away—
Had I leisure, I could say
How the *oldest rose* that grows
Must be pluck'd to deck Old R—e—
How the Doctor's brow should smile
Crown'd with wreaths of Camomile;
But time presses—to thy taste
I leave the rest, so, prithee, haste!

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND HER MAID ON THE NIGHT OF LORD Y—RM—TH'S FETE.

"I WANT the Court-Guide," said my Lady, "to look
If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30 or 20"—
"We've lost the *Court-Guide*, Ma'am, but here's *the Red Book*,
Where you'll find, I dare say, *Seymour* Places in plenty!"

HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. II.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY G. R.[1]

[2] COME, Y—rm—th, my boy, never trouble your brains,
About what your old croney,
The Emperor Boney,
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains;

[3] Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries;
Should there come famine,
Still plenty to cram in
You always shall have, my dear Lord of the Stannaries!

[1] This and the following are extracted from a work which may, some time or other, meet the eye of the public, entitled "Odes of Horace, done into English by several Persons of Fashion."

[2] Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Hadria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere.

[3] ——————— nec trepides in usum
Poscentis ævi pauca.

Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;
[1] For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away,
And then people get fat,
And infirm, and—all that,
[2] And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,
That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits;

[3] Thy whiskers, too, Y—rm—th!—alas, even they,
Though so rosy they burn,
Too quickly must turn
(What a heart-breaking change for thy whiskers!) to Grey.

[4] Then why, my Lord Warden! oh! why should you fidget
Your mind about matters you don't understand?
Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,
Because "*you*," forsooth, "*have the pen in your hand!*"

Think, think how much better
Than scribbling a letter
(Which both you and I
Should avoid, by the bye),
[5] How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under the bust
Of old Charley, my friend here, and drink like a new one;
While Charley looks sulky, and frowns at me, just
As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns at Don Juan!

[6] To crown us, Lord Warden!
In C—mb—rl—nd's garden
Grows plenty of *monk's hood* in venomous sprigs;
While Otto of Roses
Refreshing all noses
Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs.

1 ——————— Fugit retro
Levis Juventas et Decor.
2 Pellente lascivos Amores
Canitie.
3 ——— neque uno Luna *rubens* nitet
Vultu.
4 ——— quid æternis *minorem*
Consiliis animum fatigas?
5 Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temere
6 ——————————— rosâ
Canos odorati capillos,
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
Potamus uncti.

[1] What youth of the household will cool our noyau
In that streamlet delicious,
That down midst the dishes,
All full of good fishes
Romantic doth flow?—
[2] Or who will repair
Unto M———— Sq——e,
And see if the gentle *Marchesa* be there?
Go—bid her haste hither,
[3] And let her bring with her
The newest No-Popery Sermon that's going—
[4] Oh! let her come, with her dark tresses flowing,
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of—Ackermann's Dresses for May!

HORACE, Ode xxii. Lib. i.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELD—N.

[5] The man who keeps a conscience pure
(If not his own, at least his Prince's),
Through toil and danger walks secure,
Looks big and black, and never winces!

[6] No want has he of sword or dagger,
Cock'd hat or ringlets of Geramb;
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger,
He does not care one single d-mn!

[7] Whether 'midst Irish chairmen going,
Or through St. Giles's alleys dim,
'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
No matter, 'tis all one to him.

1 ———— Quis puer ocius
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula *prætereunte lympha?*
2 Quis ———— eliciet domo
Lyden?
3 —— Eburna dic age cum lyra (qu. *liar-a*;
Maturet.
4 ———— Incomtam Lacænæ
More comam religata nodo.
5 Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.
6 Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis
Fusce, pharetra.
7 Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive factuius per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

The noble translator had, at first, laid the scene of these imagined dangers of his Man of Conscience among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the

[1] For instance, I, one evening late,
Upon a gay vacation sally,
Singing the praise of Church and State,
Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne Alley

When lo! an Irish Papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim, and big—
I did but frown, and off he started,
Scared at me e'en without my wig!

[2] Yet a more fierce and raw-boned dog
Goes not to mass in Dublin city,
Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
Nor spouts in Catholic Committee!

[3] Oh! place me 'midst O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,
The ragged royal-blood of Tara;
Or place me where Dick M—rt—n rules
The houseless wilds of Connemara;

[4] Of Church and State I'll warble still,
Though e'en Dick M—rt—n's self should grumble;
Sweet Church and State, like Jack and Jill,
[5] So lovingly upon a hill—
Ah! ne'er like Jack and Jill to tumble!

words "quæ loca *fabulosus lambit* Hydaspes" thus—"The *fabling* Spaniard *licks* the French;" but, recollecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to *Spanish* Catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even commonly civil to *Irish* ones), he altered the passage as it stands at present.

[1] Namque me silvâ lupus in Sabinâ
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis
Fugit inermem.

I cannot help calling the reader's attention to the peculiar ingenuity with which these lines are paraphrased. Not to mention the happy conversion of the Wolf into a Papist (seeing that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, that Rome was founded by Romulus, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome), there is something particularly neat in supposing "*ultra terminum*" to mean vacation-time; and then the modest consciousness with which the noble and learned translator has avoided touching upon the words "curis *expeditis*" (or, as it has been otherwise read, "*causis expeditis*"), and the felicitous idea of his being "inermis" when "without his wig." are altogether the most delectable specimens of paraphrase in our language.

[2] Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias in latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat leonum
Arida nutrix.

[3] Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura;
Quod latus mundi, nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget.

I must here remark, that the said Dick M—rt—n being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to make a "malus Jupiter" of him.

[4] Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

There cannot be imagined a more happy illustration of the inseparability of Church and State, and their (what is called) "standing and falling together,"

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"I NEVER give a kiss," says Prue,
"To naughty man, for I abhor it."—
She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true;
She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it!

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no *one* Muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye, at once, to *all the Nine!*

TO ——.

Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un angelo.[1]

DIE when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's Court a form more fair
Than Beauty here on earth has given;
Keep but the lovely looks we see—
The voice we hear—and you will be
An angel *ready-made* for heaven!

THE NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

—— nova monstra creavit.—*Ovid. Metamorph.* lib. i. v. 437.

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Major Camac,
With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back,
And such helmets, God bless us! as never deck'd any
Male creature before, except Signor Giovanni—
"Let's see," says the R—g—t (like Titus, perplex'd
With the duties of empire), "whom *shall* I dress next?"
He looks in the glass—but perfection is there,
Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to a hair;[2]

than this ancient apologue of Jack and Jill. Jack, of course, represents the State in this ingenious little allegory.

Jack fell down
And broke his *Crown*,
And Jill came tumbling after.

[1] The words addressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the beautiful Nun at Murano.—See his Life.

[2] That model of princes, the Emperor Commodus, was particularly luxurious in the dressing and ornamenting of his hair. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he used, accordingly, to burn off his beard—"timore tonsoris," says Lampridius (Hist. August. Scriptor.). The dissolute Ælius Verus, too, was equally attentive to the decoration of his

'Not a single *ex*-curl on his forehead he traces—
For curls are like Ministers, strange as the case is,
The *falser* they are, the more firm in their places.

His coat he next views—but the coat who could doubt?
For his Y—rm—th's own Frenchified hand cut it out;
Every pucker and seam were made matters of State,
And a grand Household Council was held on each plait!

Then whom shall he dress? shall he new-rig his brother
Great C—mb—rl—d's Duke, with some kickshaw or other?
And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes
For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes?

Ah! no—here his ardour would meet with delays,
For the Duke had been lately pack'd up in new stays,
So complete for the winter, he saw very plain
'Twould be devilish hard work to *un*pack him again!

So, what's to be done?—there 's the Ministers, bless 'em!—
As he *made* the puppets, why shouldn't he *dress* 'em?
"An excellent thought!—call the tailors—be nimble—
Let Cum bring his spy-glass, and H—rtf—d her thimble;
While Y—rm—th shall give us, in spite of all quizzers,
The last Paris cut with his true Gallic scissars."

So saying, he calls C—stl—r—gh, and the rest
Of his Heaven-born statesmen, to come and be dress'd.
While Y—rm—th, with snip-like and brisk expedition,
Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath'lic petition
In long tailors' measures, (the P——e crying "Well done!")
And first *puts in hand* my Lord Chancellor Eld—n.

* * * * *

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN A LADY AND GENTLEMAN, UPON THE ADVANTAGE OF (WHAT IS CALLED) "HAVING LAW ON ONE'S SIDE."

THE GENTLEMAN'S PROPOSAL.

"LEGGE AUREA,
S'ei piace, ei lice."

COME, fly to these arms, nor let beauties so bloomy
To one frigid owner be tied;
Your prudes may revile, and your old ones look gloomy,
But, dearest! we've Law on our side.

wig. (See Jul. Capitolin.) Indeed, this was not the *only* princely trait in the character of Verus, as he had likewise a most hearty and dignified contempt for his wife.—See his insulting answer to her in Spartianus.

Oh! think the delight of two lovers congenial,
Whom no dull decorums divide;
Their error how sweet, and their raptures how *venial*,
When once they've got Law on their side!

'Tis a thing that in every king's reign has been done, too;
Then why should it now be decried?
If the father has done it, why shouldn't the son, too?
For so argues Law on our side!

And, e'en should our sweet violation of duty
By cold-blooded jurors be tried,
They can *but* bring it in "a misfortune," my beauty,
As long as we've Law on our side.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Hold, hold, my good sir! go a little more slowly,
For, grant me so faithless a bride,
Such sinners as we are a little too *lowly*,
To hope to have Law on our side.

Had you been a great prince, to whose star shining o'er 'en
The people should look for their guide,
Then your Highness (and welcome!) might kick down de corum—
You'd always have Law on your side.

Were you e'en an old Marquis, in mischief grown hoary,
Whose heart, though it long ago died
To the *pleasures* of vice, is alive to its *glory*—
You still would have Law on your side!

But for *you*, sir, crim. con. is a path full of troubles;
By *my* advice therefore abide,
And leave the pursuit to those princes and nobles
Who have *such* a Law on their side!

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE OF ST. ST—PH—N, INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE PROPRIETOR IN FULL COSTUME, ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER.

This day a New House, for your edification,
We open, most thinking and right-headed nation!
Excuse the materials—though rotten and bad,
They're the best that for money just now could be had;
And, if *echo* the charm of such houses should be,
You will find it shall echo my speech to a T.

As for actors, we've got the old Company yet,
The same motley, odd, tragi-comical set:
And considering they all were but clerks t'other day,
It is truly surprising how well they can play.
Our manager (he, who in Ulster was nurst,
And sung *Erin go Brah* for the galleries first,
But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better thing,
Changed his note of a sudden, to *God save the King*;)
Still wise as he 's blooming, and fat as he 's clever,
Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever,
Here offers you still the full use of his breath,
Your devoted and long-winded proser till death!

You remember last season, when things went perverse on,
We had to engage (as a block to rehearse on,)
One Mr. V—ns—tt—t, a good sort of person,
Who 's also employ'd for this season to play,
In "Raising the Wind," and "the Devil to Pay."
We expect too—at least we've been plotting and planning—
To get that great actor from Liverpool, C—nn—ng;
And, as at the Circus there 's nothing attracts,
Like a good *single combat* brought in 'twixt the acts,
If the manager should, with the help of Sir P—ph—m,
Get up new *diversions*, and C—nn—ng should stop 'em,
Who knows but we'll have to announce in the papers,
"Grand fight—second time—with additional capers."
Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum, or sad,
There is plenty of each in this house to be had;
Where our manager ruleth, there weeping will be,
For a *dead hand at tragedy* always was he;
And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,
Who so *smilingly* got all his tragedies up.
His powers poor Ireland will never forget,
And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them yet.

So much for the actors—for secret machinery,
Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of scenery.
Y—rm—th and Cum are the best we can find,
To transact all that trickery business behind.
The former 's employ'd too to teach us French jigs,
Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the wigs.

In taking my leave now, I've only to say
A few *Seats in the House* not as yet sold away,
May be had of the manager, Pat C—stl—r—gh.

THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.

Instrumenta regni.—*Tacitus.*

HERE 's a choice set of Tools for you, g'emmen and ladies,
They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade is;
(Except it be *Cabinet-making*—I doubt
In that delicate service they're rather worn out;
Though their owner, bright youth! if he'd had his own will,
Would have bungled away with them joyously still.)
You can see they've been pretty well *hack'd*—and alack!
What tool is there job after job will not hack?
Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like E——nb'r——h's none of the best,
But you'll find them good hard-working Tools, upon trying,
Were 't but for their *brass* they are well worth the buying;
They're famous for making *blinds*, *sliders*, and *screens*,
And they're, some of them, excellent *turning* machines!

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chancellor*)
Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller—
Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note 'tis,
'Tis ready to *melt* at a half minute's notice.
Who bids? Gentle buyer! 'twill turn as thou shapest—
'Twill make a good thumbscrew to torture a Papist;
Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall
Of some church that old women are fearful will fall;
Or better, perhaps (for I'm guessing at random),
A heavy *drag-chain* for some lawyer's old *Tandem*
Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure, sir—
Once, twice, going, going, thrice, gone!—it is yours, sir.
To pay ready money you sha'n't be distress'd,
As a *bill* at *long date* suits the Chancellor best.

Come, where's the next Tool?—Oh! 'tis here in a trice—
This implement, gemmen, at first was a *Vice*
(A tenacious and close sort of Tool, that will let
Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get),
But it since has received a new coating of *Tin*,
Bright enough for a prince to behold himself in!
Come, what shall we say for it? briskly! bid on,
We'll the sooner get rid of it—going—quite gone!
God be with it, such tools, if not quickly knock'd down,
Might at last cost their owner—how much? why a *Crown!*

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had handsel or
Trial as yet, and is *also* a Chancellor—

Such dull things as these should be sold by the gross;
Yet, dull as it is, 'twill be found to *shave close*,
And like *other* close shavers, some courage to gather,
This *blade* first began by a flourish on *leather!*
You shall have it for nothing—then marvel with me
At the terrible *tinkering* work there must be,
Where a tool such as this is (I'll leave you to judge it)
Is placed by ill luck at the top of *the Budget!*

LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.

A BALLAD TO THE TUNE OF "THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN, AND HE WOOED A LITTLE MAID," DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HON. CH—RL—S ABB—T.

"Arcades ambo
Et *cant*-are pares."

1813.

THERE was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,
And he said, "Little Soul, let us try, try, try,
Whether it 's within our reach
To make up a little Speech,
Just between little you and little I, I, I,
Just between little you and little I!"

Then said his little Soul,
Peeping from her little hole,
"I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout, stout,
But, if it 's not uncivil,
Pray tell me what the devil
Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,
Must our little, little speech be about?"

The little Man look'd big,
With th' assistance of his wig,
And he call'd his little Soul to order, order, order,
Till she fear'd he'd make her jog in
To jail like Thomas Croggan
(As she wasn't Duke or Earl), to reward her, ward her, ward her,
As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward her.

The little Man then spoke,
"Little Soul, it is no joke,
For as sure as J—cky F—ll—r loves a sup, sup, sup,
I will tell the Prince and People
What I think of Church and Steeple,
And my little patent plan to prop them up, up, up,
And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, cheek by jowl,
Little Man and little Soul
Went and spoke their little speech to a tittle, tittle, tittle,
And the world all declare
That this priggish little pair
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little, little, little,
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little!

REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD WELLINGTON.

——— suosque tibi commendat Troja PENATES
Hos cape fatorum comites.—*Virgil.*

1813.

As recruits in these times are not easily got,
And the Marshal *must* have them—pray, why should we not,
As the last and, I grant it, the worst of our loans to him,
Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to him?
There 's not in all England, I'd venture to swear,
Any men we could half so conveniently spare,
And, though they've been helping the French for years past,
We may thus make them useful to England at last.

C—stl—r—gh in our sieges might save some disgraces,
Being used to the *taking* and *keeping* of *places;*
And Volunteer C—nn—g, still ready for joining,
Might show off his talent for sly *undermining.*
Could the Household but spare us its glory and pride,
Old H—df—t at *horn-works* again might be tried,
And the Ch—f J—st—e make a *bold charge* at his side!
While V—ns—tt—t could victual the troops *upon tick,*
And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.

Nay, I do not see why the great R—g—t himself
Should, in times such as these, stay at home on the shelf;—
Though through narrow defiles he 's not fitted to pass,
Yet who could resist, if he bore down *en masse?*
And though oft, of an evening, perhaps, he might prove,
Like our brave Spanish allies, "unable to move,"[1]
Yet there 's *one* thing, in war of advantage unbounded,
Which is that he could not with ease be *surrounded!*
In my next I shall sing of their arms and equipment!
At present no more but—good luck to the shipment!

[1] The character given to the Spanish soldier, in Sir John Murray's memorable despatch.

HORACE, Ode I. Lib. I.

A FRAGMENT.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo,
Favete linguis: carmina non prius
Audita, Musarum sacerdos,
Virginibus puerisque canto.
Regum tremendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis.

1813.

I HATE thee, O Mob! as my lady hates delf
To Sir Francis I'll give up thy claps and thy hisses,
Leave old Magna Charta to shift for itself,
And, like G—dw—n, write books for young masters and misses.
Oh! it is not high rank that can make the heart merry,
Even monarchs themselves are not free from mishap,
Though the Lords of Westphalia must quake before Jerry,
Poor Jerry himself has to quake before Nap.
* * * * * * *

HORAT. Lib. I. Ode XXXVIII.

A FRAGMENT.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus:
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ.
Mitte sectari Rosa *quo locorum*
Sera moretur.

TRANSLATED BY A TREASURY CLERK, WHILE WAITING DINNER FOR THE RIGHT HON. G—RGE R—SE.

Boy, tell the Cook that I hate all nick-nackeries,
Fricassées, vol-au-vents, puffs and gim-crackeries—
Six by the Horse-Guards!—old Georgy is late—
But come—lay the table-cloth—zounds! do not wait,
Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is staying,
At which of his places old R—e is delaying![1]
* * * *

[1] The literal closeness of the version here cannot but be admired. The translator has added a long, erudite, and flowery note upon *Roses*, of which I can merely give a specimen at present. In the first place, he ransacks the *Rosarium Politicum* of the Persian poet Sadi, with the hope of finding some *Political* Roses, to match the gentleman in the text—but in vain: he then tells us that Cicero accused Verres of reposing upon a cushion "Melitensi *rosâ fartum*," which, from the odd mixture of words, he supposes to be a kind of *Irish* Bed of Roses, like Lord Castlereagh's. The learned Clerk next favours us with some remarks upon a well-known punning epitaph on fair Rosamond, and expresses a most loyal hope, that, if "Rosa munda" mean "a Rose with clean hands," it may be found applicable to the Right Honourable Rose in question. He then dwells at some length upon the "Rosa *aurea*," which, though descrip-

IMPROMPTU.

UPON BEING OBLIGED TO LEAVE A PLEASANT PARTY, FROM THE WANT OF A PAIR OF BREECHES TO DRESS FOR DINNER IN.

1810.

BETWEEN Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a Paradise each has been forced to resign,
That he never wore breeches till turn'd out of his,
While, for want of my breeches, I'm banish'd from mine.

LORD WELLINGTON AND THE MINISTERS.

1813.

So gently in peace Alcibiades smiled,
While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,
That the emblem they graved on his seal was a child,
With a thunderbolt placed in its innocent hand.

O Wellington! long as such Ministers wield
Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do;
For while they're in the Council and you in the Field,
We've the *babies* in *them*, and the *thunder* in *you!*

APPENDIX.

LETTER IV. ● *Page* 446.

AMONG the papers, enclosed in Dr. D—g—n—n's Letter, there is an Heroic Epistle in Latin verse, from Pope Joan to her Lover, of which, as it is rather a curious document, I shall venture to give some account. This female Pontiff was a native of England (or, according to others, of Germany), who, at an early age, disguised herself in male attire, and followed her lover, a young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where she studied with such effect that, upon her arrival at Rome, she was thought worthy of being raised to the Pontificate. This Epistle is addressed to her Lover

tive, in one sense, of the old Treasury statesman, yet, as being consecrated and worn by the Pope, must, of course, not be brought into the same atmosphere with him. Lastly, in reference to the words "*old* Rose," he winds up with the pathetic lamentation of the poet, "consenuisse Rosas." The whole note, indeed, shows a knowledge of Roses that is quite edifying.

(whom she had elevated to the dignity of Cardinal) soon after the fatal *accouchement*, by which her fallibility was betrayed.

She begins by reminding him very tenderly of the time, when they were in Athens—when

"by Ilissus' stream
We whispering walk'd along, and learn'd to speak
The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek;—
Ah! then how little did we think or hope,
Dearest of men! that I should e'er be Pope![1]
That I—the humble Joan—whose housewife art
Seem'd just enough to keep thy house and heart
(And those, alas! at sixes and at sevens),
Should soon keep all the keys of all the heavens!"

Still less (she continues to say) could they have foreseen, that such a catastrophe as had happened in Council would befall them—that she

"Should thus surprise the Conclave's grave decorum,
And let a *little Pope* pop out before 'em—
Pope *Innocent!* alas, the only one
That name should ever have been fix'd upon!"

She then very pathetically laments the downfall of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever.

"But oh! more dear, more precious ten times over—
Farewell, my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover!
I made *thee* Cardinal—thou mad'st *me*—ah!
Thou mad'st the Papa[2] of the world Mamma!"

I have not time now to translate any more of this epistle; but I presume the argument which the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of emancipation *now*, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the ninth century. Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject.

Romanus (eheu posteri negabitis!)
Emancipatus FŒMINÆ
Fert vallum!——

[1] Spanheim attributes the unanimity with which Joan was elected, to that innate and irresistible charm by which her sex, though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals:—"Non vi aliquâ, sed concorditer, omnium in se converso desiderio, quæ sunt blandientis sexus artes, latentes in hâc quanquam!"

[2] This is an anachronism, for it was not till the eleventh century that the Bishop of Rome took the title of Papa, or Universal Father.

LETTER VII. *Page* 453.

THE Manuscript, which I found in the bookseller's letter, is a melo-drama, in two acts, entitled "The Book,"[1] of which the theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. L—ck—ngt—n and Co. This rejected drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my readers.

The first act opens in a very awful manner—*Time*, three o'clock in the morning—*Scene*, the Bourbon Chamber[2] in C—r—l—t—n House—Enter the P——e R—g—t solus—After a few broken sentences, he thus exclaims

Away—Away—
Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish Book!
I meet thee—trace thee, wheresoe'er I look.
I see thy damned *ink* in Eld—n's brows—
I see thy *foolscap* on my H—rtf—d's spouse—
V—ns—tt—t's head recalls thy *leathern* case,
And all thy *blank-leaves* stare from R—d—r's face!
While, turning here (*laying his hand on his heart*) I find, ah, wretched elf!
Thy *List* of dire *Errata* in myself.
(*Walks the stage in considerable agitation.*)
O Roman punch! O potent Curaçoa!
O Mareschino! Mareschino O!
Delicious drams! why have you not the art
To kill this gnawing *Book-worm* in my heart?

He is here interrupted in his soliloquy by perceiving some scribbled fragments of paper on the ground, which he collects, and "by the light of two magnificent candelabras" discovers the following unconnected words "*Wife neglected*"—"*the Book*"—"*Wrong Measures*"—"*the Queen*"—"*Mr. Lambert*"—"*the* R—G—T."

[1] There was a mysterious book in the sixteenth century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the learned of that day. Every one spoke of it; many wrote against it; though it does not appear that anybody had ever seen it; and indeed Grotius is of opinion that no such book ever existed. It was entitled, "Liber de Tribus Impostoribus." (See Morhof. Cap. de Libris Damnatis.) Our more modern mystery of "The Book" resembles this in many particulars; and if the number of lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into "*à* tribus impostoribus" would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable.

[2] The chamber, I suppose, which was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first grand fête, and which was ornamented (all "for the deliverance of Europe") with *fleurs-de-lys*.

Ha! treason in my house!—Cursed words, that wither
My princely soul (*shaking the papers violently*), what demon
brought you hither?
"My Wife!"—"the Book" too!—stay—a nearer look—
(*holding the fragments closer to the Candelabras*)
Alas! too plain, B. double O, K, Book—
Death and destruction!

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of valets enter. A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the course of which messengers are dispatched, in different directions, for the L—rd Ch—n-c—ll—r, the D—e of C—b—l—d, &c. The intermediate time is filled up by another soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the aforesaid personages rush on alarmed—the D—e with his stays only half-laced, and the Ch—nc—ll—r with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, "to maintain the becoming splendour of his office."[1] The R—g—t produces the appalling fragments, upon which the Ch—nc—ll—r breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream.

'Tis scarcely two hours since
I had a fearful dream of thee, my P———e!—
Methought I heard thee, 'midst a courtly crowd,
Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,
"Worship my whiskers!"—(*weeps*)—not a knee was there
But bent and worshipp'd the Illustrious Pair,
That curl'd in conscious majesty! (*pulls out his handkerchief*)—while cries
Of "Whiskers, whiskers," shook the echoing skies!—
Just in that glorious hour, methought, there came,
With looks of injured pride, a Princely Dame,
And a young maiden, clinging to her side,
As if she fear'd some tyrant would divide
The hearts that nature and affection tied!
The Matron came—within her *right* hand glow'd
A radiant torch; while from her *left* a load
Of Papers hung—(*wipes his eyes*)—collected in her veil—
The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,
The wounding hint, the current lies that pass
From *Post* to *Courier*, form'd the motley mass;

[1] "To enable the individual who holds the office of Chancellor to maintain it in becoming splendour." (*A loud laugh.*)—Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor's Bill.

Which, with disdain, before the Throne she throws,
And lights the Pile beneath thy princely nose.—(*weeps*)
Heavens, how it blazed—I'd ask no livelier fire
(*With animation*) To roast a Papist by, my gracious Sire!—
But ah! the Evidence—(*weeps again*) I mourned to see—
Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee!
And Tales and Hints their random sparkles flung,
And hiss'd and crackled, like an old maid's tongue;
While *Post* and *Courier*, faithful to their fame,
Made up in stink for what they lack'd in flame!
When, lo, ye Gods!—the fire, ascending brisker,
Now singes *one*, now lights the *other* whisker—
Ah! where was then the Sylphid, that unfurls
Her fairy standard in defence of curls?—
Throne, Whiskers, Wig, soon vanish'd into smoke,
The watchman cried "past one," and—I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the R—g—t (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the dream), by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII. when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A Privy Council is held—all the servants, &c., are examined, and it appears that a tailor, who had come to measure the R—g—t for a dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine *clinquant* in describing), was the only person who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is, accordingly, determined to seize the tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act turns chiefly upon the trial and imprisonment of two brothers—but as this forms the *under* plot of the drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two brothers, as they "exeunt severally" to prison:—

Go to your prisons—though the air of spring
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;
Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day
May be some solitary beam that falls,
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
Some beam that enters, trembling as if awed,
To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
Yet go—for thoughts, as blessed as the air
Of spring or summer flowers, await you there;

Thoughts such as he, who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories, *never* knew!
Pure-self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
The zeal, whose circling charities begin
With the few loved-ones Heaven has placed it near,
Nor cease, till all mankind are in its sphere!—
The pride that suffers without vaunt or plea,
And the fresh spirit, that can warble free,
Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty!

The scene next changes to a tailor's workshop, and a fancifully-arranged group of these artists is discovered upon the shop-board—Their task evidently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, &c., that lie about—They all rise and come forward, while one of them sings the following stanzas to the tune of "Derry Down."

My brave brother tailors, come, straiten your knees,
For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease,
While I sing of our P——e (and a fig for his railers)
The shop-board's delight! the Mecænas of tailors!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,
But his short cut to fame is—the cut of his coat;
Philip's son thought the world was too small for his soul,
While our R—g—t's finds room in a laced button-hole!
Derry down, &c.

Look through all Europe's Kings—at least, those who go loose—
Not a King of them all 's such a friend to the Goose.
So God keep him increasing in size and renown,
Still the fattest and best-fitted P——e about town!
Derry down, &c.

During the "Derry down" of this last verse, a messenger from the S—c—t—y of S——e's Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect of the scene, is the very tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The plot now hastens rapidly in its development—the management of the tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm which he is made to betray is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation, too, which he finally gives is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that

the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M——n upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skilfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxta-position.

Honour'd Colonel—my wife, who 's the queen of all slatterns,
Neglected to put up the Book of New Patterns.
She sent the wrong measures too—shamefully wrong—
They're the same used for poor Mr. Lambert, when young;
But, bless you! they wouldn't go half round the R—g—t—
So, hope you'll excuse yours, till death, most obedient.

This fully explains the whole mystery—the R—g—t resumes his wonted smiles, and the Drama terminates, as usual, to the satisfaction of all parties.

CORRUPTION, AND INTOLERANCE.

TWO POEMS:

ADDRESSED TO AN ENGLISHMAN BY AN IRISHMAN.

PREFACE.

THE practice which has been lately introduced into literature, of writing very long notes upon very indifferent verses, appears to me rather a happy invention; as it supplies us with a mode of turning dull poetry to account, and as horses too heavy for the saddle may yet serve well enough to draw lumber, so poems of this kind make excellent beasts of burden, and will bear notes, though they may not bear reading. Besides, the comments in such cases are so little under the necessity of paying any servile deference to the text, that they may even adopt that Socratic dogma, "Quod supra nos nihil ad nos."

In the first of the two following Poems, I have ventured to speak of the Revolution of 1688 in language which has sometimes been employed by Tory writers, and which is therefore neither very new nor popular. But however an Englishman might be reproached with ingratitude, for depreciating the merits and results of a measure, which he is taught to regard as the source of his liberties—however ungrateful it might appear in Alderman B—rch to question for a moment the purity of that glorious era, to which he is indebted for the seasoning of so many orations—yet an Irishman, who has none of these obligations to acknowledge; to whose country the Revolution brought nothing but injury and insult, and who recollects that the book of Molyneux was burned, by order of William's Whig Parliament, for daring to extend to unfortunate Ireland those principles on which the Revolution was professedly founded —an Irishman *may* be allowed to criticise freely the mea-

sures of that period, without exposing himself either to the imputation of ingratitude, or to the suspicion of being influenced by any Popish remains of Jacobitism. No nation, it is true, was ever blessed with a more golden opportunity of establishing and securing its liberties for ever than the conjuncture of Eighty-eight presented to the people of Great Britain. But the disgraceful reigns of Charles and James had weakened and degraded the national character. The bold notions of popular right, which had arisen out of the struggles between Charles the First and his Parliament, were gradually supplanted by those slavish doctrines for which Lord H—kesb—ry eulogizes the churchmen of that period; and as the Reformation had happened too soon for the purity of religion, so the Revolution came too late for the spirit of liberty. Its advantages accordingly were for the most part specious and transitory, while the evils which it entailed are still felt and still increasing. By rendering unnecessary the frequent exercise of Prerogative,—that unwieldy power which cannot move a step without alarm,—it diminished the only interference of the Crown which is singly and independently exposed before the people, and whose abuses therefore are obvious to their senses and capacities; like the myrtle over a celebrated statue in Minerva's temple at Athens, it skilfully veiled from the public eye the only obtrusive feature of royalty. At the same time, however, that the Revolution abridged this unpopular attribute, it amply compensated by the substitution of a new power, as much more potent in its effect as it is more secret in its operations. In the disposal of an immense revenue and the extensive patronage annexed to it, the first foundations of this power of the Crown were laid; the innovation of a standing army at once increased and strengthened it, and the few slight barriers which the Act of Settlement opposed to its progress have all been gradually removed during the Whiggish reigns that succeeded; till at length this spirit of influence has become the vital principle of the State,—an agency, subtle and unseen, which pervades every part of the Constitution, lurks under all its forms, and regulates all its movements, and, like the invisible sylph or grace which presides over the motions of beauty,

> "Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
> Componit furtim subsequiturque."

The cause of Liberty and the Revolution are so habitually associated in the minds of Englishmen, that probably in objecting to the latter, I may be thought hostile or indifferent to the former; but assuredly nothing could be more

unjust than such a suspicion. The very object, indeed, which my humble animadversions would attain is, that in the crisis to which I think England is now hastening, and between which and foreign subjugation she may soon be compelled to choose, the errors and omissions of 1688 may be remedied; and, as it was then her fate to experience a Revolution without Reform, she may now seek a Reform without Revolution.

In speaking of the parties which have so long agitated England, it will be observed that I lean as little to the Whigs as to their adversaries. Both factions have been equally cruel to Ireland, and perhaps equally insincere in their efforts for the liberties of England. There is one name, indeed, connected with Whiggism, of which I can never think but with veneration and tenderness. As justly, however, might the light of the sun be claimed by any particular nation, as the sanction of that name be monopolized by any party whatever. Mr. Fox belonged to mankind, and they have lost in him their ablest friend.

With respect to the few lines upon Intolerance, which I have subjoined, they are but the imperfect beginning of a long series of Essays, with which I here menace my readers, upon the same important subject. I shall look to no higher merit in the task, than that of giving a new form to claims and remonstrances, which have often been much more eloquently urged, and which would long ere now have produced their effect, but that the minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the more the stronger light there is shed upon them.

CORRUPTION.

AN EPISTLE.

Νυν δ' άπανθ' ώσπερ εξ αγορας εκπεπραται ταυτα· αντεισηκται δε αντι τουτων. ὑφ' ὧν απολωλε και νενοσηκεν ἡ Ἑλλας. Ταυτα δ' εστι τι; ζηλος, ει τις ειληφε τι γελως αν ὁμολογη· συγγνωμη τοις ελεγχομενοις· μισος, αν τουτοις τις επιτιμα· ταλλα παντα, ὁσα εκ του δωροδοκειν ηρτηται.—Demosthenes, Philipp. iii.

Boast on, my friend—though stripp'd of all beside,
Thy struggling nation still retains her pride:[1]
That pride, which once in genuine glory woke
When Marlborough fought, and brilliant St. John spoke;
That pride which still, by time and shame unstung,
Outlives e'en Wh—tel—cke's sword and H—wk—sb'ry's tongue!

[1] "Angli suos ac sua omnia impense mirantur; cæteras nationes despectui habent."—Barclay (as quoted in one of Dryden's prefaces).

Boast on, my friend, while in this humbled isle[1]
Where Honour mourns and Freedom fears to smile,
Where the bright light of England's fame is known
But by the baleful shadow she has thrown
On all our fate'—where, doom'd to wrongs and slights,
We hear you talk of Britain's glorious rights,
As wretched slaves, that under hatches lie,
Hear those on deck extol the sun and sky!
Boast on, while wandering through my native haunts,
I coldly listen to thy patriot vaunts;
And feel, though close our wedded countries twine,
More sorrow for my own than pride from thine.

Yet pause a moment—and if truths severe
Can find an inlet to that courtly ear,
Which loves no politics in rhyme but Pye's,
And hears no news but W—rd's gazetted lies,—
If aught can please thee but the good old saws
Of "Church and State," and "William's matchless laws,"
And "Acts and Rights of glorious Eighty-eight,"—
Things, which though now a century out of date,
Still serve to ballast, with convenient words,
A few crank arguments for speeching lords,[2]—
Turn, while I tell how England's freedom found,
Where most she look'd for life, her deadliest wound;
How brave she struggled, while her foe was seen,
How faint since Influence lent that foe a screen;
How strong o'er James and Popery she prevail'd,
How weakly fell, when Whigs and gold assail'd.[4]

[1] England began very early to feel the effects of cruelty towards her dependencies. "The severity of her government (says Macpherson) contributed more to deprive her of the continental dominions of the family of Plantagenet than the arms of France."—See his History, vol. i.

[2] By the total reduction of the kingdom of Ireland in 1691 (says Burke), the ruin of the native Irish, and in a great measure, too, of the first races of the English, was completely accomplished. The new English interest was settled with as solid a stability as anything in human affairs can look for. All the penal laws of that unparalleled code of oppression, which were made after the last event, were manifestly the effects of national hatred and scorn towards a conquered people, whom the victors delighted to trample upon, and were not at all afraid to provoke."

[3] It never seems to occur to those orators and addressers who round off so many sentences and paragraphs with the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, &c., that most of the provisions which these Acts contained for the preservation of parliamentary independence have been long laid aside as romantic and troublesome. So that, I confess, with a politician who quotes seriously the Declaration of Rights, &c., to prove the actual existence of English liberty, that I do not think of that Marquis, whom Montesquieu mentions, who set about looking for mines in the Pyrenees, on the strength of authorities which he had read in some ancient authors. The poor Marquis toiled and searched in vain. He quoted his authorities to the last, but found no mines after all.

[4] The chief, perhaps the only advantage which has resulted from the system of influence, is that tranquil course of uninterrupted action which it has given to the administration of government.

While kings were poor, and all those schemes unknown
Which drain the people, to enrich the throne;
Ere yet a yielding Commons had supplied
Those chains of gold by which themselves are tied;
Then proud Prerogative, untaught to creep
With bribery's silent foot on Freedom's sleep,
Frankly avow'd his bold enslaving plan,
And claim'd a right from God to trample man!
But Luther's schism had too much roused mankind
For Hampden's truths to linger long behind;
Nor then, when king-like popes had fallen so low,
Could pope-like kings[1] escape the levelling blow.
That ponderous sceptre (in whose place we bow
To the light talisman of influence now),
Too gross, too visible to work the spell
Which modern power performs, in fragments fell:
In fragments lay, till, patch'd and painted o'er
With fleur-de-lys, it shone and scourged once more.

'Twas then, my friend, thy kneeling nation quaff'd
Long, long and deep, the churchman's opiate draught
Of tame obedience—till her sense of right
And pulse of glory seem'd extinguish'd quite,
And Britons slept so sluggish in their chain,
That wakening Freedom call'd almost in vain.
O England! England! what a chance was thine,
When the last tyrant of that ill-starr'd line
Fled from his sullied crown, and left thee free
To found thy own eternal liberty!
How bright, how glorious, in that sunshine hour
Might patriot hands have raised the triple tower[2]
Of British freedom, on a rock divine
Which neither force could storm nor treachery mine!

[1] The drivelling correspondence between James I. and his "dog Steenie" (the Duke of Buckingham), which we find among the Hardwicke Papers, sufficiently shows, if we wanted any such illustration, into what doting, idiotic brains the plan of arbitrary power may enter.

[2] Tacitus has expressed his opinion, in a passage very frequently quoted, that such a distribution of power as the theory of the British constitution exhibits is merely a subject of bright speculation, "a system more easily praised than practised, and which, even could it happen to exist, would certainly not prove permanent;" and, in truth, a review of England's annals would dispose us to agree with the great historian's remark. For we find that at no period whatever has this balance of the three estates existed; that the nobles predominated till the policy of Henry VII. and his successor reduced their weight by breaking up the feudal system of property; that the power of the Crown became then supreme and absolute, till the bold encroachments of the Commons subverted the fabric altogether; that the alternate ascendancy of prerogative and privilege distracted the period which followed the Restoration; and that, lastly, the Acts of 1688, by laying the foundation of an unbounded court-influence, have secured a preponderance to the Throne, which every succeeding year increases. So that the vaunted British constitution has never perhaps existed but in mere theory.

But, no—the luminous, the lofty plan,
Like mighty Babel, seem'd too bold for man;
The curse of jarring tongues again was given
To thwart a work that raised men nearer heaven.
While Tories marr'd what Whigs had scarce begun,[1]
While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had done,[2]
The time was lost, and William, with a smile,
Saw Freedom weeping o'er the unfinish'd pile!

Hence all the ills you suffer,—hence remain
Such galling fragments of that feudal chain,[3]
Whose links, around you by the Norman flung,
Though loosed and broke so often, still have clung.
Hence sly Prerogative, like Jove of old,
Has turn'd his thunder into showers of gold,
Whose silent courtship wins securer joys,[4]
Taints by degrees, and ruins without noise.

1 "Those two thieves," says Ralph, "between whom the nation was crucified."—Use and Abuse of Parliament.

2 The monarchs of Great Britain can never be sufficiently grateful for that accommodating spirit which led the Revolutionary Whigs to give away the crown, without imposing any of those restraints or stipulations which other men might have taken advantage of so favourable a moment to enforce, and in the framing of which they had so good a model to follow as the limitations proposed by the Lords Essex and Halifax, in the debate upon the Exclusion Bill. They not only condescended, however, to accept of places, but took care that these dignities should be no impediment to their "voice potential" in affairs of legislation; and although an Act was after many years suffered to pass, which by one of its articles disqualified placemen from serving as members of the House of Commons, it was yet not allowed to interfere with the influence of the reigning monarch, nor with that of his successor *Anne*. The purifying clause, indeed, was not to take effect till after the decease of the latter Sovereign, and she very considerately repealed it altogether. So that, as representation has continued ever since, if the king were simple enough to send to foreign courts ambassadors who were most of them in the pay of those courts, he would be just as honestly and faithfully represented as are his people.

3 The last great wound given to the feudal system was the Act of the 12th of Charles II., which abolished the tenure of knight's service *in capite*, and which Blackstone compares, for its salutary influence upon property, to the boasted provisions of Magna Charta itself. Yet even in *this* Act we see the effects of that counteracting spirit which has contrived to weaken every effort of the English nation towards liberty. The exclusion of copyholders from their share of elective rights was permitted to remain as a brand of feudal servitude, and as an obstacle to the rise of that strong counterbalance which an equal representation of property would oppose to the weight of the Crown. If the managers of the Revolution had been sincere in their wishes for reform, they would not only have taken this fetter off the rights of election, but would have renewed the mode adopted in Cromwell's time of increasing the number of knights of the shire, to the exclusion of those rotten insignificant boroughs, which have tainted the whole mass of the constitution. *Lord Clarendon* calls this measure of Cromwell's "an alteration fit to be more warrantable made, and in a better time." It formed part of Mr. Pitt's plan in 1783; but Pitt's plan of reform was a kind of announced dramatic piece, about as likely to be ever acted as Mr. Sheridan's "Foresters."

4 ——— fore enim tutum iter et patens
Converso in pretium Deo.
Aurum per medios ire satellites, &c.—*Horat.*

It would be amusing to trace the history of Prerogative from the date of

While parliaments, no more those sacred things
Which make and rule the destiny of kings,
Like loaded dice by ministers are thrown,
And each new set of sharpers cog their own.
Hence the rich oil, that from the Treasury steals,
And drips o'er all the Constitution's wheels,
Giving the old machine such pliant play,[1]
That Court and Commons jog one jobless way,
While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,
So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far;
And the duped people, hourly doom'd to pay
The sums that bribe their liberties away,[2]—

its strength under the Tudor princes, when Henry VII. and his successors "taught the people (as Nathaniel Bacon says) to dance to the tune of Allegiance," to the period of the Revolution, when the Throne, in its attacks upon liberty, began to exchange the noisy explosions of Prerogative for the silent and effectual air-gun of Influence. In following its course, too, since that memorable era, we shall find that, while the royal power has been abridged in branches where it might be made conducive to the interests of the people, it has been left in full and unshackled vigour against almost every point where the integrity of the constitution is vulnerable. For instance, the power of chartering boroughs, to whose capricious abuse in the hands of the Stuarts we are indebted for most of the present anomalies of representation, might, if suffered to remain, have in some degree atoned for its mischief, by restoring the old unchartered boroughs to their rights, and widening more equally the basis of the legislature. But, by the Act of Union with Scotland, this part of the prerogative was removed lest Freedom should have a chance of being healed, even by the rust of the spear which had formerly wounded her. The dangerous power, however, of creating peers, which has been so often exercised *for* the government *against* the constitution, is still left in free and unqualified activity; notwithstanding the example of that celebrated Bill for the limitation of this ever-budding branch of prerogative, which was proposed in the reign of George I. under the peculiar sanction and recommendation of the Crown, but which the Whigs thought right to reject, with all that characteristic delicacy, which, in general, prevents them, when enjoying the sweets of office themselves, from taking any uncourtly advantage of the Throne. It will be recollected, however, that the creation of the twelve peers by the Tories in Anne's reign (a measure which Swift, like a true party man, defends) gave these upright Whigs all possible alarm for their liberties.

With regard to this generous fit about his prerogative which seized so unroyally the good King George I., historians have hinted that the paroxysm originated far more in hatred to his son than in love to the constitution; but no loyal person, acquainted with the annals of the three Georges, could possibly suspect any *one* of those gracious monarchs either of ill-will to his heir, or indifference for the constitution.

[1] "They drove so fast (says Welwood of the ministers of Charles I.), that it was no wonder that the wheels and chariot broke." (Memoirs, p. 35.)—But this fatal accident, if we may judge from experience, is to be imputed far less to the folly and impetuosity of the drivers, than to the want of that supp'ing oil from the Treasury which has been found so necessary to make a government like that of England run smoothly. Had Charles been as well provided with this article as his successors have been since the happy Revolution, his Commons would never have merited from him the harsh appellation of "seditious vipers," but would have been (as they now are, and I trust always will be) "dutiful Commons," "loyal Commons," &c., &c., and would have given him ship-money, or any other sort of money he might take a fancy to.

[2] During the reigns of Charles and James, "No Popery" was the watch-word of freedom, and served to keep the public spirit awake against the invasions of bigotry and prerogative. The Revolution, however, by removing this object of

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart
Which rank corruption destines for their heart!
But soft! my friend, I hear thee proudly say
"What! shall I listen to the impious lay,
That dares, with Tory licence, to profane
The bright bequests of William's glorious reign?
Shall the great wisdom of our patriot sires,
Whom H—wks—b—y quotes and savoury B—rch admires,
Be slander'd thus? Shall honest St—le agree
With virtuous R—se to call us pure and free,
Yet fail to prove it? Shall our patent pair
Of wise state-poets waste their words in air,
And Pye unheeded breathe his prosperous strain,
And C—nn—ng *take the people's sense* in vain?"[1]

The people!—ah, that Freedom's form should stay
Where Freedom's spirit long hath pass'd away!
That a false smile should play around the dead,
And flush the features where the soul hath fled![2]
When Rome had lost her virtue with her rights,
When her foul tyrant sat on Capreæ's heights[3]

jealousy, has produced a reliance on the orthodoxy of the Throne, of which the Throne has not failed to take advantage; and the cry of "No Popery" having thus lost its power of alarming the people against the inroads of the Crown, has served ever since the very different purpose of strengthening the Crown against the pretensions and struggles of the people. The danger of the Church from Papists and Pretenders was the chief pretext for the repeal of the Triennial Bill, for the adoption of a standing army, for the numerous suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act, and, in short, for all those spirited infractions of the constitution by which the reigns of the last century were so eminently distinguished. We have seen very lately, too, how the Throne has been enabled, by the same scarecrow sort of alarm, to select its ministers from among men whose servility is their only claim to elevation, and who are pledged (if such an alternative *could* arise) to take part with the scruples of the King against the salvation of the empire.

1 Somebody has said, "Quand tous les poëtes seraient noyés, ce ne serait pas grand dommage;" but I am aware that this is not fit language to be held at a time when our birth-day odes and state-papers are written by such pretty poets as Mr. P—e and Mr. C—nn—ng. All I wish is, that the latter gentleman would change places with his brother P—e, by which means we should have somewhat less prose in our odes, and certainly less poetry in our politics.

2 "It is a scandal (said Sir Charles Sedley, in William's reign) that a government so sick at heart as ours is should look so well in the face;" and Edmund Burke has said, in the present reign, "When the people conceive that laws and tribunals, and even popular assemblies, are perverted from the ends of their institutions, they find in these names of degenerated establishments only new motives to discontent. Those bodies which, when full of life and beauty, lay in their arms and were their joy and comfort, when dead and putrid, become more loathsome from remembrance of former endearments."—Thoughts on the present Discontents, 1770.

3 We are told by Tacitus of a certain race of men, who made themselves particularly useful to the Roman emperors, and were therefore called, "instrumenta regni," or "court-tools." From this it appears, that my Lords M——, C——, &c., &c., are by no means things of modern invention.

Amid his ruffian spies; and doom'd to death
Each noble name they blasted with their breath,—
E'en then (in mockery of that golden time,
When the Republic rose revered, sublime,
And her free sons, diffused from zone to zone,
Gave kings to every country but their own),—
E'en then the senate and the tribunes stood,
Insulting marks, to show how Freedom's flood
Had dared to flow, in glory's radiant day,
And how it ebb'd,—for ever ebb'd away![1]

Oh, look around—though yet a tyrant's sword
Nor haunts our sleep nor trembles o'er our board,
Though blood be better drawn by modern quacks,
With Treasury leeches than with sword or axe;
Yet say, could e'en a prostrate tribune's power,
Or a mock senate, in Rome's servile hour,
Insult so much the claims, the rights of man,
As doth that fetter'd mob, that free divan,
Of noble tools and honourable knaves,
Of pension'd patriots and privileged slaves!
That party-colour'd mass, which nought can warm
But quick corruption's heat—whose ready swarm
Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden sky,
Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die;—
That greedy vampire, which from Freedom's tomb
Comes forth, with all the mimicry of bloom
Upon its lifeless cheek, and sucks and drains
A people's blood to feed its putrid veins!

Heavens, what a picture! yes, my friend, *'tis* dark;
"But can no light be found, no genuine spark
Of former fire to warm us? Is there none,
To act a Marvell's part?"[2]—I fear not one.
To place and power all public spirit tends,
In place and power all public spirit ends;[3]

[1] There is something very touching in what Tacitus tells us of the hopes that revived in a few patriot bosoms, when the death of Augustus was near approaching, and the fond expectation with which they already began "bona libertatis incassum disserere."

Ferguson says that Cæsar's interference with the rights of election "made the subversion of the republic more felt than any of the former acts of his power."—Roman Republic, book v chap. i.

[2] Andrew Marvell, the honest opposer of the Court during the reign of Charles the Second, and the last member of parliament who, according to the ancient mode, took wages from his constituents. The Commons have, since then, much changed their paymasters.—See the State Poems for some rude but spirited effusions of Andrew Marvell.

[3] The following artless speech of Sir Francis Winnington, in the reign of Charles the Second, will amuse those who are fully aware of the perfection we have since attained in that system of government whose humble beginnings so much astonished the worthy baronet. "I did observe (says he) that all those

Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,
When *out*, 'twill thrive—but taken *in*, 'twill die!

Not bolder truths of sacred Freedom hung
From Sidney's pen or burn'd on Fox's tongue,
Than upstart Whigs produce each market night,
While yet their conscience, as their purse, is light;
While debts at home excite their care for those
Which, dire to tell, their much-loved country owes,
And loud and upright, till their prize be known,
They thwart the King's supplies to raise their own.
But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum—
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.
And though I feel as if indignant Heaven
Must think that wretch too foul to be forgiven
Who basely hangs the bright protecting shade
Of Freedom's ensign o'er Corruption's trade,
And makes the sacred flag he dares to show
His passport to the market of her foe,
Yet, yet, I own, so venerably dear
Are Freedom's grave old anthems to my ear,
That I enjoy them, though by rascals sung,
And reverence Scripture e'en from Satan's tongue.
Nay, when the constitution has expired,
I'll have such men, like Irish wakers, hired
To sing old "Habeas Corpus" by its side,
And ask, in purchased ditties, why it died?

See that smooth lord, whom nature's plastic pains
Seem to have destined for those Eastern reigns
When eunuchs flourish'd, and when nerveless things
That men rejected were the chosen of Kings;[1]—
E'en *he*, forsooth, (oh, mockery accurst!)
Dared to assume the patriot's name at first—
Thus Pitt began, and thus begin his apes;
Thus devils, when *first* raised, take pleasing shapes.
But oh, poor Ireland! if revenge be sweet
For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit

who had pensions, and most of those who had offices, voted all of a side, as they were directed by some great officer, exactly as if their business in this House had been to preserve their pensions and offices, and not to make laws for the good of them who sent them here."—He alludes to that parliament which was called, *par excellence*, the Pensionary Parliament—a distinction, however, which it has long lost, and which we merely give it from old custom, just as we say "the Irish rebellion."

[1] According to Xenophon, the chief circumstance which recommended these creatures to the service of Eastern princes was the ignominious station they held in society, and the probability of their being, upon this account, more devoted to the will and caprice of a master, from whose notice alone they derived consideration, and in whose favour they might seek refuge from the general contempt of mankind.

And withering insult—for the Union thrown
Into thy bitter cup,[1] when that alone
Of slavery's draught was wanting[2]—if for this
Revenge be sweet, thou *hast* that dæmon's bliss;
For, oh! 'tis more than hell's revenge to see
That England trusts the men who've ruin'd thee;—
That, in these awful days, when every hour
Creates some new or blasts some ancient power,
When proud Napoleon, like the burning shield[3]
Whose light compell'd each wondering foe to yield,
With baleful lustre blinds the brave and free,
And dazzles Europe into slavery,—
That, in this hour, when patriot zeal should guide,
When Mind should rule, and—Fox should *not* have died,
All that devoted England can oppose
To enemies made fiends, and friends made foes,
Is the rank refuse, the despised remains
Of that unpitying power, whose whips and chains
Made Ireland first, in wild, adulterous trance,
Turn false to England's bed, and whore with France.
Those hack'd and tainted tools, so foully fit
For the grand artizan of mischief, P—tt,
So useless ever, but in vile employ,
So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy!
Such are the men that guard thy threaten'd shore,
O England! sinking England![4] boast no more.

[1] "And in the cup an *Union* shall be thrown."—*Hamlet.*

[2] Among the many measures which, since the Revolution, have contributed to increase the influence of the Throne, and to feed up this "Aaron's serpent" of the constitution to its present health and respectable magnitude, there have been few more nutritive than the Scotch and Irish Unions. Sir John Packer said, in a debate upon the former question, that "he would submit it to the House, whether men who had basely betrayed their trust, by giving up their independent constitution, were fit to be admitted into the English House of Commons." But Sir John would have known, if he had not been out of place at the time, that the plancy of such materials was not among the least of their recommendations. Indeed, the promoters of the Scotch Union were by no means disappointed in the leading object of their measure, for the triumphant majorities of the court-party in parliament may be dated from the admission of the 45 and the 16. Once or twice, upon the alteration of their law of treason and the imposition of the malt-tax (measures which were in direct violation of the Act of Union), these worthy North Britons arrayed themselves in opposition to the Court; but finding this effort for their country unavailing, they prudently determined to think thenceforward of themselves, and few men have ever kept to a laudable resolution more firmly. The effect of Irish representation on the liberties of England will be no less perceptible and permanent.

[3] The magician's shield in Ariosto:

"E tolto per vertù dello splendore
La libertate a loro."—Canto 2.

We are told that Cæsar's code of morality was contained in the following lines of Euripides, which that great man frequently repeated:—

Ειπερ γαρ αδικειν χρη τυραννιδος περι
Καλλιστον αδικειν· τἀλλα δ' ευσεβειν χρεων.

This is also, as it appears, the moral code of Napoleon.

[4] The following prophetic remarks occur in a letter written by Sir Robert

INTOLERANCE.

A SATIRE.

"This clamour, which pretends to be raised for the safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it, and rendered us not only the most divided but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth."—Addison, Freeholder, No. 37.

START not, my friend, nor think the muse will stain
Her classic fingers with the dust profane
Of Bulls, Decrees, and all those thundering scrolls,
That took such freedom once with royal souls,[1]
When heaven was yet the pope's exclusive trade,
And kings were *damn'd* as fast as now they're *made*.
No, no—let D—gen—n search the papal chair[2]
For fragrant treasures long forgotten there:
And, as the witch of sunless Lapland thinks
That little swarthy gnomes delight in stinks,
Let saffow P—rc—v—l snuff up the gale
Which wizard D—gen—n's gather'd sweets exhale.
Enough for me, whose heart has learn'd to scorn
Bigots alike in Rome or England born,
Who loathe the venom, whencesoe'er it springs,
From popes or lawyers,[3] pastry-cooks or kings,—

Talbot, who attended the Duke of Bedford to Paris in 1762. Talking of States which have grown powerful in commerce, he says, "According to the nature and common course of things, there is a confederacy against them, and consequently, in the same proportion as they increase in riches, they approach to destruction. The address of our King William, in making all Europe take the alarm at France, has brought that country before us near that inevitable period. We must necessarily have our turn, and Great Britain will attain it as soon as France shall have a declaimer with organs as proper for that political purpose as were those of our William the Third. . . . . Without doubt, my Lord, Great Britain must lower her flight. Europe will remind us of the balance of commerce, as she has reminded France of the balance of power. The address of our statesmen will immortalize them by contriving for us a descent which shall not be a fall, by making us rather resemble Holland than Carthage and Venice."—Letters on the French Nation.

[1] The king-deposing doctrine, notwithstanding its many mischievous absurdities, was of no little service to the cause of political liberty, by inculcating the right of resistance to tyrants, and asserting the will of the people to be the only true fountain of power. Bellarmine, the most violent of the advocates for papal authority, was one of the first to maintain (De Pontiff., lib. i. cap. 7.) "that kings have not their authority or office immediately from God nor his law, but only from the law of nations;" and in King James's "Defence of the Rights of Kings against Cardinal Perron," we find his Majesty expressing strong indignation against the Cardinal for having asserted "that to the deposing of a king the consent of the people must be obtained"—"for by these words (says James) the people are exalted above the king, and made the judges of the king's deposing" (p. 424).

[2] The "Stella *Stercoraria*" of the popes.—The Right Honourable and learned Doctor will find an engraving of this chair in Spanheim's "Disquisitio Historica de Papâ Fœminâ" (p. 118); and I recommend it as a model for the fashion of that seat which the Doctor is about to take in the privy-council of Ireland.

[3] When Innocent X. was entreated to decide the controversy between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, he answered, that "he had been bred a lawyer, and

Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns,
As mirth provokes, or indignation burns,
As C—nn—ng vapours, or as France succeeds,
As H—wk—sb'ry proses, or as Ireland bleeds!

And thou, my friend, if, in these headlong days,
When bigot zeal her drunken antics plays
So near a precipice, that men the while
Look breathless on and shudder while they smile—
If, in such fearful days, thou'lt dare to look
To hapless Ireland, to this rankling nook
Which Heaven hath freed from poisonous things in vain,
While G—ff—rd's tongue and M—sgr—ve's pen remain—
If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got
To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot,
Whose wrongs, though blazon'd o'er the world they be,
Placemen alone are privileged *not* to see—
Oh! turn awhile, and, though the shamrock wreathes
My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes
Of Ireland's slavery, and of Ireland's woes,
Live, when the memory of her tyrant foes
Shall but exist, all future knaves to warn,
Embalm'd in hate and canonized by scorn.
When C—stl—r—gh, in sleep still more profound
Than his own opiate tongue now deals around,
Shall wait th' impeachment of that awful day
Which even *his* practised hand can't bribe away.

And oh! my friend, wert thou but near me now,
To see the spring diffuse o'er Erin's brow
Smiles that shine out, unconquerably fair,
E'en through the blood-marks left by C—md—n[1] there,—
Couldst thou but see what verdure paints the sod
Which none but tyrants and their slaves have trod,
And didst thou know the spirit, kind and brave,
That warms the soul of each insulted slave,
Who, tired with struggling, sinks beneath his lot,
And seems by all but watchful France forgot[2]—

had therefore nothing to do with divinity."—It were to be wished that some of our English pettifoggers knew their own fit element as well as Pope Innocent X.

1 Not the C—md—n who speaks thus of Ireland:—

"To wind up all, whether we regard the fruitfulness of the soil, the advantage of the sea, with so many commodious havens, or the natives themselves, who are warlike, ingenious, handsome and well-complexioned, soft-skinned and very nimble, by reason of the pliantness of their muscles, this island is in many respects so happy, that Giraldus might very well say, 'Nature had regarded with more favourable eyes than ordinary this Kingdom of Zephyr.'"

2 The example of toleration, which Bonaparte has held forth, will, I fear, produce no other effect than that of determining the British Government to

Thy heart would burn—yes, e'en thy Pittite heart
Would burn, to think that such a blooming part
Of the world's garden, rich in nature's charms,
And fill'd with social souls and vigorous arms,
Should be the victim of that canting crew,
So smooth, so godly,—yet so devilish too;
Who, arm'd at once with prayer-books and with whips,[1]
Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their lips,
Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
Make *this* life hell, in honour of the *next?*
Your R—desd—les, P—rc—v—ls,—O gracious Heaven,
If I'm presumptuous, be my tongue forgiven,
When here I swear, by my soul's hope of rest,
I'd rather have been born ere man was blest
With the pure dawn of Revelation's light,
Yes,—rather plunge me back in Pagan night,[2]

persist, from the very spirit of opposition, in their own old system of intolerance and injustice; just as the Siamese blacken their teeth, "because," as they say, "the devil has white ones."

[1] One of the unhappy results of the controversy between Protestants and Catholics, is the mutual exposure which their criminations and recriminations have produced. In vain do the Protestants charge the Papists with closing the door of salvation upon others, while many of their own writings and articles breathe the same uncharitable spirit. No canon of Constance or Lateran ever damned heretics more effectually than the eighth of the Thirty-nine Articles consigns to perdition every single member of the Greek Church; and I doubt whether a more sweeping clause of damnation was ever proposed in the most bigoted council, than that which the Calvinistic theory of predestination in the seventeenth of these Articles exhibits. It is true that no liberal Protestant avows such exclusive opinions; that every honest clergyman must feel a pang while he subscribes to them; that some even assert the Athanasian Creed to be the forgery of one Vigilius Tapsensis, in the beginning of the sixth century, and that eminent divines, like Jortin, have not hesitated to say, "There are propositions contained in our Liturgy and Articles, which no man of common sense amongst us believes." But while all this is freely conceded to Protestants, while nobody doubts their sincerity, when they declare that their articles are not essentials of faith, but a collection of opinions which have been promulgated by fallible men, and from many of which they feel themselves justified in dissenting,—while so much liberty of retractation is allowed to Protestants upon their own declared and subscribed articles of religion, is it not strange that a similar indulgence should be so obstinately refused to the Catholics, upon tenets which their Church has uniformly resisted and condemned, in every country where it has independently flourished? When the Catholics say, "The decree of the Council of Lateran, which you object to us, has no claim whatever upon either our faith or our reason; it did not even profess to contain any doctrinal decision, but was merely a judicial proceeding of that assembly; and it would be as fair for us to impute a *wife-killing* doctrine to the Protestants, because their first Pope, Henry VIII., was sanctioned in an indulgence of that propensity, as for you to conclude that we have inherited a king-deposing taste from the *acts* of the Council of Lateran, or the secular pretensions of our Popes."

[2] In a singular work, written by one Franciscus Collius, "upon the Souls of the Pagans," the author discusses, with much coolness and erudition, all the probable chances of salvation upon which a heathen philosopher might calculate. Consigning to perdition, without much difficulty, Plato, Socrates, &c., the only sage at whose fate he seems to hesitate is Pythagoras, in consideration of his golden thigh, and the many miracles which he performed. But, having balanced a little his claims, and finding reason to father all these miracles on

And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,
Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
And in a convert mourns to lose a prey;
Which, binding policy in spiritual chains,
And tainting piety with temporal stains,[1]
Corrupts both state and church, and makes an oath
The knave and atheist's passport into both;
Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know
Nor bliss above nor liberty below,
Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's fear,
And, lest he 'scape hereafter, racks him here![2]
But no—far other faith, far milder beams
Of heavenly justice warm the Christian's dreams;
His creed is writ on Mercy's page above,
By the pure hands of all-atoning Love;
He weeps to see his soul's religion twine
The tyrant's sceptre with her wreath divine,
And *he*, while round him sects and nations raise
To the one God their varying notes of praise,

the devil, he at length, in the twenty-fifth chapter, decides upon damning him also. (De Animabus Paganorum, lib. iv. cap. 20 and 25.) The poet Dante compromises the matter with the Pagans, and gives them a neutral territory or limbo of their own, where their employment, it must be owned, is not very enviable—"Senza speme vivemo in desio."—Canto iv. Among the numerous errors imputed to Origen, he is accused of having denied the eternity of future punishment; and, if he never advanced a more irrational doctrine, we may venture, I think, to forgive him. He went so far, however, as to include the devil himself in the general hell-delivery which he supposed would one day or other take place, and in this St. Augustin thinks him rather too merciful—"Misereordior profecto fuit Origenes, qui et ipsum diabolum," &c.—De Civitat. Dei, lib. xxi. cap. 17.

[1] "Mr. Fox, in his speech on the repeal of the Test Act (1790), thus condemns the intermixture of religion with the political constitution of a State:—"What purpose," he asks, "can it serve, except the baleful purpose of communicating and receiving contamination? Under such an alliance corruption must alight upon the one, and slavery overwhelm the other."

The corruptions introduced into Christianity may be dated from the period of its establishment under Constantine, nor could all the splendour which it then acquired atone for the peace and purity which it lost.

[2] There has been, after all, quite as much intolerance among Protestants as among Papists. According to the hackneyed quotation—

"Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra."

Even the great champion of the Reformation, Melanchthon, whom Jortin calls "a divine of much mildness and *good nature*," thus expresses his approbation of the burning of Servetus: "Legi." he says to Bullinger, "quæ de Serveti blasphemiis respondistis, et pietatem ac judicia vestra probo. Judico etiam senatum Genevensem recte fecisse, quod hominem pertinacem et non omissurum blasphemias sustulit; ac miratus sum esse qui severitatem illam improbent." I have great pleasure in contrasting with these "mild and good-natured" sentiments the following words of the Papist Baluze, in addressing his friend Conringius:—"Interim amemus, mi Conringi, et tametsi diversas opiniones tuemur in causâ religionis, moribus tamen diversi non simus, qui eadem literarum studia sectamur."—Herman. Conring. Epistol. par. secund. p. 56.

Blesses each voice, whate'er its tone may be,
That serves to swell the general harmony.[1]

Such was the spirit, grandly, gently bright,
That fill'd, O Fox! thy peaceful soul with light·
While blandly spreading like that orb of air
Which folds our planet in its circling care,
The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind
Embraced the world, and breathed for all mankind.
Last of the great, farewell!—yet *not* the last—
Though Britain's sunshine hour with thee be past,
Ierne still one gleam of glory gives,
And feels but half thy loss while Grattan lives.

APPENDIX.

The following is part of a Preface which was intended by a friend and countryman of mine for a collection of Irish airs, to which he has adapted English words. As it has never been published, and is not inapplicable to my subject, I shall take the liberty of subjoining it here.

* * * * * *

Our history, for many centuries past, is creditable neither to our neighbours nor ourselves, and ought not to be read by any Irishman who wishes either to love England or to feel proud of Ireland. The loss of independence very early debased our character; and our feuds and rebellions, though frequent and ferocious, but seldom displayed that generous spirit of enterprise with which the pride of an independent monarchy so long dignified the struggles of Scotland. It is true this island has given birth to heroes who, under more favourable circumstances, might have left in the hearts of their countrymen recollections as dear as those of a Bruce or a Wallace; but success was wanting to consecrate resistance, their cause was branded with the disheartening name of treason, and their oppressed country was such a blank among nations, that, like the adventures of those woods which Rinaldo wished to explore, the fame

[1] "La tolérance est la chose du monde la plus propre à ramener le siècle d'or, et à faire un concert et une harmonie de plusieurs voix et instruments de différents tons et notes, aussi agréable pour le moins que l'uniformité d'une seule voix."—Bayle, Commentaire Philosophique, &c., part ii. chap. vi. Both Bayle and Locke would have treated the subject of Toleration in a manner much more worthy of themselves and of the cause, if they had written in an age less distracted by religious prejudices.

of their actions was lost in the obscurity of the place where they achieved them.

——— Errando in quelli boschi
Trovar potria strane avventure e molte,
Ma come i luoghi i fatti ancor son foschi,
Che non se n'ha notizia le più volte.[1]

Hence is it that the annals of Ireland, through a lapse of six hundred years, exhibit not one of those shining names, not one of those themes of national pride, from which poetry borrows her noblest inspiration; and that history, which ought to be the richest garden of the Muse, yields nothing to her but weeds and cypress. In truth, the poet who would embellish his songs with allusions to Irish names and events, must be contented to seek them in those early periods when our character was yet unalloyed and original, before the impolitic craft of our conquerors had divided, weakened, and disgraced us; and the only traits of heroism, indeed, which he can venture at this day to commemorate, with safety to himself, or perhaps with honour to his country, are to be looked for in those times when the native monarchs of Ireland displayed and fostered virtues worthy of a better age; when our Malachies wore collars of gold which they had won in single combat from the invader,[2] and our Briens deserved the blessings of a people by all the most estimable qualities of a king. It may be said, indeed, that the magic of tradition has shed a charm over this remote period, to which it is in reality but little entitled, and that most of the pictures, which we dwell on so fondly, of days when this island was distinguished amidst the gloom of Europe, by the sanctity of her morals, the spirit of her knighthood, and the polish of her schools, are little more than the inventions of national partiality,—that bright but spurious offspring which vanity engenders upon ignorance, and with which the first records of every people abound. But the sceptic is scarcely to be envied who would pause for stronger proofs than we already possess of the early glories of Ireland; and were even the veracity of all these proofs surrendered, yet who would not fly to such flattering fictions from the sad degrading truths which the history of later times presents to us?

The language of sorrow, however, is, in general, best suited to our Music, and with themes of this nature the poet may be amply supplied. There is not a page of our annals which cannot afford him a subject, and while the national Muse of other countries adorns her temple with

[1] Ariosto, canto iv.
[2] See Warner's History of Ireland, vol. i. book ix.

trophies of the past, in Ireland her altar, like the shrine of Pity at Athens, is to be known only by the tears that are shed upon it; "*lacrymis altaria sudant.*"[1]

There is a well-known story, related of the Antiochians under the reign of Theodosius, which is not only honourable to the powers of music in general, but which applies so peculiarly to the mournful melodies of Ireland, that I cannot resist the temptation of introducing it here.—The piety of Theodosius would have been admirable, if it had not been stained with intolerance; but his reign, I believe, affords the first example of a disqualifying penal code enacted by Christians against Christians.[2] Whether his interference with the religion of the Antiochians had any share in the alienation of their loyalty is not expressly ascertained by historians; but severe edicts, heavy taxation, and the rapacity and insolence of the men whom he sent to govern them, sufficiently account for the discontents of a warm and susceptible people. Repentance soon followed the crimes into which their impatience had hurried them; but the vengeance of the Emperor was implacable, and punishments of the most dreadful nature hung over the city of Antioch, whose devoted inhabitants, totally resigned to despondence, wandered through the streets and public assemblies, giving utterance to their grief in dirges of the most touching lamentation. At length, Flavianus, their bishop, whom they had sent to intercede with Theodosius, finding all his entreaties coldly rejected, adopted the expedient of teaching these songs of sorrow which he had heard from the lips of his unfortunate countrymen to the minstrels who performed for the Emperor at table. The heart of Theodosius could not resist this appeal; tears fell fast into his cup while he listened, and the Antiochians were forgiven.—Surely, if music ever spoke the misfortunes of a people, or could ever conciliate forgiveness for their errors, the music of Ireland ought to possess those powers.

[1] Statius, Thebaid. lib. xii.

[2] "A sort of civil excommunication," says Gibbon, "which separated them from their fellow-citizens by a peculiar brand of infamy; and this declaration of the supreme magistrate tended to justify, or at least to excuse, the insults of a fanatic populace. The sectaries were gradually disqualified for the possession of honourable or lucrative employments, and Theodosius was satisfied with his own justice when he decreed, that, as the Eunomians distinguished the nature of the Son from that of the Father, they should be incapable of making their wills, or of receiving any advantage from testamentary donations."

NOTES TO LALLA ROOKH.

Page 278.

These particulars of the visit of the King of Bucharia to Aurungzebe are found in Dow's History of Hindostan, vol. iii. p. 392.

Page 278.

"Leila."

The mistress of Mejnoun, upon whose story so many romances, in all the languages of the East, are founded.

Page 278.

"Shirine."

For the loves of this celebrated beauty with Khosrou and with Ferhad, vide D'Herbelot, Gibbon, Oriental Collections, &c.

Page 278.

"Dewildé."

"The history of the loves of Dewildé and Chizer, the son of the Emperor Alla, is written in an elegant poem, by the noble Chusero."—Ferishta.

Page 279.

"Those insignia of the Emperor's favour," &c.

"One mark of honour or knighthood bestowed by the Emperor is the permission to wear a small kettle-drum at the bows of their saddles, which at first was invented for the training of hawks, and to call them to the lure, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen to that end."—Fryer's Travels.

"Those on whom the King has conferred the privilege must wear an ornament of jewels on the right side of the turban, surmounted by a high plume of the feathers of a kind of egret. This bird is found only in Cashmeer, and the feathers are carefully collected for the King, who bestows them on his nobles."—Elphinstone's Account of Caubul.

Page 279.

"Keder Khan," &c.

"Khedar Khan, the Khakan, or King, of Turquestan beyond the Gihon (at the end of the eleventh century), whenever he appeared abroad was preceded by seven hundred horsemen with silver battle-axes, and was followed by an equal number bearing maces of gold.

He was a great patron of poetry, and it was he who used to preside at public exercises of genius, with four basins of gold and silver by him to distribute among the poets who excelled."—Richardson's Dissertation, prefixed to his Dictionary.

Page 279.

"The gilt pine-apples," &c.

"The kubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine-apple, on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin."—Scott's Notes on the Bahardanush.

Page 279.

"The rose-coloured veils of the Princess's litter."

In the poem of Zohair, in the Moallakat, there is the following lively description of "a company of maidens seated on camels;"—

"They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Andem-wood.

"When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloths, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.

"Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arab with a settled mansion."

Page 279.

"A young female slave sat fanning her," &c.

See Bernier's description of the attendants on Rauchanara-Begum in her progress to Cashmere.

Pages 279–80.

"Religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector."

This hypocritical Emperor would have made a worthy associate of certain Holy Leagues:—"He held the cloak of religion (says Dow) between his actions and the vulgar; and impiously thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he was murdering and persecuting his brothers and their families, he was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for his assistance to him in the civil wars. He acted as high-priest at the consecration of this temple; and made a practice of attending divine service there, in the humble dress of a Fakeer. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, he, with the other, signed warrants for the assassination of his relations."—History of Hindostan, vol. iii. p. 33. See also the curious letter of Aurungzebe, given in the Oriental Collections, vol. i. p. 320.

Page 280.

"The diamond eyes of the idol," &c.

"The idol at Jaghernat has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the Pagoda, one having stole one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the idol."—Tavernier.

Page 280.

Gardens of Delhi.

See a description of these royal gardens in "An Account of the Present State of Delhi, by Lieut. W. Franklin."—Asiatic Researches, vol. iv. p. 417.

Page 280.

"Lake of Pearl."

"In the neighbourhood is Notte Gill, or the Lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pellucid water."—Pennant's Hindoostan.

"Nasir Jung encamped in the vicinity of the Lake of Toneor, amused himself with sailing on that clear and beautiful water, and gave it the fanciful name of Motee Talab, 'the Lake of Pearls,' which it still retains."—Wilks's South of India.

Page 280.

"Described by one from the Isles of the West," &c.

Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from James I. to Jehan-Guire.

Page 280.

"Loves of Wamak and Ezra."

"The romance Womakweazra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers who lived before the time of Mahomet."—Note on the Oriental Tales.

Page 280.

"Of the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver."

Their amour is recounted in the Shah-Nameh of Ferdousi; and there is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahver, sitting on the bank of the river and throwing flowers into the stream, in order to draw the attention of the young Hero who is encamped on the opposite side.—*Vide* Champion's Translation.

Page 280.

"The combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon."

Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sefeed Deeve, or White Demon, *vide* Oriental Collections, vol. ii. p. 45. Near the city of Shiraux is an immense quadrangular monument in commemoration of this combat, called the Kelaat-i-Deev Sepeed, or Castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his Gazophylacium Persicum, p. 127, declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia.—*Vide* Ouseley's Persian Miscellanies.

Page 280.

"Their golden anklets."

"The women of the Idol, or Dancing Girls of the Pagoda, have little golden bells fastened to their feet, the soft, harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the exquisite melody of their voices."—Maurice's Indian Antiquities.

"The Arabian courtesans, like the Indian women, have little golden bells fastened round their legs, neck, and elbows, to the sound of which they dance before the King. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known, and they themselves receive in passing the homage due to them."—Calmet's Dictionary, art. Bells.

Page 281.

"That delicious opium," &c.

"Abou-Tige, ville de la Thebaïde, où il croit beaucoup de pavot noir, dont se fait le meilleur opium."—D'Herbelot.

Page 281.

"That idol of women, Crishna."

"He and the three Rámas are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the Princesses of Hindustán were all passionately in love with Crishna, who continues to this hour the darling god of the Indian women."—Sir W. Jones, on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India.

Page 281.

"The shawl-goat of Tibet."

See Turner's Embassy for a description of this animal, "the most beautiful among the whole tribe of goats." The material for the shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found next the skin.

Page 281.

"The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan."

For the real history of this Impostor, whose original name was Hakem ben Haschem, and who was called Mocanna, from the veil of silver gauze (or, as other say, golden) which he always wore, *vide* D'Herbelot.

Page 282.

"Flowerets and fruits blush over every stream."

"The fruits of Meru are finer than those of any other place; and one cannot see in any other city such palaces, with groves, and streams, and gardens."—Ebn Haukal's Geography.

Page 282.

"For far less luminous, &c.

"Ses disciples assuroient qu'il se couvroit le visage, pour ne pas éblouir ceux qui l'approchoit par l'éclat de son visage, comme Moyse."—D'Herbelot.

Page 282.

"In hatred to the caliph's hue of night."

"Il faut remarquer ici touchant les habits blancs des disciples de Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des cöeffures et des étendarts des Khalifes Abassides étant de noire, ce chef de rebelles ne pouvoit pas choisir une, qui lui fût plus opposée."—D'Herbelot.

Page 283.

"Javelins of the light Kathaian reed."

"Our dark javelins, exquisitely wrought of Khathaian reeds, slender and delicate."—Poem of Amru.

Page 283.

"Fill'd with the stems that bloom on Iran's rivers."

The Persians call this plant Gaz. The celebrated shaft of Isfendiar, one of their ancient heroes, was made of it. "Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of this plant in flower during the rains on the banks of rivers, where it is usually interwoven with a lovely twining asclepias."—Sir W. Jones, Botanical Observations on Select Indian Plants.

Page 283.

"Like a chenar-tree grove."

The oriental plane. "The chenar is a delightful tree: its bole is of a fine white and smooth bark; and its foliage, which grows in a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green."—Morier's Travels.

Page 283.

"With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
Like tulip-beds."

"The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to the flower on account of its resembling a turban."—Beckmann's History of Inventions.

Page 284.

"With belt of broider'd crape,
And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape."

"The inhabitants of Bucharia wear a round cloth bonnet, shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a large fur border. They tie their kaftans about the middle with a girdle of a kind of silk crape, several times round the body."—Account of Independent Tartary, in Pinkerton's Collection.

Page 285.

"Waved, like the wings of the white birds that fan
The flying throne of star-taught Soliman."

This wonderful throne was called the Star of the Genii. For a full description of it, see the Fragment, translated by Captain Franklin, from a Persian MS. entitled "The History of Jerusalem:"—Oriental Collections, vol. i. p. 235. When Solomon travelled, the Eastern writers say, "he had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun."—Sale's Koran, vol. ii. p. 214, note.

Page 285.

. . . . . "and, thence descending, flow'd
Through many a Prophet's breast."

This is according to D'Herbelot's account of the doctrines of Mokanna:—"Sa doctrine étoit que Dieu avoit pris une forme et figure humaine depuis qu'il eut commandé aux Anges d'adorer Adam, le

premier des hommes. Qu'après la mort d'Adam, Dieu étoit apparu sous la figure de plusieurs Prophètes, et autres grands hommes qu'il avoit choisis, jusqu'à ce qu'il prit celle d'Aba Moslem, Prince de Khorassan, lequel professoit l'erreur de la Tenassukhiah, ou Metempsycose; et qu'après la mort de ce Prince, la Divinité étoit passée, et descendue en sa personne."

Page 294.

"Such gods as he
Whom India serves, the monkey deity."

"Apes are in many parts of India highly venerated, out of respect to the god Hannaman, a deity partaking of the form of that race."—Pennant's Hindoostan.

See a curious account, in Stephen's Persia, of a solemn embassy from some part of the Indies to Goa, when the Portuguese were there, offering vast treasures for the recovery of a monkey's tooth, which they held in great veneration, and which had been taken away upon the conquest of the kingdom of Jafanapatan.

Page 294.

—— "proud things of clay,
To whom if Lucifer, as grandams say,
Refused, though at the forfeit of Heaven's light,
To bend in worship, Lucifer was right."

This resolution of Eblis not to acknowledge the new creature, man, was, according to Mahometan tradition, thus adopted:—"The earth (which God had selected for the materials of his work) was carried into Arabia, to a place between Mecca and Tayef, where, being first kneaded by the angels, it was afterwards fashioned by God himself into a human form, and left to dry for the space of forty days, or, as others say, as many years; the angels, in the meantime, often visiting it, and Eblis (then one of the angels nearest to God's presence, afterwards the devil) among the rest; but he, not contented with looking at it, kicked it with his foot till it rung, and knowing God designed that creature to be his superior, took a secret resolution never to acknowledge him as such."—Sale on the Koran.

Page 295.

"Where none but priests are privileged to trade
In that best marble of which Gods are made."

The material of which images of Gaudma (the Birman deity) is made, is held sacred. "Birmans may not purchase the marble in mass, but are suffered, and indeed encouraged, to buy figures of the deity ready made."—Symes's Ava, vol. ii. p. 376.

Page 299.

"The puny bird that dares, with teasing hum,
Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come."

The humming-bird is said to run this risk for the purpose of picking the crocodile's teeth. The same circumstance is related of the lapwing as a fact to which he was witness, by Paul Lucas, Voyage fait en 1714.

Page 300.

"Some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously."

"The Feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yamtcheou with more magnificence than anywhere else; and the report goes, that the illuminations there are so splendid, that an Emperor once, not daring openly to leave his Court to go thither, committed himself with the Queen and several Princesses of his family into the hands of a magician, who promised to transport them thither in a trice. He made them in the night to ascend magnificent thrones that were borne up by swans, which in a moment arrived at Yamtcheou. The Emperor saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried upon a cloud that hovered over the city and descended by degrees; and came back again with the same speed and equipage, nobody at court perceiving his absence." The present State of China, p. 156.

Page 300.

"Artificial sceneries of bamboo work."

See a description of the nuptials of Vizier Alee in the Asiatic Annual Register of 1804.

Page 301.

"The origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations."

"The vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happened in the family of a famous mandarin, whose daughter walking one evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned; this afflicted father, with his family, run thither, and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day; they continued the ceremony every year, every one lighted his lantern, and by degrees it commenced into a custom."—Present State of China.

Page 302.

"The Kohol's jetty dye."

"None of these ladies," says Shaw, "take themselves to be completely dressed till they have tinged the hair and edges of their eyelids with the powder of lead-ore. Now, as this operation is performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it afterwards through the eyelids over the ball of the eye, we shall have a lively image of what the Prophet (Jer. iv. 30) may be supposed to mean by 'rending the eyes with painting.' This practice is no doubt of great antiquity; for besides the instance already taken notice of, we find that where Jezebel is said (2 Kings ix. 30) 'to have painted her face,' the original words are 'she adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead-ore.'"—Shaw's Travels.

Pages 303–4.

——— "drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food."

Tavernier adds, that while the Birds of Paradise lie in this intoxicated state, the emmets come and eat off their legs; and that hence it is they are said to have no feet.

Page 306.

"As they were captives to the King of Flowers."

"They deferred it till the King of Flowers should ascend his throne of enamelled foliage."—The Bahardanush.

Page 307.

"But a light, golden chain-work round her hair," &c.

"One of the head-dresses of the Persian women is composed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pearls, with a thin gold plate pendant, about the bigness of a crown-piece, on which is impressed an Arabian prayer, and which hangs upon the cheek below the ear."—Hanway's Travels.

Page 307.

"The maids of Yezd."

"Certainly the woman of Yezd are the handsomest women in Persia. The proverb is, that to live happy a man must have a wife of Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdecas, and drink the wine of Shiraz."—Tavernier.

Page 309.

"And his floating eyes—oh! they resemble
Blue water-lilies."

"Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies, agitated by the breeze."—Jayadeva.

Page 310.

"To muse upon the pictures that hung round."

It has been generally supposed that the Mahometans prohibit all pictures of animals; but Toderini shows that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

Page 310.

"Like her own radiant planet of the west,
Whose orb when half retired looks loveliest."

This is not quite astronomically true. "Dr. Hadley (says Keil) has shown that Venus is brightest when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun; and that then but *only a fourth part* of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth."

Page 310.

"With her from Saba's bowers, in whose bright eyes
He read that to be blest is to be wise."

"In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival of the Queen of Saba, the floor or pavement was of transparent glass, laid over running water in which fish were swimming." This led the Queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koran has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. "It was said unto her, Enter the palace. And when she saw it she imagined it to be a great water; and she discovered her legs by lifting up her robe to pass through it. Whereupon Solomon said to her, Verily, this is the place evenly floored with glass."—Chap. 27.

Page 310.

"Zuleika."

"Such was the name of Potiphar's wife, according to the *sura*, or chapter of the Alcoran, which contains the history of Joseph, and which, for elegance of style, surpasses every other of the Prophet's books; some Arabian writers also call her Rail. The passion which this frail beauty of antiquity conceived for her young Hebrew slave has given rise to a much-esteemed poem in the Persian language, entitled 'Yusef vau Zelikha,' by Noureddin Jami; the manuscript copy of which in the Bodleian Library at Oxford is supposed to be the finest in the whole world."—Note upon Nott's Translation of Hafez.

Page 317.

"The apples of Istkahar."

"In the territory of Istakhar there is a kind of apple, half of which is sweet and half sour."—Ebu Haukal.

Page 317.

"They saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank."

For an account of this ceremony, *vide* Grandpré's Voyage in the Indian Ocean.

Page 317.

"The Oton-tala or Sea of Stars."

"The place where the Whangho, or river of Tibet, rises, and where there are more than a hundred springs, which sparkle like stars; whence it is called Hotun nor, that is, the Sea of Stars."—Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.

Page 317.

"This City of War which, in a few short hours,
Hath sprung up here."

"The Lescar, or Imperial Camp, is divided, like a regular town, into squares, alleys, and streets, and, from a rising ground, furnishes one of the most agreeable prospects in the world. Starting up in a few hours in an uninhabited plain, it raises the idea of a city built by enchantment. Even those who leave their houses in cities to follow the prince in his progress are frequently so charmed with the Lescar, when situated in a beautiful and convenient place, that they cannot prevail with themselves to remove. To prevent this inconvenience to the court, the Emperor, after sufficient time is allowed to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out of their tents."—Dow's Hindostan.

Colonel Wilks gives a lively picture of an Eastern encampment:—"His camp, like those of most Indian armies, exhibited a motley collection of covers from the scorching sun and dews of the night, variegated according to the taste or means of each individual, by extensive inclosures of coloured calico surrounding superb suites of tents; by ragged cloths or blankets stretched over sticks or branches; palm leaves hastily spread over similar supports; handsome tents and splendid canopies; horses, oxen, elephants, and camels; all intermixed without any exterior mark of order or design, except the flags of the chiefs, which usually mark the centres of a congeries of these masses; the only regular part of the encampment being the streets of shops, each of which is constructed nearly in the manner of a booth at an English fair."—Historical Sketches of the South of India.

Page 318.

"And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells."

"A superb camel, ornamented with strings and tufts of small shells."—Ali Bey.

Page 318.

"The tinkling throngs
Of laden camels and their drivers' songs."

"Some of the camels have bells about their necks, and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fore-horses' necks, which, together with the servants (who belong to the camels, and travel on foot) singing all night, make a pleasant noise, and the journey passes away delightfully."—Pitt's Account of the Mahometans.

"The camel-driver follows the camels singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe; the louder he sings and pipes, the faster the camels go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music."—Tavernier.

Page 321.

"Hot as that crimson haze,
By which the prostrate caravan is awed."

Savary says of the south wind, which blows in Egypt from February to May, "Sometimes it appears only in the shape of an impetuous whirlwind, which passes rapidly, and is fatal to the traveller surprised in the middle of the deserts. Torrents of burning sand roll before it, the firmament is enveloped in a thick veil, and the sun appears of the colour of blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it."

Page 325.

—— "the pillar'd throne
Of Parviz."

There were said to be under this Throne or Palace of Khrosrou Parviz a hundred vaults filled with "treasures so immense, that some Mahometan writers tell us, their Prophet, to encourage his disciples, carried them to a rock which, at his command, opened and gave them a prospect through it of the treasures of Khosrou."—Universal History.

Page 325.

"And they behold an orb, ample and bright,
Rise from the Holy Well."

We are not told more of this trick of the Impostor, than that it was "une machine, qu'il disoit être la lune." According to Richardson, the miracle is perpetuated in Nekscheb:—"Nakschab, the name of the city in Transoxiana, where they say there is a well, in which the appearance of the moon is to be seen night and day."

Page 326.

"On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen."

The tents of princes were generally illuminated. Norden tells us that the tent of the Bey of Girge was distinguished from the other tents by forty lanterns being suspended before it.—*Vide* Harmer's Observations on Job.

Page 328.

"Engines of havoc in, unknown before."

That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mussulmans early in the eleventh century, appears from Dow's Account of Mamood I. "When he arrived at Moultan, finding that the country of the Jits was defended by great rivers, he ordered fifteen hundred boats to be built, each of which he armed with six iron spikes, projecting from their prows and sides, to prevent their being boarded by the enemy, who were very expert in that kind of war. When he had launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers into each boat, and five others with fire-balls, to burn the craft of the Jits, and naphtha to set the whole river on fire."

The Agnee Aster, too, in Indian poems, the Instrument of Fire, whose flame cannot be extinguished, is supposed to signify the Greek fire.—Wilks's South of India, vol. i. p. 471.

The mention of gunpowder as in use among the Arabians, long before its supposed discovery in Europe, is introduced by Ebn Fadhl, the Egyptian geographer, who lived in the thirteenth century. "Bodies," he says, "in the form of scorpions, bound round and filled with nitrous powder, glide along, making a gentle noise; then exploding, they lighten as it were, and burn. But there are others, which, cast into the air, stretch along like a cloud, roaring horribly, as thunder roars, and on all sides vomiting out flames, burst, burn, and reduce to cinders whatever comes in their way." The historian, Ben Abdalla, in speaking of the sieges of Abulualid, in the year of the Hegira 712, says, "A fiery globe, by means of combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly emitted, strikes with the force of lightning, and shakes the citadel."—*Vide* the Extracts from Casiri's Biblioth. Arab. Hispan. in the Appendix to Berington's Literary History of the Middle Ages.

Page 328.

"Discharge, as from a kindled naphtha fount."

See Hanway's Account of the Springs of Naphtha at Baku (which is called by Lieutenant Pottinger Joala Mookhee, or the Flaming Mouth), taking fire and running into the sea. Dr. Cooke, in his Journal, mentions some wells in Circassia strongly impregnated with this inflammable oil, from which issues boiling water. "Though the weather," he adds, "was now very cold, the warmth of these wells of hot water produced near them the verdure and flowers of spring."

Major Scott Waring says that naphtha is used by the Persians, as we are told it was in hell for lamps.

. . . . . "many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky."

Page 332.

"Thou see'st yon cistern in the shade—'tis fill'd
With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd."

"Il donna du poison dans le vin à tous ses gens, et se jotta lui-même ensuite dans une cuve pleine de drogues brûlantes et consumantes, afin qu'il ne restât rien de tous les membres de son corps, et que ceux

qui restoient de sa secte puissent croire qu'il étoit monté au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas d'arriver."—D'Herbelot.

Page 336.

"To eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible."

"The celebrity of Mazagong is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted. The parent tree, from which all those of this species have been grafted, is honoured during the fruit season by a guard of sepoys; and, in the reign of Shah Jehan, couriers were stationed between Delhi and the Mahratta coast, to secure an abundant and fresh supply of mangoes for the royal table."—Mrs. Grant's Journal of a Residence in India.

Page 336.

"His fine antique porcelain."

This old porcelain is found in digging, and "if it is esteemed, it is not because it has acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty; and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang, at which time porcelain began to be used by the Emperors" (about the year 442).—Dunn's Collection of Curious Observations, &c.—a bad translation of some parts of the Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses of the Missionary Jesuits.

Page 338.

"That sublime bird, which flies always in the air."

"The Huma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground: it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen; and that every head it overshades will in time wear a crown."—Richardson.

In the terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with Hyder in 1760, one of the stipulations was, "that he should have the distinction of two honorary attendants standing behind him, holding fans composed of the feathers of the humma, according to the practice of his family."—Wilks's South of India. He adds in a note;—"The humma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be circled with a crown. The splendid little bird, suspended over the throne of Tippoo Sultaun, found at Seringapatam in 1799, was intended to represent this poetical fancy."

Page 338.

"Whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever."

"To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, &c., on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain."—Volney. M. Gebelin and others have been at much pains to attach some mysterious and important meaning to these inscriptions; but Niebuhr, as well as Volney, thinks that they must have been executed at idle hours by the travellers to Mount Sinai, "who were satisfied with cutting the unpolished rock with any pointed instrument; adding to their names and the date of

their journeys some rude figures, which bespeak the hand of a people but little skilled in the arts."—Niebuhr.

Page 339.

"From the dark hyacinth to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair."

Vide Nott's Hafez, Ode V.

Page 339.

"To the Cámalatá, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented."

"The Cámalatá (called by Linnæus, Ipomæa) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the colour and form of its leaves and flowers; its elegant blossoms are 'celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,' and have justly procured it the name of Cámalatá or Love's Creeper."—Sir W. Jones.

"Cámalatá may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of Indra; and if ever flower was worthy of paradise, it is our charming Ipomæa."—Ib.

Page 339.

"That Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay."

Kathay, I ought to have mentioned before, is a name for China.

"According to Father Premare in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi was the daughter of heaven, surnamed Flower-loving; and as the nymph was walking alone on the bank of a river, she found herself encircled by a rainbow, after which she became pregnant, and, at the end of twelve years, was delivered of a son radiant as herself."—Asiat. Res.

Page 340.

"That blue flower which—Bramins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise."

"The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue Campac flowers only in Paradise."—Sir W. Jones. It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Menangcabow, given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. "This is the Sultan, who keeps the flower Champaka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere."—Marsden's Sumatra.

Page 341.

"I know where the Isles of Perfume are."

Diodorus mentions the Isle of Panchaia, to the south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, "sunk (says Grandpré) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations."—Voyage to the Indian Ocean.

Page 341.

"Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds," &c.

"It is not like the Sea of India, whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains of the coast are stored with gold and

precious stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of Hairzan, aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and all other spices and aromatics; where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and civet are collected upon the lands."—Travels of Two Mohammedans.

Page 341.

"Thy pillar'd shades:"

. . . . . "in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, *a pillar'd shade*,
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between."—MILTON.

For a particular description and plate of the Banyan-tree, *vide* Cordiner's Ceylon.

Page 341.

"Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones."

"With this immense treasure Mamood returned to Ghizni, and in the year 400 prepared a magnificent festival, where he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and in other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni."—Ferishta.

Page 342.

. . . "blood like this,
For liberty shed, so holy is."

Objections may be made to my use of the word Liberty, in this and more especially in the story that follows it, as totally inapplicable to any state of things that has ever existed in the East; but though I cannot, of course, mean to employ it in that enlarged and noble sense which is so well understood at the present day, and, I grieve to say, so little acted upon, yet it is no disparagement to the word to apply it to that national independence, that freedom from the interference and dictation of foreigners, without which, indeed, no liberty of any kind can exist, and for which both Hindoos and Persians fought against their Mussulman invaders with, in many cases, a bravery that deserved much better success.

Page 343.

"Afric's Lunar Mountains."

"Sometimes called," says Jackson, "Jibbel Kumrie, or the white or lunar-coloured mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse."

Page 344.

"Only the fiercer hyæna stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks."

"Gondar was full of hyænas from the time it turned dark till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcases, which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falashta from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety."—Bruce.

Page 345.

"But see,—who yonder comes."

This circumstance has been often introduced into poetry;—by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr. Wilson.

Page 349.

"And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales."

"The river Jordan is on both sides beset with little, thick, and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble all together."—Thevenot.

Page 349.

"On the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount."

Imaret, "hospice où on loge et nourrit, gratis, les pélerins pendant trois jours."—Toderini, translated by the Abbé de Cournand.—*Vide* also Castellan's Moeurs des Othomans, tom. v. p. 145.

Page 350.

"The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels."

"Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, whatever they are about, in that very place they chance to stand on; insomuch that when a janissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice which is given him from the steeples, he will turn about, stand still, and beckon with his hand, to tell his charge he must have patience for awhile; when, taking out his handkerchief, he spreads it on the ground, sits cross-legged thereupon, and says his prayers, though in the open market, which, having ended, he leaps briskly up, salutes the person whom he undertook to convey, and renews his journey with the mild expression of 'ghell gohnnum ghell,' or, Come, dear, follow me."—Aaron Hill's Travels.

Page 353.

"The Banyan Hospital."

"This account excited a desire of visiting the Banyan Hospital, as I had heard much of their benevolence to all kinds of animals that were either sick, lame, or infirm, through age or accident. On my arrival there were presented to my view many horses, cows, and oxen, in one apartment; in another, dogs, sheep, goats, and monkeys, with clean straw for them to repose on. Above stairs were depositories for seeds of many sorts, and flat, broad dishes for water, for the use of birds and insects."—Parsons.

It is said that all animals know the Banyans, that the most timid approach them, and that birds will fly nearer to them than to other people.—*Vide* Grandpré.

Page 353.

"Whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them."

"A very fragrant grass from the banks of the Ganges, near Heridwar, which in some places covers whole acres, and diffuses when crushed a strong odour."—Sir W. Jones on the Spikenard of the Ancients.

Page 355.

"Artisans in chariots."

Oriental Tales.

Page 355.

"Waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads."

"Or rather," says Scott, upon the passage of Ferishta, from which this is taken, "small coin, stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and, on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace."

Page 355.

"His delectable alley of trees."

This road is 250 leagues in length. It has "little pyramids or turrets," says Bernier, "erected every half league, to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, and to water the young trees."

Page 356.

"On the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus."

"Here is a large pagoda by a tank, on the water of which float multitudes of the beautiful red lotus: the flower is larger than that of the white water-lily, and is the most lovely of the nymphæas I have seen."—Mrs. Grant's Journal of a Residence in India.

Page 357.

"Who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors."

"On les voit, persécutés par les Kivalifes, se retirer dans les montagnes du Kerman: plusieurs choisirent pour retraite la Tartarie et la Chine; d'autres s'arrêtèrent sur les bords du Gange, à l'est de Delhi."—M. Anquetil, Mémoires de l'Académie, tom. xxxi. p. 346.

Page 357.

"As a native of Cashmere, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers."

"Cashmere (say its historians) had its own Princes 4000 years before its conquest by Akbar in 1585. Akbar would have found

some difficulty to reduce this paradise of the Indies, situated as it is, within such a fortress of mountains, but its monarch, Yusef Khan, was basely betrayed by his Omrahs."—Pennant.

Page 358.

"His story of the Fire-worshippers."

Voltaire tells us that in his Tragedy "Les Guèbres," he was generally supposed to have alluded to the Jansenists; and I should not be surprised if this story of the Fire-worshippers were found capable of a similar doubleness of application.

Page 361.

"Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower."

"In the midst of the garden is the chiosk, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles make a sort of green wall: large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures."—Lady M. W. Montagu.

Page 361.

"Before their mirrors count the time."

The women of the East are never without their looking-glasses. "In Barbary," says Shaw, "they are so fond of their looking-glasses, which they hang upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside, even when, after the drudgery of the day, they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's skin to fetch water."—Travels.

In other parts of Asia they wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. "Hence (and from the lotus being considered the emblem of beauty) is the meaning of the following mute intercourse of two lovers before their parents.

"He with salute of deference due
A lotus to his forehead press'd;
She raised her mirror to his view,
Then turn'd it inward to her breast."
Asiatic Miscellany, vol. ii.

Page 362.

. . . "th' untrodden solitude
Of Ararat's tremendous peak."

Struy says, "I can well assure the reader that their opinion is not true, who suppose this mount to be inaccessible." He adds that "the lower part of the mountain is cloudy, misty, and dark, the middlemost part very cold and like clouds of snow, but the upper regions perfectly calm."—It was on this mountain that the Ark was supposed to have rested after the Deluge, and part of it they say exists there still, which Struy thus gravely accounts for:—"Whereas none can remember that the air on the top of the hill did ever change or was subject either to wind or rain, which is presumed to be the reason that the Ark has endured so long without being rotten."—*Vide* Carreri's Travels, where the Doctor laughs at this whole account of Mount Ararat.

Page 366.

"The Gheber belt that round him clung."

"Pour se distinguer des Idolatres de l'Inde, les Guèbres se ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou de poil de chameau."—Encyclopédie Françoise.

D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

Pages 366-7.

"Who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of heaven."

"As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring-head of it in that globe of fire, the Sun, by them called Mythras, or Mihir, to which they pay the highest reverence, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they are so far from confounding the subordination of the Servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire, in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God; but they do not even give that luminary, all glorious as it is, more than the second rank amongst his works, reserving the first for that stupendous production of divine power, the mind of man."—Grose. The false charges brought against the religion of these people by their Mussulman tyrants is but one proof among many of the truth of this writer's remark, "that calumny is often added to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it."

Page 369.

"That tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein."

"Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Gualior) is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice."—Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Ouzein, by W. Hunter, Esq.

Page 369.

"The awful signal of the bamboo staff."

"It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers also to throw each a stone or brick near the spot, so that in the course of a little time a pile equal to a good waggon-load is collected. The sight of these flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether void of apprehension."—Oriental Field Sports, vol. ii.

Page 369.

"Beneath the shade, some pious hands had erected," &c.

"The Ficus Indica is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councils; the first from the idols placed under its shade; the second, because meetings were held under its cool branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of

Wales have been of fairies; in others are erected beneath the shade pillars of stone, or posts, elegantly carved and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors."—Pennant.

Page 370.

"The nightingale now bends her flight."

"The nightingale sings from the pomegranate groves in the day-time, and from the loftiest trees at night."—Russel's Aleppo.

Page 372.

"Before whose sabre's dazzling light," &c.

"When the bright cimiters make the eyes of our heroes wink."—The Moallakat, Poems of Amru.

Page 373.

"As Lebanon's small mountain-flood
Is render'd holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks."

In the Lettres Edifiantes, there is a different cause assigned for its name of Holy. "In these are deep caverns, which formerly served as so many cells for a great number of recluses, who had chosen these retreats as the only witnesses upon earth of the severity of their penance. The tears of these pious penitents gave the river of which we have just treated the name of the Holy River."—Chateaubriand's Beauties of Christianity.

Page 374.

"A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
Of Oman beetling awfully."

This mountain is my own creation, as the "stupendous chain" of which I suppose it a link does not extend quite so far as the shores of the Persian Gulf. "This long and lofty range of mountains formerly divided Media from Assyria, and now forms the boundary of the Persian and Turkish empires. It runs parallel with the river Tigris and Persian Gulf, and almost disappearing in the vicinity of Gomberoon (Harmozia) seems once more to rise in the southern districts of Kerman, and following an easterly course through the centre of Meckraun and Balouchistan, is entirely lost in the deserts of Sinde."—Kinneir's Persian Empire.

Pages 374-5.

"That bold wore Moslem, who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff."

"There is an extraordinary hill in this neighbourhood, called Kohé Gubr, or the Guebre's Mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Atush Kudu, or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Deeves, or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to ascend or explore it."—Pottinger's Beloochistan.

Page 375.

"Still did the mighty flame burn on."

"At the city of Yezd, in Persia, which is distinguished by the appel-

lation of the Darûb Abadut, or Seat of Religion, the Guebres are permitted to have an Atush Kudu, or Fire Temple (which, they assert, has had the sacred fire in it since the days of Zoroaster), in their own compartment of the city; but for this indulgence they are indebted to the avarice, not the tolerance, of the Persian government, which taxes them at twenty-five rupees each man."—Pottinger's Beloochistan.

Page 377.

. . . . "while on that altar's fires
They swore."

"Nul d'entre eux oseroit se perjurer, quand il a pris à témoin cet élément terrible et vengeur."—Encyclopédie Françoise.

Page 377.

"The Persian lily shines and towers."

"A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow colour."—Russel's Aleppo.

Page 381.

"Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips."

"They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes."—Thevenot. The same is asserted of the oranges there; *vide* Witman's Travels in Asiatic Turkey.

"The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of bitter-tasted salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water."—Klaproth's Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea, Annals of Philosophy, January, 1813. Hasselquist, however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shell-fish to be found in the lake.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his Third Canto of Childe Harold, magnificent beyond anything, perhaps, that even *he* has ever written.

Page 381.

"While lakes that shone in mockery nigh."

"The Suhrab, or Water of the Desert, is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat; and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake."—Pottinger.

"As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing."—Koran, chap. 24.

Page 381.

"A flower that the Bid-musk has just passed over."

"A wind which prevails in February, called Bidmusk, from a small and odoriferous flower of that name."—"The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month."—Le Bruyn.

Page 381.

"Where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water."

"The Biajús are of two races; the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itinerant fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting to leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldivia islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of winds and waves, as an offering to the Spirit of the Winds; and sometimes similar offerings are made to the spirit whom they term 'the King of the Sea.' In like manner the Biajús perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as first to meet with it."—Dr. Leyden on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations.

Page 382.

"The violet sherbets."

"The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar."—Hasselquist.

"The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drunk by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar."—Tavernier.

Page 382.

"The pathetic measure of Nava."

"Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers."—Persian Tales.

Page 383.

"Her ruby rosary."

"Le Tespih, qui est un chapelet, composé de 99 petites boules d'agathe, de jaspe, d'ambre, de corail, ou d'autre matière précieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jerpos; il étoit de belles et grosses perles parfaites et égales, estimé trente mille piastres."—Toderini.

Page 392.

"A silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica."

"Blossoms of the sorrowful Nyctanthe give a durable colour to silk."—Remarks on the Husbandry of Bengal, p. 200. "Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower."—Sir W. Jones. "The Persians call it Gul."—Carreri.

Page 399.

"When pitying Heaven to roses turn'd
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd."

Of their other Prophet Zoroaster, there is a story told in Dion Prussæus, Orat. 36, that the love of wisdom and virtue leading him to a solitary life upon a mountain, he found it one day all in a flame,

shining with celestial fire, out of which he came without any harm, and instituted certain sacrifices to God who, he declared, then appeared to him.—*Vide* Patrick on Exodus iii. 2.

Page 413.

"They were not now far from that forbidden river."

"Akbar on his way ordered a fort to be built upon the Nilab, which he called Attock, which means, in the Indian language, Forbidden; for, by the superstition of the Hindoos, it was held unlawful to cross that river."—Dow's Hindostan.

Page 413.

"Resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge."

"The inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are never afflicted with sadness or melancholy: on this subject the Sheikh Abu-al-Kheir-Azhari has the following distich:—

"Who is the man without care or sorrow (tell) that I may rub my hand to him.

"(Behold) the Zingians, without care or sorrow, frolicksome with tipsiness and mirth."

"The philosophers have discovered that the cause of this cheerfulness proceeds from the influence of the star Soheil or Canopus, which rises over them every night."—Extract from a Geographical Persian Manuscript called 'Heft Aklim,' or the Seven Climates, translated by W. Ouseley, Esq.

Page 414.

"Putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards."

"The lizard Stellio. The Arabs call it Hardun. The Turks kill it; for they imagine that by declining the head it mimics them when they say their prayers."—Hasselquist.

Page 414.

"About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens."

I am indebted for these particulars of Hussun Abdaul to the very interesting Introduction of Mr. Elphinstone's work upon Caubul.

Page 414.

"As the Prophet said of Damascus, 'it was too delicious.'"

"As you enter at that Bazaar without the gate of Damascus, you see the Green Mosque, so called because it hath a steeple faced with green glazed bricks, which render it very resplendent; it is covered at top with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say this mosque was made in that place, because Mahomet, being come so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious."—Thevenot. This reminds one of the following pretty passage in Isaac Walton:—"When I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, 'that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays.'"

Page 414.

"Would remind the Princess of that difference," &c.

"Haroun Al Raschid, cinquième Khalife des Abassides, s'étant un jour brouillé avec une de ses maîtresses nommée Maridah, qu'il aimoit

cependant jusqu'à l'excès, et cette mésintelligence ayant déjà duré quelque tems, commença à s'ennuyer. Giafar Barmaki, son favori, qui s'en apperçût, commanda à Abbas ben Ahnaf, excellent poète de ce tems là, de composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette brouillerie. Ce poète executa l'ordre de Giafar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali en presence du Khalife, et ce Prince fut tellement touché de la tendresse des vers du poète et de la douceur de la voix du musicien qu'il alla aussi-tôt trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle."—D'Herbelot.

Page 417.

"Where the silken swing."

"The swing is a favourite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air extremely refreshing in those sultry climates."—Richardson.

"The swings are adorned with festoons. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the masters of the swings."—Thevenot.

Page 423.

"The basil tuft, that waves
Its fragrant blossoms over graves."

"The women in Egypt go, at least two days in the week, to pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead; and the custom then is to throw upon the tombs a sort of herb, which the Arabs call rihan, and which is our sweet basil."—Maillet, lett. 10.

Page 424.

"The mountain herb, that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold."

Niebuhr thinks this may be the herb which the Eastern alchymists look to as a means of making gold. "Most of those alchymical enthusiasts think themselves sure of success, if they could but find out the herb which gilds the teeth and gives a yellow colour to the flesh of the sheep that eat it. Even the oil of this plant must be of a golden colour. It is called Haschischat ed dab."

Father Jerom Dandini, however, asserts that the teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus are of a *silver* colour; and adds, "this confirms me in that which I observed in Candia; to wit, that the animals that live on Mount Ida eat a certain herb, which renders their teeth of a golden colour; which, according to my judgment, cannot otherwise proceed than from the mines which are under ground."—Dandini, Voyage to Mount Libanus.

Page 426.

"'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure."

"Whenever our pleasure arises from a succession of sounds, it is a perception of complicated nature, made up of a *sensation* of the present sound or note, and an *idea* or remembrance of the foregoing, while their mixture and concurrence produce such a mysterious delight as neither could have produced alone. And it is often heightened by an anticipation of the succeeding notes. Thus Sense, Memory, and Imagination are conjunctively employed."—Gerrard on Taste.

This is exactly the Epicurean theory of Pleasure, as explained by

Cicero: "Quocirca corpus gaudere tamdiu, dum præsentem sentiret voluptatem; animum et præsentem percipere pariter cum corpore et prospicere venientem, nec præteritam præterfluere sinere."

Madame de Staël accounts, upon the same principle, for the gratification we derive from *rhyme*:—"Elle est l'image de l'espérance et du souvenir. Un son nous fait désirer celui qui doit lui répondre, et quand le second retentit il nous rappelle celui qui vient de nous échapper."

Page 427.

"'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn."

"The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real daybreak. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the Kohi Qaf (Mount Caucasus), it passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that darting its rays through it, it is the cause of the Soobhi Kazim, or this temporary appearance of daybreak. As it ascends, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain and brings with it the Soobhi Sadig, or real morning."—Scott Waring. He thinks Milton may allude to this, when he says,

"Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice morn on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep."

Page 427.

. . . . . "held a feast
In his magnificent Shalimar."

"In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and, flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of water-works, compose the chief beauty of the Shalimar. To decorate this spot the Mogul Princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste; especially Jehan Gheer, who, with the enchanting Noor Mahl, made Kashmire his usual residence during the summer months. On arches thrown over the canal are erected, at equal distances, four or five suites of apartments, each consisting of a saloon, with four rooms at the angles, where the followers of the court attend, and the servants prepare sherbets, coffee, and the hookah. The frame of the doors of the principal saloon is composed of pieces of a stone of a black colour, streaked with yellow lines, and of a closer grain and higher polish than porphyry. They were taken, it is said, from a Hindoo temple, by one of the Mogul princes, and are esteemed of great value."—Forster.

Page 431.

"And oh! if there be," &c.

"Around the exterior of the Dewan Khass (a building of Shah Allum's) in the cornice are the following lines in letters of gold upon ground of white marble—'If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this'"—Franklin.

Page 435.

"Like that painted porcelain."

"The Chinese had formerly the art of painting on the sides of porcelain vessels fish and other animals, which were only perceptible when the vessel was full of some liquor. They call this species Kia-tsin, that is, 'azure is put in press,' on account of the manner in which the azure is laid on."—"They are every now and then trying to recover the art of this magical painting, but to no purpose."—Dunn.

Page 435.

"More perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor."

An eminent carver of idols, said in the Koran to be father to Abraham. "I have such a lovely idol as is not to be met with in the house of Azor."—Hafiz.

Page 435.

"The grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains."

"The pardonable superstition of the sequestered inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, of Beschan, and of Brama. All Cashmere is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound."—Major Rennell's Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan.

Johan-Guire mentions "a fountain in Cashmire called Tirnagh, which signifies a snake; probably because some large snake had formerly been seen there."—"During the lifetime of my father, I went twice to this fountain, which is about twenty coss from the city of Cashmeer. The vestiges of places of worship and sanctity are to be traced without number amongst the ruins and the caves, which are interspersed in its neighbourhood."—Toozek Jehangeery. *Vide* Asiat. Misc. vol. ii.

There is another account of Cashmere by Abul-Fazil, the author of the Ayin-Acbaree, "who," says Major Rennell, "appears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the Valley, by his descriptions of the holy places in it."

Page 436.

"Whose houses, roofed with flowers."

"On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully-chequered parterre."—Forster.

Page 436.

"Lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu."

"Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple-coloured tortoises for the King's Vivary. Of the shells of these also lanterns are made."—Vincent le Blanc's Travels

Page 436.

"The meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters."

For a description of the Aurora Borealis as it appears to these hunters, *vide* Encyclopædia.

Page 436.

"The cold, odoriferous wind."

This wind, which is to blow from Syria Damascena, is, according to the Mahometans, one of the signs of the Last Day's approach.

Another of the signs is, "Great distress in the world, so that a man when he passes by another's grave shall say, 'Would to God I were in his place!'"—Sale's Preliminary Discourse.

Page 438.

"The Cerulean Throne of Koolburga."

"On Mahommed Shaw's return to Koolburga (the capital of Dekkan), he made a great festival, and mounted this throne with much pomp and magnificence, calling it Firozeh, or Cerulean. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne Firozeh in the reign of Sultan Mamood Bhamenee, describe it. They say that it was in length nine feet, and three in breadth; made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with precious stones of immense value. Every prince of the house of Bhamenee, who possessed this Throne, made a point of adding to it some rich stones, so that when in the reign of Sultan Mamood it was taken to pieces, to remove some of the jewels to be set in vases and cups, the jewellers valued it at one corore of oons (nearly four millions sterling). I learned also that it was called Firozeh from being partly enamelled of a sky-blue colour, which was in time totally concealed by the number of jewels."—Ferishta.

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